UNCENSORED LETTERS FROM THE DARDANELLES

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SOLDIERS' TALES OF THE GREAT WAR

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THE DOCTOR AT THE DOOR OF HIS TENT ON THE CLIFF
AT SEDD-EL-BAHR.

UNCENSORED LETTERS FROM THE DARDANELLES

WRITTEN TO HIS ENGLISH WIFE BY A FRENCH MEDICAL OFFICER OF LE CORPS EXPÉDITIONNAIRE D'ORIENT

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

London: William Heinemann, 1916.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

If the time is distant when an accurate account can be written of the tragic campaign on the Gallipoli peninsula or a just estimate made of its influence on the course of the great war, only in the present can be recorded the freshly remembered experiences of the individual soldier, only now can be chronicled what is for many of us more fascinating than the balanced scroll of history — the influence of mighty events and emotions on character.

As a contribution to the study of men under unheard-of hardships and disappointments I have translated these letters. They abound in tributes to the valour and tenacity of the French soldier and his English ally; but they are chiefly valuable as a mirror of the soul of a man going through the great ordeal of war.

The two greatest passions of men, love and war, are at this time mingled in the breasts of thousands of our soldiers. How can they be separated if a true picture is to be given? My husband is only typical of all men fighting for us, and undergoing the same hardships and the same sensations; and I am glad of this opportunity which may rouse to a still higher degree all our admiration for them.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Bizerta and Tunis	1
II.	The Isles of Greece	10
III.	Ramleh and Lemnos	18
IV.	The Alexandrian Diary	36
V.	The Landing at Koum Kaleh (*from the ship*)	45
VI.	The Landing at Koum Kaleh (*on shore*)	58
VII.	Sedd-el-Bahr	73
VIII.	Siege Warfare	116
IX.	In the Trenches and at Tenedos	147
X.	Salonika and Serbia	184
XI.	Retreat and Return	238

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO FACE PAGE
The doctor at the door of his tent on the cliff at Sedd-el-Bahr	*Frontispiece*
At Ramleh Camp, near Alexandria	24
Zouaves digging in foreground at Ramleh	24
A march on the road to Aboukir	25
The review of the Corps Expéditionnaire d'Orient by General d'Amade.	25
The *Jeanne d'Arc* from the *Savoie*	48
The *Askold*, and in front a transport of troops to be landed at Koum Kaleh	48
From the *Savoie*. The artillery is disembarked and towed to Koum Kaleh	49
On the *Savoie*. A gun going to fire on Koum Kaleh	49
Map of the Dardanelles	52
The French auxiliary cruiser *Savoie*, before Koum Kaleh	72
Wounded being hoisted on board the *Savoie*	72
The camp of the French regiments at Sedd-el-Bahr	73
A view of the *River Clyde* and the camp taken from the west platform of Sedd-el-Bahr Castle	80
The ruins of Sedd-el-Bahr and the Castle of Europe	80
British troops resting. Australian neighbours to the French troops near Sedd-el-Bahr	81
Life has begun again around the newly-made graves	81
A canvas-covered trench at Sedd-el-Bahr	96
A corner of the battlefield after the landing at Sedd-el-Bahr. Taken May 3, 1915	96
A review during the Dardanelles campaign. General d'Amade bestows decorations for bravery at Sedd-el-Bahr	97
A dressing station, with Korka, the doctor's Senegalese servant	112
In the French camp near Sedd-el-Bahr. Colonel Noguès, wounded in the arm during the Koum Kaleh expedition	112
Life-giving sleep after exhausting fighting	113

	TO FACE PAGE
A princely dug-out which the doctor occupied for a week	113
French soldiers in their Colonial helmets carrying shells	128
A much-needed shave during the first day's rest on the Gallipoli Peninsula	128
French mobile kitchens ("cuisines roulantes")	129
Cooks at work above Morto Bay	129
A review by General Gouraud of the French troops in Gallipoli	136
Munition cases protected by a high wall at Sedd-el-Bahr. The doctor holds his two horses	136
A shell bursting in the Morto Bay Plain, seen from the monastery	137
A French regiment in reserve on the north of Morto Bay	144
Débris after the battle near the Vermesch Fountain	144
Drinking water brought by pipes from inspected springs	145
A little French boy who took part in the operations in Gallipoli for some weeks	145
French troops in dug-outs at Gallipoli	145
The Dardanelles Straits from near Eski Hissarlik	160
A view of Eski Hissarlik	160
An old house at Tenedos	161
The Castle of Tenedos	161
The port of Tenedos	161
General Bailloud in consultation with his staff. A Turkish sap has just been discovered under the French lines	176
Winged torpedoes from the French "crapouillard"—a trench mortar	176
The Eleonte necropolis. Enormous urns containing two corpses	177
A magnificent stone-slabbed tomb in the Eleonte necropolis	177
Map of Salonika and the Valley of the Vardar	184
A shell proof dressing station at Sedd-el-Bahr	200
Hygienic work being carried out by the Service de Santé at Gallipoli	200
Valley of the Vardar. The railway to the north of Strumnitza Station	201
The Vardar, near Gradec, looking towards the north	201
The central and only street at Strumnitza Station	208
A Serbian cemetery near Strumnitza Station. Two hundred wounded Serbians were butchered by the Bulgars one night	208
The doctor's room at Strumnitza Station	209
Putting down a casualty at No. 4 dressing station at Strumnitza	209

TO FACE PAGE

The English who replaced the French between Rabrovo and Doiran 216
English artillery on Lake Doiran 217
A motor machine gun which was disembarked on the 2nd November at Strumnitza, and took part in the fight against the Bulgars on the 3rd 224
The retreat. French and Serbian soldiers guarding the flag on the Valandovo-Katorli road 224
Preparations for throwing a bridge over the Vardar at Strumnitza 225
Bulgarian prisoners at the headquarters of the 156th Division . 225
French soldiers camping in the mud at Modiano Farm . . 256
A convoy of supplies for Topsin stuck in the mud . . . 256
Birama and the doctor's horses in a stream near Bunardza . . 257
A stone bridge with sarcophagus on the Jenidsa-Vardar Road . 257
Valandovo during the battle of Nov. 3. Country carts assembled in the court of the mosque to evacuate the wounded . 232
A Macedonian soldier forming part of a Greek detachment at Strumnitza Station 233
A Serbian sentinel near Strumnitza 233
Ghevgeli in flames during the retreat. 240
Children pulling out half-burnt logs when the town was set on fire 240
French soldiers in the village of Pirovo 241
Doctor Subin dressing wounded 241
French soldiers in their bullet proof helmets at a review . . 272
Review of troops at Bunardza, near Topsin, to distribute medals and crosses on Christmas Eve 272
The fountain of Alakilise (the birthplace of Alexander the Great). 273

UNCENSORED LETTERS FROM THE DARDANELLES

CHAPTER I

BIZERTA AND TUNIS

S.S. "LORRAINE," BIZERTA, 4.30 P.M.
March 5.

DEAREST WIFE,

We had a magnificent crossing, without a ripple on the sea. I have a splendid cabin de luxe, bathroom, table in the middle. We take our meals with the captain of the boat. I found on board my cousin Théophile, naval lieutenant, who is serving on the *Lorraine*. His wife is at Toulon. She will come to see you. Théo is Bona's brother.

It is said that, after eight days at Bizerta, where the final concentration is to be made, we shall disembark at Gallipoli [illegible] part of the Dardanelles peninsula. The spirits

The Publisher's thanks are due to the Editor of the *Times* for permission to reproduce the "Map of the Dardanelles," page 52, and to the Editor of the *Standard* for "Map of Salonika and the Valley of the Vardar," facing page 184.

Go to Nice if you have to finish your convalescence in the South. Quick with your news! I will write you to-morrow.

Your JOE.

UNCENSORED LETTERS FROM THE DARDANELLES

CHAPTER I

BIZERTA AND TUNIS

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It is said that, after eight days at Bizerta, where the final concentration is to be made, we shall disembark at Gallipoli or in some part of the Dardanelles peninsula. The spirits of all are excellent.

I hope we shall soon see each other again, dear little wife. I tried to appear gay on leaving so as not to pain you. . . . My heart was so full! Forgive me, darling, for sometimes having made you weep. Still I love you so much, the only dear little treasure that I have in all the world.

Go to Nice if you have to finish your convalescence in the South. Quick with your news! I will write you to-morrow.

Your JOE.

March 6-7,
Sunday.

DEAREST WIFE,

We are still at Bizerta, or rather in the middle of the beautiful bay of that name. Ours was the first boat in. There will be eighteen in all. Already one sees some very remarkable ones: *Savoie*, *Provence*, *Bien Hoa*, *Paul Lecat*, *Australien*, *Italie*, and so on. It is a fine sight, but it is so rough that it is almost impossible to communicate between the boats.

I ought to have gone to Tunis to-day to buy medicines, but no craft can put out. It is rumoured that we go to Malta to take in coal, and from there to Gallipoli. We shall leave in four or five days' time.

I am wonderfully well, and am high-spirited. But I am thinking of my little wife, and I am so sorry not to have her with me! You would like so much my room on board. But you would not like the strong smell of the stables. We cannot even open the portholes, because the horses put their heads through them.

Yesterday we visited the arsenal of Bizerta and the town of Ferryville, also the Naval Hospital, where I found friends.

One quickly recognises Arab scenery. It is so simple. Blue sky, white houses with battlements, Barbary fig trees, grey asses. The market attracts us with its fruits and vegetables. The market wives of the port haggle over the price of oranges and salads with the same obstinacy as in France.

I visited the Naval Hospital, in which the excellent traditions of the Navy are kept up with a strong degree of originality and local adaptation. It is a model colonial hospital.

A very brisk return on a vedette of the *Lorraine*. The

famous port of Bizerta is an open roadstead. In the evening the boats sparkle with light. The sky is studded with stars and the breeze is deliciously fresh.

My Colonel asks the General to let me go to Tunis to-morrow to complete the supply of medicaments.

Good-bye, dearest one. Everything is quite all right. I kiss you many times, and with all my heart. Tell me as quickly as possible that you are well again.

Your Joe.

March 8.

P.S.—We learn at breakfast news of very great importance. The Greek Minister Venizelos has resigned.

We find out only to-day for certain that we are the "Corps Expéditionnaire d'Orient," the C.E.O. for short.

On Board "La Lorraine," in Bizerta Roadstead,

March 9.

My dearest Wife,

We didn't move at all, but are still at the same spot. We ought to start in four days for the front—the "Oriental" one.

There is nothing new. Thanks to our very comfortable quarters, we could stay here a long time. The climate is soft and agreeable; the wind has gone down. We are still forbidden to go on shore. I hope nevertheless to be able to visit Tunis. We shall soon be alongside the quay.

My cabin is now much adorned. Your photograph as a chorister boy is at the head of my pitch-pine bed. On the portholes, which are still closed because of the horses, there are pictures from the *Sketch* and even from *La Vie Parisienne*. On my big sofa there are cushions.

Everything is in apple-pie order. My saddle is ready,

the holsters and the saddle bags filled, my two tin trunks are prepared, and I know almost to a needle what I have inside. Nothing is wanting.

I have at last all my medicines. We can make a good show. In the white battalion there is a fair number of young soldiers who are very willing, but, who have, I fear, very little power of resistance to illness. As for the Senegalese, they have already been at the front in France. Then they were sent to the South of France for the winter, where they underwent a second training, so they are fine and fit.

From the upper bridge of the boat one overlooks in the immense bay of Bizerta, as large as that of Brest, fifteen of the finest boats of our merchant fleet.

Yesterday the weather was exquisitely soft. The sea was calm. It stretched round in a pale green sheet without a ripple. On the nearest coast there is a first ridge of hills covered with spring verdure, striped with the dark lines of olive trees. Other hills are ranged behind on a blue background with broken outlines.

I can distinguish a native village on the shore, which is of a dazzling white. It is called Menzel abder Raman. Doubtless I shall never see it; but surely it is pretty. Crenelated towers, domes and spires of minarets break up its sky-line like lace.

Our boat is an auxiliary cruiser which moves very quickly, so as to escape submarines. It was one of the great Transatlantic liners much patronised by the Americans.

In the saloons where formerly pretty women moved about, there are groups of rough soldiers going to the war. The paintings have been covered up, the curtains and the hangings taken away, and the valuable furniture stored for safety. Across the mirrors, which have had to be left in place, have been stuck wide bands of white paper to prevent them from being broken by the firing of the guns.

I have asked the *Temps* to send me that paper. You can send me English periodicals—*The Times* and others.

This morning it was raining; but now the sun has come out again. It is very fine. I have given the new address to all the members of the family likely to write to me. Ask sometimes by postcard for news of her son from Marie and of Pierre from Victoire.

At 7 this evening the Colonel informs me that I can go to Tunis to-morrow. It has been decided to send a doctor to buy medicaments and serums. The Army officer who was charged with this duty declared that he could find nothing. I decide to leave the ship at 8 o'clock.

Dearest little Wife,—I cannot bring myself to believe that we are separated for a long time. I so long to have you near to me, and to cover you with my caresses.

Your Joe.

Tunis, *March* 10-11-12.

My dear Wife,

I am writing you from Tunis. I could not go on board the tug till mid-day. The sea has at last gone down. The commandant's steward furnished me with a basket full of victuals, but I only touched the mandarines. Rain, hail, wind.

I stopped at the Naval Hospital to see my friends again and present my respects to Dr. Barthélemy, the director. He is very well up in events in the East. He reminds me that the Gallipoli peninsula had French hospitals there during the Crimean War. A large number of doctors perished of typhus and cholera.

I take the train to Tunis at 4.40 p.m. I go up the Avenue de France to the Hôtel Splendide. Nothing picturesque. A fine provincial town quite new—and dead. After dinner I go by tram towards the Kasbah. No more

cafés, concerts, no more dance-du-ventre. No one in the streets. It appears that since the war it is always like that. In my official duty I have succeeded beyond anything I could have hoped, but at the cost of what effort and fatigue!

It is 10.30 in the evening. I am worn out. I am dropping with sleep, but I don't want to leave Tunis without sending you a line.

I have had sent to you from here a few grammes of pure attar of roses. You must put it in 700 or 800 grammes of refined alcohol, and you will then have pure attar of roses for the handkerchief.

We leave on the 13th. Many of the big boats have already left Bizerta. We don't know where we are going, but probably we shall land at Gallipoli.

Under my windows is the flower market. The cathedral, in line with the other buildings, comes into view behind some palm trees. Now I know at Tunis all the druggists, all the chemists, the management of the Service de Santé (from the head doctor's bureau there is a magnificent panorama), the Bey Hospital, the Pasteur Institute. I dined with the director of the Pasteur Institute, who loaded me with serums and vaccines. I finished the afternoon under the "souks."

We are very well and very happy.

I have bought a little camera for a trifle—a marvel. It has been tried. You shall have photographs all finished, and even enlarged. In the meantime here is a film. It is not bad. In it I come out a little bent because the camera was not straight.

March 13.

To-day we had a great distribution of medicaments and various dressings to the three battalions. All the doctors were there.

At 1 p.m. we got under way. The filing past in the pass of Bizerta under a radiant sun in a spring breeze was incomparable. A company of infantry of the line paid us the honours. The "Marseillaise" was played. The moment was a solemn one. We leave the port by a devious route, in order to avoid mines.

With field-glasses one easily distinguished on the quays numbers of cheering people. Children, small schoolgirls and young girls are especially in evidence. Our squadron proceeds in order. We form the rear guard. The *Savoie* is flank guard in front and to the left.

March 14.

In the morning the coasts of Sicily in the distance. We only do ten knots in order to wait for the *Bien Hoa*, which goes no faster. We are thus all exposed to submarines. I learn that we are sailing towards Lemnos. The *Savoie* and the *Lorraine* act as cruisers in the little squadron. Everyone is at his fighting station. There are two officers of the watch on the bridge. The guns are loaded.

March 15.

At sea. Weather absolutely delicious. Sea calm.

Good-night, dear little wife whom I love. My kisses and all my heart.

Your Joe.

At Sea on the "Lorraine" facing Cythera,

March 16.

Dearest Wife,

To-morrow we shall arrive at the end of our voyage, an island near to the Dardanelles. We shall probably land, men and horses: then when the moment arrives we shall push on further. The English or Italian papers will doubtless take it upon themselves to tell you where we

are going. We don't know ourselves. If we knew we might not say.

We left Bizerta on the 13th, and since then the weather has been delicious and the sea beautifully calm.

At 5 o'clock in the morning we were opposite Crete and Cerigotto. At 8 o'clock in front of Cythera and the coasts of Greece. We met a section of the Mediterranean squadron which continues its sentry duty. They say there are the *Courbet*, the *Paris*, and four other great units of the "Danton" class, as well as high-sea torpedo-boats. The Admiral-in-Chief is on the *Courbet*. Acclamations, hurrahs. We draw away from each other. The squadron leaves us and pursues its course. It was a marvellous spectacle in an incomparable setting.

The Greek mainland, arid and full of colour, rises from the sea. Mountains covered with snow are outlined against the horizon like a subtle cloud. It is the Taygete. At 1.30 p.m. we pass between the island of Faconnière and the island Anti-Milo. At 5 between Zea and Makronisi.

The sun sets in a glory at once sumptuous and simple. The sea becomes iridescent with gold dust. The distance is strewn with blue or purple islands separating us from Athens.

I was able to go again to Tunis—on a mission—to complete our provisioning of medicines. I succeeded in supplying my regiment beyond all expectation. I became familiar also with the very curious town.

There are two Tunises —the European Tunis, which is modern and doubtless very agreeable to live in, and the native Tunis, which is not, but is very old and of a perfect picturesqueness. It evokes a strange impression, one into which enters a seductive charm and at the same time a great sadness.

The Mussulman quarter is set in a solemn frame; colours and lines are not lacking, but the finest ornament

of Nature—woman—is suppressed. It is extensive. The cupolas, minarets, keeps, forts stretch along the sea and ascend the hills. Many of these make beautiful white silhouettes. The sea is very blue.

The principal things to see in Tunis are the "souks." These are sort of street bazaars, covered and bordered with shops where the natives go to idle, to walk, and to buy stuffs, leathers, jewels, carpets, perfumes, and so on. The shops are interspersed with cafés and mosques.

For instance, the "Souk-el-Trouk" is the street for stuffs and mantles. A framework of wood, curiously entangled, roofs the narrow street, which is paved. The sides are formed of booths, all alike separated by little columns of beylical colours, green and red. Each booth is a shop filled with stuffs which flow over outside and hang down all along as if for a holiday.

The covered passage bends in a curve agreeable to the eye. Through holes cleverly arranged in the roof rays of sunlight pierce, and form spots of dazzling gold on the weird colours of the stuffs, on the little striped columns, and on the paving cobble-stones. Over it all floats the meditative atmosphere of a temple. The motionless shop-keepers, squatting in Turkish fashion, talk without gestures. In the street grave men pass. Then come forms swathed in ample white or black garments. You surmise that they are women, perhaps attractive and pretty. . . . But instead of the face which enlightens, the face which smiles and lights up the soul, there is a black mask.

This is the Arab woman. It seems that the most beautiful never go out. Farther on I see young girls come out of a school—a whole swarm of little Arabs. They all wear the veil, hiding the face entirely, even the eyes!

Your Joe.

CHAPTER II

THE ISLES OF GREECE

March 17.

Dear Anxious One,

I am absolutely perfectly well. Don't worry about me. The Service de Santé will go on famously. I have some excellent doctors and some fairly good ones. I have obtained a reasonable quantity of medicines. Our officers are fine—the Colonel very amiable, very intelligent and benevolent. The men are well disciplined and willing.

We arrived at Lemnos, Gulf of Mudros, this morning the 17th inst., and shall stay here to-morrow. After to-morrow probable departure for an unknown point on the Dardanelles.

Lemnos is one of the famous Isles of Greece, which in the spring weather preens itself in the most entrancing colours. We have not yet been allowed to land, but from the bridge of our boat we look on sights of veritable beauty. The air is tenuous, and of an extraordinary purity. Everything seems to be coloured by a magic brush.

This evening there was a sunset which was a pure Greek marvel. After nightfall we all went into the inner bay behind the boom. All the boats were lit up in the dark—it was magnificent.

I don't know what the future may have in store for us. In any event, we have finished a voyage of great interest and peculiar charm. A thousand times a day I regret on

your account that you are not with us. How you would have loved all that we do and all that we shall do!

I would have loved to have you here, for your and for my sake also, and because I learn to love you more and more each day.

Forget my bad temper, forget my stupidities of the last few months. We are still very happy in each other. When will you come and rejoin me at Constantinople?

I embrace you with all the strength of my soul, dear little wife.

Your Joe.

March 18.

My Dearest,

The beautiful peace of yesterday is no more. A rather lively breeze has sufficed to destroy it. The bay is agitated, the surface of the waters is troubled; one perceives an unusual freshness—an indication of a sudden change of weather.

Our Brigade General came on board at 9 o'clock. At 11.40 I had a conference with the battalion doctors.

General d'Amade makes for the Dardanelles on the English cruiser *Phaeton*. We pay the usual honours. A company lands near the point of Limni for practice in trying unsinkable rafts.

Our Colonel is still unwell. Several English boats carrying troops left Lemnos for the Dardanelles . . . no, for Port Said. There have been grave events in Egypt. The boats returned here less than twenty-four hours later.

Finally they say that General-in-Chief Ian Hamilton has taken upon himself to send back his troops, "since all was finished."

March 19.

Landing practice. The wicker rafts were made at the time of the Fashoda business for the invasion of England! Nothing could be more complicated. They inspire no confidence in spite of the real ingenuity of the arrangement.

I am charged with a mission together with Captain Goetz and Lieutenant Petiot. We have to explore the country, or rather a specified sector, in order to decide on the spot for a bivouac. Craggy, rocky soil, arid and thyme-scented, where sheep graze.

Some Greek shepherds of classic picturesqueness talk to us in the language of Homer. We are delighted at understanding a few words. A fine old man has the goodness to conduct us to all the springs, one by one, at which his lambs drink. It is pretty now and then.

These would be something to rhyme about for a long time, but not the wherewithal to provide drink for a regiment. We search further. We halt at midday for lunch. Magnificent scenery over the Bay of Kondia, the town of the same name built in terraces and clinging to the grey rocks. We are attracted by the town, which seems worth seeing. We discover a river, where we could plant our tents.

When we return on board the sea is rough. Some rafts laden with troops were in perdition for an hour.

We learn on board vague bad news of the Dardanelles. Some ironclads must have gone down. The weather gets more and more rough. To-night there is a tempest.

March 20.

The tempest continues. It is a sudden and radical change. Lemnos, the island which had charmed us by its tranquil beauty, is quite enwrapped in fog, swept by

violent winds, lost in a wicked greyness. All the boats drag on their anchors.

The *Savoie* has gone to sea ; many others have imitated her. We rock badly. There are very disagreeable jerks. Every moment we expect to put out to sea.

March 21.

The tempest abates ; the sun shines again. Orders came this morning to land the regiment. Captain Braun and I go to reconnoitre the site of our camp. We leave the ship on a vedette at 1.30 p.m. Mudros is a little port, a modest village, invaded by French and English soldiers, sailors, horses, Greek traders. The houses are badly built, more picturesque than comfortable.

The English khaki is everywhere in evidence. It is Sunday. One works all the same. The French uniforms of all colours display a Shrove Tuesday incongruity. The engineers shift earth and finish a bridge. The English have been at Mudros for a fortnight. There are from forty-five to fifty boats in the port.

There are no orders, but it appears that we are departing. Return difficult with the vedette in the spray. The sea is rough again.

March 22.

Bad weather. Since yesterday evening orders not to disembark another man. We shall probably go to Mitylene. While waiting some boats signal : " We have no more water, we have no more bread. Our horses are dying of hunger and thirst. . . ."

Yesterday one of the English cruisers went right on the rocks of the island. It is 6° C. this morning, whereas

yesterday it registered 22°. The English were in khaki cloth and colonial headgear.

In the afternoon the Colonel was summoned on board to a military conference. Everything is suspended. We are about to depart. Perhaps we shall endeavour to take possession of an island.

But what isle is there in the Aegean Sea which is not already Greek, English, or Italian ? Perhaps the Colonial Brigade would be able to stay on land a few days, but where ?

The Colonel has fallen ill again. On account of the mumps a general gargle has been prescribed on the bridge. So far my throat seems clear of any suspicious pain.

Love from your Joe.

In Lemnos Roadstead on Board the "Lorraine,"

March 24.

Dear Little One,

We are now here since the 17th. We have not landed. Only a few officers went ashore. I was one of the favoured ones, having been sent officially. Our horses have not left the ship since leaving Toulon. We do not know how long we shall have to stay here, but we are extremely well and in a happy mood.

Everything seemed to foretell a long stay here, when orders came this evening to be ready to start off to-morrow. Nobody knows where.

We have had some bad weather—so bad, it was dangerous to leave the ship. There is a brilliant sun, but still a big swell. The port of Mudros is not much sheltered. As we are anchored at a good distance from the shore we thought we had been the only ones to suffer, but several large

transports have taken shelter, and a motor vedette went down head first.

The battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Implacable*, several two-funnelled cruisers, and some torpedo-boats have returned to port. Many personal disputes, many muddles. At last we are able for the first time to land some sick! The hospital boat *Duguay-Trouin* has arrived. We are still keeping our twenty-six contagious cases (mumps, scarlatina, measles).

With a cabin like mine it would be possible to live on board comfortably for months. Every now and then evening entertainments are arranged, with magic lantern, songs, recitations.

You probably know what is happening here better than we do. Some men-of-war have been sunk in the Dardanelles; and operations will apparently take longer than was at first supposed. All we have to do is to wait! Patience is a military virtue.

I have two horses and two Senegalese orderlies. The latter know their duties, and look after me well. On shore I shall have meals with the Colonel and his aide-de-camp. We have an excellent cook; and the three of us together receive eight rations—enough to satisfy eight insatiable soldiers.

From 9 to 10 a grand entertainment, ditties in the salle des fetes.

One of my infirmary cart-drivers is a circus clown in civil life. I have never seen a more extraordinary phenomenon. He dances, he sings, he twists himself about: he boasts that he has a thousand tricks in his bag.

As head doctor to the regiment I have a telephone post at my disposal, with six to eight European operators. This will enable me, during the fighting, to be in

constant communication with the Colonel and with all the other doctors.

There is a continual and wonderful movement of ships—a whole fleet of British men-of-war, of which you would be proud, my little English wife.

In to-day's Divisional General Order No. 8, there is a gem dedicated to the Press: "A private traveller, without a post, without authorisation, has succeeded in placing himself and all his luggage on board the auxiliary cruiser *Provence*. The General commanding the C.E.O. reminds (his men) that access to the ships transporting troops and materials should be under very rigorous control. This rule is even more strictly binding in the present circumstances, in war and the vicinity of the enemy. Everyone . . . etc." (here follows a long palaver). We do not know whether the journalist has been shot. Rumour says that he got off with a fine. He had to copy out the accusing order twice.

When the weather is clear like to-day, one perceives in the north a mountainous mass covered with snow. It is Samothrace.

There is a question of leaving to-morrow for Alexandria. The English Admiral Carden has been replaced since the 16th by Admiral de Robeck.

I hope you are safe in the bosom of your family. I think of you every minute. You are present in my thoughts as if we were not far from each other.

I never understood so deeply what love bound us. I can't understand how I could sometimes have been so tiresome, since my love for you is as complete as in the first days of our marriage.

Give me news of all your family.

I want nothing. All goes well. Tell me quickly that you are in excellent health.

Your Husband and your Proud Ally.

March 25.

My Own Wife,

We left Lemnos at 11 o'clock in the morning, in fresh weather and a swell, at the same time as the *Vinh Long*. Complete immobility in an excellent deck-chair, bathed in sunshine. All day we are going to sail through the seas where ancient Greece has left so many traces of beauty.

We are a prey to too many painful feelings to savour all the charm dwelling upon these waters. To sum up, we are beating a retreat without having fought. We had dreamt of aiding our brothers struggling on other fronts by opening the road to Constantinople and Berlin.

At about 1.30 p.m. we are abreast of Mitylene. A battleship on the horizon . . . the *Charlemagne*. In a bay another French battleship, which, according to the Commandant, can be no other than the *Gaulois*.

From 4 to 7.30 p.m. we skirt the rich and famous island of Chios. Inimitable scenery and colouring. Blue twilight. It is deliciously mild; the air is light and very pleasant. . . . Nobody knows whether Chios is Turkish or Greek. Our guns are ready to speak, anyhow.

March 26.

On waking we are between Rhodes and Scarpanto, in ideal weather. We pass the boat *Sapphire*, of the English Navy. Afterwards there was a high sea as far as Alexandria.

At 4 p.m. we meet a transport which has lots of English soldiers on board. "Marseillaise," "God Save the King," bugles, hurrahs.

Good-night, J.

CHAPTER III

RAMLEH AND LEMNOS

ALEXANDRIA, *March* 27.

HEART OF MINE,

I went up on the bridge about 6 o'clock and perceived a long low line without relief or colour. We saluted with all our delighted hearts. At 7.45 we entered the port. On our right imposing African scenery, slender minarets, palm trees, white cubes of masonry, rose-coloured sand. We kept on.

A forest of masts, lots of steamboats. We came to anchor in front of the American armoured cruiser *Tennessee*. We came alongside; then we disembarked about 1 p.m. An immense bridge, worked by 100 natives, rose as high as the upper spar deck of the *Lorraine ;* and immediately, without accident, trooped off a flood of men, then horses and material. Everything has been foreseen and pre-arranged.

We are in an English country. What a contrast to Lemnos !

Carriages and motors await my sick, who are carried off without delay. Our arrival had not been announced beforehand, but some friendly compatriots were there.

The first is a small energetic lady in black tailored costume, with fair hair, who from on board had puzzled us a great deal. She is interested in our sick. Intro-

ductions take place. Madame la Comtesse de ——, directress of a local journal.

Immediately a very sympathetic atmosphere. "If we had known, your soldiers would have been better received . . ."

Colonel Nogues and I take a carriage through the town. We are obliged to take the electric tram to Ramleh. There we again find the troops, who have been cheered all the way. The captains wear roses in their button-holes. Flowers have been thrown.

The trams fill with soldiers, perspiring and red; the crowd surrounds them—offers them oranges and cigarettes. We start towards our future camp.

The road is lined with fine new houses, then villas. Some appear very beautiful. The gardens, filled with roses, jessamines and carnations, perfume the spring air. As we pass, the windows are opened, hands are clapped, kisses are blown towards us.

At 5 p.m. we are on the site of the camp. It is a fine beach, with undulating ground and groups of bushes. On the left a Khedivial palace, on the right some windmills with large sails and a mosque. Behind, Victoria College, where the General will reside with his staffs.

The English have perfectly defined the limits of our camp. Nothing is lacking. Water flows in abundance from taps within easy reach. We have the use of a telephone cabin. I have a tent put up beside the Colonel's, while a sympathetic crowd surrounds and questions us.

At night a high wind, tempest, torrents of rain. It appears that it never rains at this period at Alexandria!

I took a long time to go to sleep, not because of the storm, but because in the tents of the men, too close, there were not a few drunk. They never finish telling how well they have been treated.

March 28.

Rose at 5 o'clock. Rain, squalls, lightning, thunder. Our tents have already been almost carried away by a squall. The small tents of our men are a lamentable sight.

However, the hive is working, the kitchens are being organised, the coffee is getting hot. The sun dries, improves and makes things shine once more.

Visitors invade the camp. Many accost me personally. Lady visitors are in the majority. We take our first breakfast in the wooden hut which was destined for a canteen. Our cook is a real cordon bleu. He is called Bayac. Colonel Moll brought him up, and often took him to Paris.

Bayac has made use of his knowledge of French. You shall see how. We found one day on our table ten postcards which were written on and bore addresses. They had been forgotten there. By whom? . . . We read. Zounds! They were tender and well phrased. They were all addressed to women: Mademoiselle Maria . . . Madame Ernestine . . . and the rest—very significant.

No doubt this was Bayac's work. He is certainly very good-looking. The expression of his face is very gentle and intelligent.

Torrid heat; blinding light from the sands. Tent 40° Centigrade at midday. Cold tub; then ride on horseback to the first village. The camp swarms in all directions with the population of Alexandria, which tries in all manner of ways to spoil our troopers. The three battalions are separately grouped. My medical service is a model.

Other regiments arrive and spread out on the plain, which is hazy and empty as the desert.

Alexandria is a very straggling town. We all returned from Lemnos except one regiment. We don't know how long we shall stay here or where we shall go afterwards.

I haven't been into Alexandria from here yet. It is 11 kilometres, but there is an electric tram near by. I rode for two hours this afternoon. I am extremely well.

Dinner. Korka closes my tent. Some melancholy moments.

All my love, dearest one. Yours, Joe.

March 29.

My dear Wife,

Everything is all right. I am quite comfortable in my tent. We could both live in it together, and you would certainly like this life. My tent is large and spacious. I have tried to make it attractive, because plenty of people (including many young girls) want to look at it.

The weather is rather changeable. It is extremely hot here during the day, but on the other hand it is fresh once the sun has gone down.

Fresh and rainy to-night. My tent, though the rain beats on it all the time, is watertight. In the first rays of the sun it looks as yellow as an orange.

I make choice of a little black horse as a second mount. He is young and vigorous, but that is all. I feel very strong and healthy.

We are being spoilt by the Alexandrians.

At 4 o'clock in the evening I take the tram for Alexandria. Shopping tiresome, for there is no longer anything in the shops. The English and Australians have bought everything. As in Paris, there are the Louvre and the Galeries Lafayette.

From habit, or perhaps because the saleswomen are

pretty, I always begin my trips with the Grands Magasins. "We have never seen French soldiers in Egypt!" They all rushed out like a torrent into the street when a regiment passed by. And the question shot out like arrows: "What is that one? . . . How many '75' guns are there? . . ." True little patriots, they have doubtless learnt much.

After dinner, our joyous company grew by several units. We went to see the dance du-ventre. There was nothing æsthetic about it. I went back to camp early.

March 30.

Thick fog on awaking. Horse-ride from 8 to 10. Suffocating heat during the siesta.

I went to Alexandria about 5 o'clock. After tea, at Madame —— tête-à-tête with Madame ——, I go to the Galeries Lafayette. Interviews. Little by little all the shopwomen surround us.

Then one of the great ladies of the town, a customer, arrives. They prepare to disperse, but she insists on their not putting themselves out. She mixes in the conversation. Magnificent figure; skin clear and creamy; fair, green eyes. She wears a white toque with an aigrette, bodice of white lace and white skirt. I lost my head and invited her to the theatre this evening, to dinner, to the cinema—I know not what.

I am in turn invited to déjeuner. The white aigrette has seen me at the camp of Ramleh. I was just shaving. I remember her very well. She chose with me a yellow lining for my tent. I returned to camp in glorious moonlight and full of romance.

March 31.

I rise early. A horse-back ride with the Colonel. I mount for the first time his horse, which will become my "Dix Avril." I adopt it. Along the canal. Verdant plain. Farm; cultivated fields. Wheat and poppies.

Against a blue metallic sky, like a glass, rise the white minarets of a lonely mosque and the limitless sand, grey and rose. A few solitary palm trees. I dine in town.

April 1.

I have been riding in the streets of Ramleh between villas with admirable gardens: roses, carnations, bougainvilleas, lemon trees, jasmines, palm trees, cocoanuts. No feminine apparition on this scene. At about 9 o'clock the windows open, however, and a few pretty faces, still half-asleep, interrogate space.

Déjeuner on the road to Alexandria with a French family settled in the country. Its head has important administrative duties. It has also connections with well-known families.

Sumptuous menu; hearty reception; exquisite dresses; intellectual and varied conversation. Afternoon of music and song. Intoxicating aromas; memories of Paris. Appointments for to-morrow.

Good-night, my loved one.

Your Joe.

April 2.

Dearest,

I am sitting in my tent. It is hot, windy, and full of flies everywhere. At any rate, I feel extremely well, and

quite calm and contented with everything. My only preoccupation is not knowing how long we shall stop here. Perhaps in London you are better informed than we in this desert. If it was for a month, how gladly I would telegraph to you to join me here. But we may start off at any minute. My infirmary is well placed, under canvas, of course, like the rest of the camp. The ladies come and visit and interest themselves in my patients, and give them all sorts of things.

My tent is comfortable. At the entrance is a table and a chair. For light I have an oil lamp with which I am fairly satisfied.

This morning, to make my tent prettier and cooler, I have lined it with a brilliant yellow material a yard wide. My servant Korka sewed it. Flies hate yellow, so it is both useful and pleasant.

I take my tub every day between 2 and 3. Unfortunately people always seem to choose that time to come and see me. You will see how hot it is when I say that I take the water straight from the tap.

I will send you to-day, either with this or under separate cover, photographs of this place, especially of the camp.

April 3.

DEAREST,

Nothing new. My health is perfect. Climate hot, but healthy.

In the morning, exercise, horse-back, reports, and attention to the sick, few in number.

Tea with Madame ——, then a carriage ride round the town. Touching farewells. N. and I dine at the restaurant. Back early to camp.

AT RAMLEH CAMP, NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

ZOUAVES DIGGING IN FOREGROUND AT RAMLEH.

A MARCH ON THE ROAD TO ABOUKIR.

THE REVIEW OF THE CORPS EXPÉDITIONNAIRE D'ORIENT BY GENERAL D'AMADE.

April 4.

On horse-back from 6 to 11 o'clock on my dear Gris; very capricious, but so spirited.

The French colony of the town comes at 4 p.m. to the camp to bring our soldiers some dainties and Easter eggs. The Colonel and the officers offer them champagne. Toasts. They are a varied and very curious collection of Frenchwomen beyond the Mediterranean. Clothes in good taste. Figures neat enough; faces charming. . . .

To-morrow is Easter. A family invites N. and me to déjeuner. I arrived very late for tea with Madame ——. Scolded. A silk dress embellished, painted and soft. Low necks, diamonds and jewels. After tea, champagne cup with strawberries.

April 5.

I wake up perished with cold and rather tired. The cloth of my tent is saturated with water like a sponge. Fog everywhere.

We go into town to be present at the consular mass. General d'Amade and our Minister to Egypt represent France. The whole of a numerous population which has not been able to find room in the church awaits our exit. From group to group, outside, we find all our friends again.

Déjeuner with some French friends. Madame was at the patriotic demonstration at the camp yesterday.

We have come across a family, accounted out here very French, in which monsieur is of the pure Levantine type, that is to say, Greek, Egyptian, Italian or some other. Madame is very pretty and steeped in French literature. Madame's brother is a Levantine with curled hair. Her Italian sister-in-law has rather Austrian tendencies. The

whole atmosphere was certainly very far from that of our country. Little remains of France in it.

We pass the afternoon at the Sporting Club. There are some tennis-players whose form is very good.

Your devoted HUSBAND.

April 6.

To-day, dear little wife, we have a sandstorm from the desert, which began last evening. All night, squalls and sand dust. It is cold on awaking. In the distance a dull light. We are always thirsty.

Fortunately, about 10 o'clock the light returns for the review of the troops held by General d'Amade. A very fine military spectacle, but a century late.

It was the remembrance of Bonaparte and Aboukir which floated over the review—a magnificent scene. We all displayed again our stripes and decorations. The African " chechias " shone out bright red.

The sun joined in the fête. The colours of the uniforms were thrown into relief by the yellow grey sand, and weapons regained their brilliancy; the soldiers of the Republic, whom the mirage of the desert magnified, whom history resurrected, prepared for triumph.

All the French of Egypt, an enormous crowd, delirious with enthusiam, acclaimed the Army.

General d'Amade presents the troops to General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Expedition.

We were all electrified. To-day our regiment was given its colours. In the tribunes we recognised familiar toilettes.

Flowers fell at the feet of our prancing horses. . . . It was the glory of the past, the epoch of Napoleon, which we represented. Our destinies were full of promise, but

battle had not yet tried us. Those who were going to die intoxicated themselves for the last time with the smiles of women and the memories of history.

When we returned to our tents, "they" came to chat with us. "They" had been in the front benches of the stand, and "they" had been filled with admiration.

All the town was present. It was a holiday. We invited "them" *en bloc* to dine in town in the evening.

In the afternoon, races at the Sporting Club. Astonishing assembly of elegant toilettes—faces and features of a variety and of beauty. I am introduced by the Lieutenant-Colonel to the daughter of our Consul-General.

At dinner there were mannequins from the "Grands Magasins," who had graciously accepted our invitation.

Your Joe.

April 7.

My dearest Wife,

I am very troubled not to have received a single word of you since the 9th of March. Your father wrote to me, and said practically nothing about you.

We are leading a very varied and very healthy life. I'll give the usual daily routine.

The reveille sounds at 5 a.m. A few minutes later my Senegalese servant Korka pokes his head through the tent door and says "Tu veux ton café?" "Vous" does not exist in his vocabulary. He brings it. It is always detestable. I get up. Riding breeches and leather gaiters.

When I am ready, I visit the infirmary and give detailed orders. The horses come up, my grey, a superb animal, and a little black horse, very nice, which you would love.

I ride very often with Colonel Noguès, sometimes with Nibaudeau, rarely alone.

Limitless stretches of sand—a few palm trees. Every 10 or 15 kilometres an Arab town, very picturesque in the distance under the blue sky, but filthy and smelly at close quarters.

Yesterday I went to Aboukir. At first all the doors were shut; later the children dared to show themselves, and then the women followed—veiled.

We are much fêted at Alexandria. I am invited out a great deal. People come to me when they wish to give presents to soldiers and patients.

Yesterday three Mussulman women asked to see me, and I showed them round the camp. Their faces were veiled and their costumes hidden under black draperies of uniform pattern.

There have been races, where we went with Nibaudeau.

If I had news of you I should be easy and much calmer. I hope it won't be much longer before I hear.

I asked our Brigade General if we should remain long here, and if I could have you out. He said we might start off at any moment; and that on your arrival you risked finding us gone. He also said that if your coming should get known, I should be punished and you deported.

And so you see, darling, we must wait.

Your Joe.

April 8.

My dear Wife,

I begin to be a little melancholy because I have no letters from you. Yesterday I sent a registered letter to you containing money and some photos. It was rather difficult to get a cheque.

We shall probably be leaving Alexandria in two or three days, as some of the English and Australian troops are already embarking. It is rumoured that on the 14th inst. we of the Corps Expéditionnaire d'Orient will be on board en route for . . . Gallipoli ?

In town I think they will be sorry to lose us. We have been received everywhere with such sympathy, spontaneity, and generosity. If I had wished, I need never have had a meal in the camp. There is a continual flow of telegrams, letters, flowers. I receive for my patients all sorts of provisions, cigarettes, newspapers.

Yesterday I dined in town—no lack of pretty women. I must confess that in this—Cleopatra's—country women have great charm and fascination. I think I am one of the officers most in request. A letter from you would have been more welcome and have gone more direct to my heart than all the pleasures and flattery here. Send one quickly to

Your homesick HUSBAND

April 12.

DEAREST ONE,

I didn't post my letter to-day—nothing new. They say we shall land at Salonika or Smyrna. At any rate, we are ready.

April 13.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I am dining alone in a smart restaurant in Alexandria, and I think of you passionately. I do hope you are well and happy. Don't be worried about your Joe. He will come back in a few months, and we will love each other more and more.

These photos have been taken by a friend. I think they will please you. My new horse is grey, as you will see.

Love to all, and kisses to you. Yours, Joe.

April 14.

My Dear,

Alexandria is bewitching, but happily the strict military rules of camp life prevent us from being drawn entirely into its toils. Sometimes in my tent, under the burning Egyptian sun, I feel very melancholy, especially at not having letters from you.

If we operate in the Dardanelles Alexandria will remain the chief base.

Important hospitals are also being prepared. If the campaign is a long one, I am therefore hoping that I shall return at some future date, and you will join me here. My dream is vague, but it is like a star which helps and guides me.

I wonder if you receive my letters, postcards, photos. My camera still gives me pleasure: 1,000 cameras have been sold to the armies between Cairo and Alexandria. It will give you souvenirs. We start to-morrow morning for Lemnos (doubtless) and then for the battle in Gallipoli.

Write to the same address, viâ Marseilles.

Oh, quick, quick a letter, my dear! Joe.

Isle of Skyros (Greece), *April* 18.

Dear Wife of Mine,

Here since 4 p.m. yesterday. Cannot forget Alexandria, where we were extraordinarily fêted.

The boats arrive one by one: *Charles Roux*, *Carthage*, *Duguay Trouin*—a hospital boat.

We are anchored beside other transports and an English battleship. All lights are put out at night because of the submarines, of which one talks a great deal.

At 7 o'clock, just as we are going in to dinner, the Colonel announces that a landing is ordered.

We doctors arrange the principal details for the Service de Santé. The operating theatre will be established in the Children's Room.

We hope to be at Constantinople next month. The photography goes on marvellously. You ought to have received excellent specimens by now, which should have given you pleasure.

Your Joe.

April 21.

Dear Little One,

We left Alexandria early on the 16th. We have been here since the afternoon of the 17th. We do not yet know the exact place where we shall attack the Turks. We are among the first landing parties, and we know that hard fighting awaits us. We shall be witnesses of great things.

I am confident and calm. I should be so glad to receive a letter from you before going under fire. I will try and send you news regularly. It is impossible to put stamps on my letters. No one has any of any kind.

If I were wounded and were sent to Alexandria you could doubtless go there at once.

Your financial position is good. I have left you all I possess, all that I can legally dispose of. It is only fair. By your advice and your wisdom we have been able to manage our money well. Besides, you are the dearest thing I have in the world. I have loved you absolutely and completely for long, long years without there

being the least shadow. No other woman existed but you. . . .

* * * * * *

I must write no more, so as to remain strong and full of courage. I shall doubtless have much to do very soon for those brave little soldiers of mine.

I will tell you about my doings of yesterday. It had been decided that the infantry troops, for practice and training, should go ashore in the cruiser's boats. They were to start at 6 o'clock. I and Dr. Lossman, of the 1st Battalion, decided to accompany them. I like Dr. Lossman's company very much. He is very correct, earnest, and sensible. He has left in Brittany a young wife and two children. My faithful Korka woke me at 5. He came with us, his red "chechia" on his head, his gun slung over his shoulder, and carrying a basket with our luncheon.

We were ashore at 7, and began to climb up the nearer side of the island, which rises to about 200 metres. At first it was difficult walking. Thorny plants and stones like veined marble. In between the stones are wild thyme and mint and other plants. Later small flowers begin to show themselves, then whole beds of them—one white bush exactly like our honeysuckle.

It is the country of flowers and sweet scents.

As we mount high the bay stretches out before us like a huge mirror on which boats are painted. They appear very tiny, and yet we can distinguish all their details with unbelievable precision. In the background is the grand scenery of the mountains, which cross the horizon in powerful curves.

We go to the right. The hill is hollowed out into a green valley. There are no cultivated fields, but groups of high trees here and there with great spaces in between covered with grass, which resemble English lawns. It is delicious

lying down in the shade of these trees, which are probably wild olives.

The scent of flowers is wafted to us from all around.

Later we continue our climb till we reach the highest point of the island. Under a minute tent a man is sleeping. Another wrapped up in flags and coats continues his night's rest in the sun.

Two English soldiers in khaki are signalling with mirrors. One of them, who looks like a fine old sailor with a grade equivalent to non-commissioned officer, begins to talk. He has seen a lot with the *Canopus* in the Dardanelles.

It was he who signalled the Turkish torpedo-boat two days ago which came to Skyros, and which on leaving torpedoed the English transport *Manitou*, 20 miles from here. The Turkish torpedo-boat was pursued by two boats, and was forced to beach itself. It was destroyed, and the crew were transhipped. There were two German officers among them.

The chief of the semaphore station had placed upon a flag on the ground an excellent breakfast, and invited us to do honour to it. In a gigantic goblet was half a pint of excellent tea, a great dish of salmon, bread, biscuits, a pot of apricot jam as big as a world. . . . Korka received a round of beef and an English ration of bread.

We wandered about after that, and by chance came on a small bay which seemed made specially for bathing. It was a beach with very fine sand, and gently sloping. One could see the golden sand for 100 metres' distance. By a transparent light under a very blue sky, colours are glorified and mingle in perfect harmony, and outlines are infinitely soft. We undressed on a beach, where doubtless formerly trembling nymphs prepared their divine bodies for the water's caresses.

Afterwards we went to an olive-tree wood, which was

a cool oasis. The lambs and goats which wander about without guardians were collected there. Under each tree animals were sleeping. White fleece and black fleece in the green vegetation made arabesque designs.

We had a cold lunch with us, and did it justice. Then we slept for an hour. The wild thyme in the midday sun gave out intoxicating perfumes.

During all this time our plucky little soldiers were training for war, and making trenches in this stony ground with their customary zeal.

We got back on board at 3 o'clock, and I sat down to send you all my news, all my love and a thousand kisses.

J.

April 24.

DEAR WIFE OF MINE,

We left Skyros yesterday at 3.15. Weather cloudy and cool. We sailed at top speed under the supervision of cruisers and torpedo-boats. At 8.30 p.m. we anchored. It was here that we came from Bizerta before going to Alexandria.

Some officers thought we were going to land this morning. Everything was ready. An ambulance with seven doctors has joined the *Savoie*. To-day, at 10 o'clock, Colonel Noguès and Colonel Ruef came back on board after visiting the area where our campaign will begin. While the English attack Gallipoli on the European side, we, the French, shall land at Koum Kaleh. After Koum Kaleh we shall take Yeni Shee, and prevent the enemy here on the Asiatic side from hindering our troops on the European side.

I have completely organised my service for the wounded, I have four big hospitals boats at my disposal, and a dressing station on shore. I am head doctor of the expedition,

with twenty-one doctors, a chemist and two administrative officers under my orders.

It is a varied organisation, which will not entirely serve, but which, I hope, will save life and give comfort.

On returning from my tour of the boats I had the joy of reading one of your letters. At last! Since March 8 I had had nothing from you. This letter is dated Bognor, April 4. Think of that!

I have been very plucky, but it was really too hard. My father said in a letter that G. is ill at Toulon; and according to information from my family you were at Toulon till the 19th of March.

Perhaps they have stolen your letters because they came from England. At any rate you can imagine how happy I have been to-day. I wonder if you received my letters regularly. I wrote postcards, letters, letters and postcards nearly every day. Your family has been in trouble—oh, the grief and sorrow of war!

Love and a long embrace! J.

. . .

CHAPTER IV

THE ALEXANDRIAN DIARY

April 24 (midnight).

As we go into action with the dawn to-morrow, my dear little wife, I have spent these last hours putting into shape all my belongings—in case I should not occupy this pleasant cabin again. In clearing out everything I have decided to send you the diary I kept while at Alexandria, although necessarily it goes again over the ground in my letters.

Why not ? On such occasions a husband should have no secrets, no reservations of emotion from the dear wife of his heart. I can trust you to read it as it was meant to be read—and to understand.

April 6.

I am melancholy. Not a single letter from my wife since my departure from Toulon. I must forget and bury myself in the present.

To-day, a very long ride as far as Aboukir. The sea was rough, the wind tempestuous. It was like that doubtless when our ships were wrecked on those rocks, on this beach in Napoleon's day. The plain is calm and beautiful like our victory on land. . . .

I rode around the Khedive's palace and wished to return by the shore, but it was guarded. The wives of the Sultan bathe there. I saw a pretty little bay where they prob-

ably go to disport themselves in the water. I got back very late. Everyone was enjoying a siesta. A strong wind was raising a sandstorm.

About 5 o'clock the wind died down and the tents opened. While Mesdames B. and M., both deliciously dressed in white, were with me, I received the visit of three veiled Egyptian women. It is rather embarrassing—how not to offend people of such very different customs and habits ?

But the ice was quickly broken. While introducing themselves (the mother, Dalilah and the young sister) they took possession of a bunch of roses on my table.

As the mother understands very little French and the young sister is very much less expert than Dalilah, I risked a few compliments. The veil does not prevent blushes.

They would like to see the camp. I accompanied them to the infirmary, to the machine-gun sections, to the kitchens, to the stables, to the little tents in rows along the beach, where the soldiers look curiously at the Egyptian women. I went as far as the mosque with them.

We became great friends. We have exchanged addresses. To-morrow I am to go there on horseback.

" But is it not forbidden that men should call on Mussulman women ? "

" My Greek servant is ill—only a French doctor can cure her."

Night was falling. Touching good-byes. The little soul of Dalilah is very strange, and her eyes are more beautiful than any dream.

I had forgotten my white apparitions who had lingered at the Zouave camp. Mutual scoldings when we meet at the tramway station—I have no feeling of jealousy.

April 7.

According to my promise, I went to call on my Turkish friends.

In the evening I dined with an Alexandrian family. Madame seems to have come straight out of a Gainsborough frame. Everything is there, even the favourite head-dress of the artist.

Her beauty is imposing. She was wearing this evening a soft black satin which finished towards the top in rose-cerise. Her friend has big Spanish eyes and all the attractive charm of the Midi.

Afterwards the cinematograph. The box was big, the seats excellent. It facilitate confidences. We took leave of each other very late.

April 8.

I woke up with a sinking heart, almost ill—from the intoxication of last night. Sharp physical suffering. Real sorrow too. I went for a ride, but without enthusiasm, At midday we heard that we are doubtless leaving to-morrow. Everybody knows it in town.

The pretty mannequins of the "Grands Magasins" brought flowers. One of them took my little green Moroccan mirror which I had bought in Tunis.

The white fairies have also been here. They were in dark dresses to-day, but are not the less attractive for that. Distribution of flowers and of amulets to keep off bad luck. Nibaudeau joins us; he has his share.

We all promised to write to each other regularly. There are to be three pages for all, and a very sentimental one for each of them in turn.

They went, this time again, to the Zouaves' camp. On their return I joined them and accompanied them to the

tramway. It was late. I returned to my tent in complete darkness.

In spite of the sentinels men are slipping out of camp. For a moment's liberty they are willing to risk many days in prison. Since they landed they have been sequestered at the camp.

The town attracts them. Women unceasingly brush past their tents and excite them. This evening they are drunk with liberty and youth. They escape.

April 9.

To-day we had a rendezvous for tea at Baudrot's. "Gainsborough" had a large white hat and a white and gold dress. On her shoulders a black cape. "Spain's" eyes were sparkling. She had a red rose in her bodice.

We took a carriage to go for a drive. We were crossing the rose garden of Alexandria, but I saw nothing. They talked of the perfume of the blooms, the splendour of the flowered bushes. I had never imagined gardens of greater enchantment than the rosery of Alexandria. I seemed to see only their lips.

April 10.

We went to the Sporting Club in the afternoon—races. Incomparable elegance. Bewitching visions. I took snapshots.

We dined on board our old ship the *Lorraine*, at the table of Commandant M. whom we like so much. The vedette slid gently over the smooth surface of the harbour. After dinner I made a pilgrimage to my cabin. We left the ship about half-past 11. The night was cool and clear.

April 11.

A ride with N. in the streets of Ramleh. Some good gallops. We met groups of smartly dressed women coming from church past the lovely gardens of luxurious villas. At a certain moment a military motor car passed in front of us with English soldiers in it. In merry mood they were driving at a great pace.

Suddenly there was a bang—a tyre burst and the car darted on to the pavement. One of the "Tommies" was thrown out. He picked himself up and ran like a madman. I thought the shock had sent him off his head.

I jumped off my horse and ran after him with all my might, following the tracks of blood all along the road. His face and neck were cut by glass, and the wounds were bleeding profusely. One of his arms, too, had several deep cuts.

I made the necessary compressions, bound up his face, neck and arm with chance bandages, and asked for another car to take him to the hospital. I put him in the charge of an English doctor who happened to pass by, and who promised to take him to the hospital. He was my first wounded patient of the war.

There was a dinner party in the evening at the mess of the 3rd Battalion. The guests arrived on small donkeys. A very successful meal—flowers—high spirits—youth and beauty. Afterwards songs and tricks done by a clown who is in the service of the ambulances of the regiment.

We accompanied our guests, when they took leave of us, through the tents where the men are sleeping. In spite of oneself one's thoughts go beyond the present to the battle-fields of to-morrow. The moon was shining brightly, on the white canvas of the tents making them look like tombs.

When we separated we were permitted to kiss the tips of their fingers.

April 12.

At 4 o'clock in the morning we started with the whole regiment for a march which was supposed to be over at 9 o'clock. On the way we met General d'Amade, who took us 15 kilometres further than was intended and, without eating or drinking, passed us in review on the sand in the midday sun. Beneath his eyes black giants fell. He appeared astonished. Yet the heat was suffocating, and nobody had a drop of water in his flask.

It is useless to think of finding water in this desert. We returned, and during the 15 kilometres many fell out. The regiment broke into groups and I galloped from one to another. They said they were only regaining their breath, and they would start again in a minute. This return, dying of thirst and fatigue, is like a mirage of defeat.

The General is not satisfied with us.

At four kilometres from the camp we came on a spring. Camels had rested there and dirtied it all around, but the men dash to it and drink. If you stopped them they would kill you.

One by one they all arrived back. Nobody was missing at the roll-call. Just as I was leaving the camp to go to town I heard a shot fired. I was hurriedly fetched, but it was too late. A Senegalese had blown out his brains.

I forget in tea at Baudrot's the fatigues of the march.

April 13.

A ride with the Colonel this morning. At 11 o'clock there was an apparition in my tent. We had a bet that she would not come. A friend accompanied her.

Broken bits of sentences, broken phrases, a laugh which did not ring true. With her sunshade she wrote on the sand. . . .

The Colonel sends Bayac to fetch me for lunch, but without success. I proposed that we should lunch together at Beau Rivage. Exclamations of joy and surprise.

We had never before escaped thus. "He" was out partridge shooting. A bewitching little foot swung under the dress. The ankle is of an irreproachable purity of line.

The flirtation increases. The friend is scandalised and protests. But what harm is there in only words; and shall I not have left in some days?

We met again in the afternoon at Baudrot's. This time it was a more indulgent and absent-minded friend who accompanied her. I proposed a motor drive, or the rose garden; but she would only permit a little walk in the street.

I continued my talk, and made my adieux late. When I returned to my tent this evening I looked for the marks of her little feet in the sand.

My tent is bathed in light and love.

April 14.

General d'Amade has given orders to recommence the march of the other day. This time the men filled their water-bottles and the sun is less strong. I rejoined the regiment after it had passed by Aboukir.

The attack was carried out as it had been planned. There were sham bayonet charges. "This devil of a man will kill us all," said an officer who knows him, speaking of General d'Amade. Perhaps. But to-day in any case nobody fell out.

When we returned to the camp we heard that we are leaving in a day or two, and that the officers as well as the soldiers are to be confined to camp from 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Colonel, however, in his affectionate kindness,

did not want me to be kept in camp. He himself saw that I should not have any bother. He signed me a special leave at his own risk, and saw me out of the camp at 3 o'clock. I pretended I was not anxious to go into town, but my face probably expressed the contrary.

When I announce the date of our departure, the beautiful head droops, the tender eyes grow misty.

April 15.

At 5 o'clock we broke camp. I only slept a few hours, so I was tired out.

Korka was in a hurry to pull down my tent. When he loosened the cords and lifted the pegs, it fell, only making a little bundle on the ground.

Tents, baggage, horses, all were carried away. Nothing of us remained. The wind has already by now covered our tracks on the sand. I left at 7 o'clock. The troops marched through the town to the sound of bugles.

She told me that she had never received such beautiful roses. Really Alexandria has the cult of flowers. She was happy in untying the bouquet, and in putting the stalks into the vases full of water. Her childlike face beamed with pleasure. There is an exquisite candour in her eyes where all her soul is reflected.

We did not speak for a while. Then her laughing eyes met my despairing ones, and suddenly the expression of all her being was transformed.

" I, too, have much pain that you are leaving," she said. There followed moments of indescribable emotion, such as mark stages in a lifetime. . . . Sadly, I left for my ship—the *Savoie*.

We were supposed to be raising anchor in an hour or two. Nobody could go ashore again.

At 4 o'clock I was alone on deck awaiting our departure, thinking that all was over. Suddenly Lieutenant A. came up to me. "We are only leaving at midnight," he said. "You are free to go ashore."

I jumped into the only carriage crawling on the quay. I rushed madly back to her house. She was sitting near the window. Her eyes were red with tears. She did not understand how I was still there. She began to laugh amidst her tears.

"Till this evening only." I was on the *Savoie* at 1 o'clock.

April 16.

Very early in the morning the *Savoie* raised anchor. Korka rushes joyously into my cabin. "It is departed, we."

Slowly, gently we leave the enchanted land. It is finished—the dream is past.

* * * * * *

On reading this over at the last moment before trying to snatch a little sleep I repeat what I have said before.

For the world I would not distress you, Beloved. Do not take it all too seriously.

If I wrote novels, plays, would you be jealous of the heroines? There is nothing wrong in all these femininities.

Perhaps a beautiful philosophical idea to draw from them. Before going towards death the soldier throws a last glance behind him, and he regrets life and therefore the most beautiful ornament of life—women. There is nothing permanent. It is confused and delicious like a beautiful passing dream—and it does not last. . . .

CHAPTER V

THE LANDING AT KOUM KALEH (FROM THE SHIP)

BEFORE THE DARDANELLES, BETWEEN THE POINT OF EUROPE AND KOUM KALEH,

April 28 (Morning).

MY VERY DEAR WIFE,

The general attack on the Dardanelles commenced on the 25th inst. at 5 o'clock in the morning. The English and French landed on the European coast at two points. Ours, the 6th Colonial Regiment, was required to land on the Asiatic coast and take Koum Kaleh.

Our regiment took Koum Kaleh so as to protect the great disembarkation on the other shore, and only evacuated it as was prearranged. The 6th has covered itself with glory, but at what a price!

Out of 2,800 men 734 are down—a quarter!

Killed	.. ..	167
Wounded	.. ..	459
Missing	.. ..	116

There are besides the engineers, the artillery, the boats. I was doctor in charge of the Koum Kaleh expedition. I had twenty-one doctors under my orders and three hospital boats.

I received the heartiest congratulations from General d'Amade and our immediate chiefs. I am warmly recommended for five stripes—enthusiasm!

My doctors and hospital attendants have been heroic.

At 9 o'clock General d'Amade and his staff came on

board. The Cross of the Legion of Honour was given to Lieutenant G., mortally wounded. Captain Braun and Captain Blanchard and other wounded were presented to the General who congratulated them. Reports—papers —propositions. Many gallant deeds. Our regiment is a regiment of heroes.

I have had sublime stretcher-bearers who will get the military medal, and whom the General-in-Chief made a point of congratulating in person.

In Nibaudeau's battalion all the captains are dead or wounded. Nibaudeau alone is whole.

In another battalion Blanchard was wounded, Braun is wounded, the Colonel is wounded by the bursting of a shell just as he was leaving the Château d'Europe. Among the circle round the Colonel a lieutenant was cut in two, three men were pulverised, two lost their legs, and his orderly had the whole of his rump carried away.

I have been on board the *Duguay-Trouin* to see our wounded there. The wounds are frightful. Of 430 wounded, 345 belong to the 6th Colonial. On board the *Savoie* I received on the first day in a few hours 73 wounded in the hospital established on board; all went admirably.

In disembarking, the first boat had an officer killed and the whole crew pulverised.

The two engineer officers were killed. One young lieutenant was hung, and no doubt tortured.

We have made 600 prisoners; and have killed from 800 to 1,000 Turks, and wounded 3,000 to 4,000.

We had in front of us three infantry regiments, heavy artillery, howitzers.

The sight of the Dardanelles these last two days and nights was incomparable—a spectacle unique in the history of the world.

One sees a mass of dead on the Koum Kaleh shore. On the European side Krithia is burning. The distant hills are being bombarded. There are many ships everywhere. We are before Yenisher—no longer at 3,200 yards as on the 25th, 26th and 27th, but at more than 4,500.

Tired out, driven from their usual sleeping places, the men are sleeping in every corner—a sleep of lead. At 11 p.m. reinforcements from the 6th Regiment are sent for in haste. Everybody is up in a few minutes except Korka, who cannot be found. Two companies go ashore under the command of Commandant C. The others wait anxiously. The sea is rather rough. There is a moon.

I have seen everything, and noted much. We have been hit by a number of projectiles.

A Taube circled round us with eight or ten bombs, and burnt us with an incendiary one.

I send you my diary of that ever memorable day—April 25, 1915.

I am very well.

THE DIARY

4 a.m.—I wake up as usual. Everything is quiet. I open my cabin door and look at the place where the men of the regiment have slept squashed together. They are dressing slowly, and have begun to move about.

I go into the dining saloon. Officers are having breakfast and making a bigger meal than usual.

On deck it is hardly light, and the weather is cool. One can just distinguish to the right the Asiatic coast, and in front the Gallipoli Peninsula and the Pointe d'Europe. There are ships everywhere — battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, dredgers; a whole fleet surrounds the peninsula. A light mist covers everything, and

white flaky clouds cling to the valleys of the coast. The Turkish spur appears formidable and very beautiful. The land resembles waves mounting towards the sky, rising out of a mist which hides a mysterious unknown.

Day dawns.—We are surrounded by more and more boats. Before going ashore the colonel of my regiment entrusts me with his personal papers and his will.

5.—The first gun is fired. British battleships start operations. We hear a dull thud like heavy cases being moved in an upstairs room. Then the firing becomes more rapid, and one imagines a distant storm with unending echoes.

Everybody is on deck. We look on in awe and wonder. Smoke is now mixed with the early mists, and the Pointe d'Europe steams like a cauldron.

5.20.—The *Askold*, a five-funnelled Russian cruiser which is in front of us, starts firing. One, two, three shots are directed on the Asiatic coast.

Our regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Noguès, has received orders to land at Koum Kaleh in order to silence the Asiatic batteries and to protect the British landing-parties. We do not know the number of Turkish troops which will be opposed to us. The artillery works have been partly destroyed by the Allied Fleet. A detachment of British marines landed some weeks ago, and put the guns of the castle out of action.

The fixed battery of Oranieh shows at its openings the mouths of enormous cannons. They are certainly useless. We are told that movable batteries have been established at Yenisher, and that the formidable guns of In Tepe are in full working order.

6.—The French battle-cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc*, whose duty it is to protect the Asiastic landing, comes up and places herself in front of us. We are on the Transatlantic liner

THE "JEANNE D'ARC" FROM THE "SAVOIE."

THE "ASKOLD," AND IN FRONT A TRANSPORT OF TROOPS TO BE LANDED AT KOUM KALEH.

FROM THE "SAVOIE." THE ARTILLERY IS DISEMBARKED AND TOWED TO KOUM KALEH.

ON THE "SAVOIE." A GUN GOING TO FIRE ON KOUM KALEH.

Savoie, converted into an auxiliary cruiser. Her guns shell Yenisher.

The *Askold* joins us. Now their artillery is directed on the castle of Koum Kaleh. Enormous fountains of steam, dust, fragments, and flames spring up out of the old fortress.

The sun pierces the early mist. It emerges above the Gallipoli hills in the hollow of a bay like an enormous globe of blood-red fire. It is a tableau presaging glory.

The soldiers on our ship prepare to land; and we approach the Asiatic coast.

Lieutenant-Colonel Noguès says "good-bye" to me. We remain standing together for a few minutes, but without speaking.

6.15.—The soldiers are waiting, armed and fully equipped. The cyclists place their bicycles in a corner of the gorgeous first-class dining-saloon. Two soldiers are put on guard beside them. They get hold of the gramophone, and begin to play as if they were alone in the world. Their comrades are filling the boats which are waiting. The sea is absolutely calm, without the slightest ripple.

7.—The Navy, commanded by Admiral Guépratte, gives the signal for landing. In Besika Bay the *Lorraine* is shelling all it can. It is only a diversion, but carried on with tremendous energy.

Colonel Ruef, commanding the Colonial Brigade, and head of the Koum Kaleh expedition, is sleeping on a bench. Lieutenant-Colonel Noguès is stretched on a bench beside him. The *Askold* is sending a rain of shells on Koum Kaleh and Yenisher.

7.15.—We advance towards Koum Kaleh. Near us a battle-cruiser bombards Yenisher. Under a very clear sky of an exquisite blue the silhouette of a town appears. One can distinguish every house, every wall, every window.

A little in front windmills, with their spreading wings, topple over under the artillery shots.

The sun, now above Koum Kaleh, bathes us in a golden light. There is a long golden trail on the sea. Blinded for a minute, our gunners direct their blows on the Pointe d'Asie.

7.20.—We advance again. The battery of Oranieh appears clearly. In the opening of a bastion we see a gun pointing towards the sky. A waterplane is flying to our left.

7.30.—Our commandant orders the bugle-call "Stand to arms." The gunners are at their places. Powerful guns are at our disposal. A first shot is fired. Everybody is dazed. One's ears hurt; the blood goes to one's head. Before we can stuff cotton-wool into our ears a second and a third shot are fired.

The outline of the village of Yenisher is now ragged. It is a destruction, certain, methodical, and regular. We see a big house with a red roof. A first shell marks it with a black fountain of smoke, which hides it for a minute from our eyes. It is ruined, and one feels sad; for perhaps it has never sheltered other than peaceful people, perhaps wise and philosophic old men or lovers, only absorbed in themselves and their own passionate embraces. The second shot, hitting it full, disembowels it, scattering it to atoms. The third shell ends its agony.

The Gallipoli Peninsula seems to be on fire. The old castle of Sedd-el-Bahr is in flames. We hear that the English are beginning landing operations over there.

On our side the fleet continues its work of preliminary clearing. Our warships fire unceasingly; and the ship I am on trembles. The *Askold*, quite close to us, lets off each time a broadside of four guns. Green lights flash out from the thick yellow smoke. The shelling becomes quicker and fiercer. The noise is prodigious.

A shell falls a few metres in front of us. From where did it come ? A second shell sends up a fountain of water in the same place. Other shells come whistling above our heads. I count eight in a few minutes. With our very thin plating one single shell could do us a great deal of harm.

9 to 9.30.—The first landing operations are effected. The soldiers had been placed in all the boats at our disposal, and at a given signal had been towed towards Koum Kaleh Castle. The Russian cruiser had lent launches and boats, and sent a naval lieutenant with orders to conduct the first sections to the beach. . . .

10.—A German aeroplane is flying over us, at a height of 1,000 metres. I can distinguish with my field-glasses the black iron crosses. No doubt is felt about its nationality when it lets fall four bombs at 100 metres from our starboard. We are told that it has already visited and circled round other ships before turning its attention to our auxiliary cruiser, the *Savoie*. It starts off northwards, pursued by a French biplane.

Our firing becomes more rapid and fierce. The natural peculiarity of the outlines of Yenisher is still further increased by the damage done by the shells. The curious landscape is perforated with enormous holes.

The Gallipoli or European coast is magnificently lighted up by a radiant sun. Sedd-el-Bahr and the castle seem to be ruined and evacuated.

The British fleet is still firing, but less fiercely. One can follow the bursting shrapnel which sends up fountains of earth and white puffs of smoke.

11.—We can distinguish clearly both African and white troops beyond the fortress of Koum Kaleh.

The first boats return to the *Savoie*. In one I see, as it comes alongside, a wounded man who is being brought

to us. It is a Russian sailor who has been hit by several bullets. He lies unconscious at the bottom of the boat; his clothes are covered with blood. One bullet has gone through his arm, a second right through the abdomen, a third has broken one of his legs. Nothing to be done for him; and he dies at 12 o'clock without regaining consciousness.

12 o'clock.—Yenisher is destroyed. Enough shells have fallen to prevent the enemy from establishing itself there for some time. At about eight kilometres away, however, the fortifications of In Tepe, which are on the top of the hill behind the river In Tepe Asmak, are still standing, and continue to fire on Sedd-el-Bahr and the ships anchored at the entrance of the Dardanelles.

In Tepe constitutes the most important Turkish stronghold in these parts. There is said to be a series of 305-mm. guns, and huge siege guns on railway lines which only emerge from concrete and armoured tunnels to crash down their shells on us and then disappear again. It is said that the German Admiral Souchon commands In Tepe. Our battleships opened fire on In Tepe as soon as it was light, but they have not silenced it. The *Savoie* is now also directing her guns on In Tepe.

Except for our artillerymen who remain near their guns, and the mechanics and stokers who are doubtless engaged in a heavy task in the engine-room, the rest of the men, sailors, fusiliers of the ordnance department, men from the kitchens, all the soldiers who have not gone ashore, mounted despatch riders, special stretcher bearers, drivers, are blocking up the passages, the decks and the bridges to obtain a good view of the spectacle in front of us.

They do not realise that they themselves are actors in the great drama. Leaning against the railings they watch with wide-open eyes, and show their admiration. They

THE DARDANELLES.

have lighted their pipes and cigarettes and smoke—quite happy.

I am astonished to observe that every spectator has his own field-glasses. From where did they all come? They are of every kind of model and form. Then it occurred to me that many had been lent by sailors of the *Savoie* who had picked them up on long deck chairs during the crossings to and from America.

Animated conversations are being held. No precision in the details which go from group to group. One hears the most unexpected and incredible stories. But there is nobody who does not know and discuss the plans of the Commander-in Chief. They are contemptuous of the Turk, crack jokes on the Boche, and measure the chances of the Allies.

A well-placed shell enchants them. They applaud as at the theatre. The accent reveals that among these dilettantes, Toulon is largely represented. They are determined not to be deprived of the spectacle for a single minute. If I ask a few men to help with the cleaning of certain parts of the ship or to do any other job, they immediately answer, "Impossible to leave their *poste de combat!*"

The establishment of a hospital on board the *Savoie* presented the greatest difficulties. It seemed an almost hopeless task in any case to prepare and make sanitary a transport in which thousands of men have been living crowded together for weeks. And when it had to be done in the middle of a battle, the difficulties can be imagined.

Everybody declares that the wounded can be attended to—*after*. There is no time just now, and all hands are required for other services. If some doctors are ready to second me, others think there is nothing to be done.

At half-past 8 I caught sight of a colleague who was

only just up and was still in slippers. Another was assiduously taking photographs, and declared that everything was ready.

The autoclave ought to be at work without delay. We have to sterilise all the bedding, 500 sheets, and 2,000 towels. I am told that I can only have the stove specialist after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He cannot leave the engine-room before. A soldier offers to replace him. I accept. When the specialist sees I am determined to manage without him, he appears.

I want the crew's quarters evacuated. The men cannot be disturbed : there are no orders for that—it is not possible.

It is exasperating. I open the portholes and say, "If in ten minutes a clearance is not begun everything shall be thrown into the sea."

Nearly all the cabins intended for wounded are still occupied by soldiers. I have them evacuated (by force when necessary), and place a guard over them. It is my orderlies who are obliged to empty them. One, for instance, has eight saddles in it; another is filled with mail bags. All this material is heaped unflinchingly into one of the kitchens.

The hairdressing saloon makes a fine operating theatre. There are hot and cold water, a number of tip-up basins, shelves, and cupboards there. Even this room is only granted to me after diplomatic manœuvres.

We can now operate without delay. Orderlies are filling it with sterilised sacks, baskets of bandages and drugs when our first wounded arrive. From this moment all pull themselves together; and in the presence of realities surpass themselves.

We had soon quite a model hospital, which worked well and which called forth the congratulations of our chief.

In a few hours we had treated 119 seriously wounded, many of whom needed a surgical operation.

1 p.m.—We received confirmation from a French soldier (badly wounded, the lung perforated) that the landing was successful, but that one boat hit by a large shell has sunk with a certain number of Senegalese.

1.45.—The French torpedo-boat *Trident* comes to fetch munitions for our troops ashore. The *Trident* tows to land the boats containing the last contingent of troops. Two huge boxes containing artillery horses are also landed on Turkish soil. I am told that the first guns have already gone an hour before.

2.—A corporal bugler wounded in the leg returns to the *Savoie*. He says that the Turks are driven back beyond the village of Koum Kaleh, but that we have many wounded.

4.—Another convoy of wounded arrives. They are fourteen together, and the spectacle is already distressing. Among them is a lieutenant of the machine-gun section whose arm has been broken. All human miseries seem to be united in this little group of warriors lying at the bottom of the boats.

5.—The second section of artillery is sent off to Koum Kaleh. Three 75-mm. guns had been placed at the disposal of Colonel Ruef, the 3rd Battery of the 8th Artillery Regiment; but one gun was not landed.

Meanwhile, on the European side we could witness a prodigious struggle maintained at all points. Enormous clouds of smoke rise here and there. Battleships thunder, boats are flying over the blue water coming from every side, transports laden with troops approach the shore. I see, at the same time, three hydroplanes in the air.

On the Asiatic side the battery of Oranieh suddenly

wakes up. It seemed to be deserted, and its great gun, of which we could see the mouth, was supposed to be no longer dangerous. But just below, on the Koum Kaleh side, the Turks have succeeded in putting into action a small gun and firing on us.

The cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc* answers without delay. At the first shot a geyser of black smoke springs up from the foot of the Turkish gun. At the second it flies to pieces. A third, and silence is imposed for ever on the Great Turk and his insolent gunners.

Evening comes. Serene Nature invites us to peace. The light becomes soft and the landscape tints blend themselves more harmoniously than ever. At the bottom of the Straits, towards the much-coveted road, the setting sun reveals Erenkeui, which was in shadow. It is an illuminated spot, like a large flower on the green wooded slopes. The guns have spared it.

In the scintillating blue sky, where glaucous greens and incandescent golds mingle, an enormous cloud rises over Koum Kaleh. It remains there till dark, continually changing its shape.

Is it an omen of glory or of death ?

The convoys of wounded follow each other rapidly. From twilight of the 25th till the first rays of dawn the next day we are leaning over wounded in an atmosphere of blood, of groans, and of indescribable horrors. We do not stop for a single minute. When suffering is quieted, the infernal noise of firing returns to us from outside.

Will all these sacrifices be useless ? Can they hold till the morning, those of our regiment who are there so near us ? Hunted down by an enemy ten times superior, shot at from close range, flooded with machine-gun fire, our heroic fellows do not move behind their sand trenches.

If the attacks are made in close formation—in German

style—the 6th Colonial still remain immovable. Only the "75" guns redouble their fire. The Turks are mown down in great numbers.

The ships send out flashlights as darkness sets in, and the spectacle is lighted up as by day.

The wounded still come in. They are mounted on the deck from the bottom of the boats, and form a long line of stretchers. We are able to put six wounded at a time on the big tables of the children's playroom of the *Savoie*.

Sometimes not even a groan is to be heard; the silence is impressive. Our fellows are admirable.

The wounds of this night are, nevertheless, frightful. A sergeant-major comes back to us only to die. His chest was crushed by shrapnel; and for a moment we saw his heart, almost bare, still beating. There is a Senegalese with his head torn, a foot missing, and three fingers of a hand gone. Another black, waiting his turn on a chair, is asked, "Beaucoup malade?" "Non, il y en a un peu!" The doctor looks. Both legs have been torn off by a shell.

In the middle of the night I was called from the operating room on deck. It was to see a friend who had just been brought back wounded. He said he was cold, then swooned. He is going to die, his wound has bled profusely. But at last, after our united efforts, he regained consciousness.

Firing never ceases.

No words can express the anguish of this terrible night.

Your weary, but ever loving, HUSBAND.

CHAPTER VI

THE LANDING AT KOUM KALEH (ON SHORE)

April 29.

My Dearest,

From the lips of our heroes I have now been able to piece together the connected story of what happened on shore in and about Koum Kaleh on the 25th and 26th, during which time I was kept busy on board the *Savoie* doing my best for the suffering and binding up their terrible wounds. I send you this so that in conjunction with the diary of my day on the *Savoie* you may gain a clearer idea of their imperishable bravery.

THE LAND BATTLE OF APRIL 25—26

The disembarkation at Koum Kaleh, on the Asiatic coast of the Dardanelles, was only an episode in the vast Anglo-French undertaking from April 25 onwards on the Gallipoli Peninsula. But as a simple demonstration it was not without its usefulness and its glory.

Although the English marines had already destroyed the fortifications of Koum Kaleh, on the Asiatic shore, and of Oranieh, the enemy might have succeeded in bringing up field artillery and directing under the shelter of these positions a very annoying fire against the disembarkation on the European side.

It was suggested for us that we reduce the casemated

and shell-proof fortress of In Tepe by ranging up our cannon at Yenisher. This intention was not carried out. Our troops, though in possession of Koum Kaleh, did not climb the heights of Yenisher.

After having held considerable forces in check and carried off 600 Turks as prisoners, we re-embarked on the night of April 26, according to the plan determined on beforehand.

This expedition to Koum Kaleh, which I now purpose to set out in detail, was confined to the 6th Mixed Colonial Regiment. It was a single body of new formation, composed of one battalion of white men and two of black.

The greater part of the Europeans consisted of a fine body of young recruits from Lyon. The Senegalese comprised a great number of veterans who had proved their worth in Morocco; then at the front in Flanders, at Ypres and Dixmude. They came from the garrisons of Nice and Mentone, where, during the severity of the winter season, we are obliged to keep our black troops in reserve.

The officers were worthy of such soldiers. They were for the most part colonial officers. In command of them was Lieutenant-Colonel Noguès, already known for his pacification of the Ivory Coast.

To this 6th Colonial Regiment was attached a battery of four pieces of artillery "75" guns of the 8th Regiment, formerly at Nancy, and a company of engineers of the 1st Division. One section of machine-guns of the 4th Regiment of "Chasseurs d'Afrique" supported our regular sections of the 6th Colonial.

The Service de Santé of the expedition comprised a *personnel* of twenty-one doctors, a chemist, two administrative officers, distributed among the different corps and

connected with the divisional ambulance. The three boats *Savoie*, *Vinh Long* and *Ceylon* prepared to take charge of the wounded.

The theatre of operations is Homer's Troad. Koum Kaleh is on the left bank of the Scamander (Mendereh), where Agamemnon's thousand ships were anchored. Yenisher is the ancient Sigeum. Straight in front rises the august profile of the hill called the " Tomb of Achilles."

Troy lies in the plain. For thirty centuries the countryside has kept its immortal beauty. Mount Ida, covered with snow, seems still to be awaiting the coming of a God.

The troops were transported from Lemnos during the night April 24—25 in the boats as follows: In the auxiliary cruiser *Savoie*, the staff and the 1st Battalion; on the State transport *Vinh Long*, the 3rd Battalion; on the steamer *Carthage*, the 2nd Battalion. The artillery was on the *Théodore Mante*, and the landing stores on the *Ceylon*. The troops were ready to disembark at daybreak.

The squadron specially charged to protect the operations were commanded by Admiral Guépratte. It consisted of the *Jauréguiberry*, the *Henri IV.*, the *Jeanne d'Arc*, the *Askold*, the *Latouche Tréville*, some torpedo-boats for the high seas like the *Poignard*, some English destroyers, some barges, and some mine-sweepers.

In consequence of certain misunderstandings, some of the warships did not arrive in time, and others, like the *Vinh Long*, did not anchor at their assigned post. There was delay in the preparation of the artillery.

Near us the first cannon shots were fired at 5.30 a.m. by the *Askold*, and at 6 by the *Jeanne d'Arc* on Koum Kaleh and Yenisher. The *Henri IV.* and the *Jauréguiberry*, anchored further to the north towards the entrance to the Dardanelles, bombarded In Tepe and the neighbouring heights.

The men of the 6th Colonial were in their ordinary field costume of great-coat and *képi*. The Senegalese wore a dark-blue great-coat, the red "chechia" covered with blue cotton material. The uniform of the Europeans was a light blue, in quite good condition and new. Everyone had taken off his tunic and found the great-coat with the corners turned up sufficient.

At 6 o'clock the men, with knapsacks on their backs, crowded on the decks, and only awaited the order to get on board the boats which were ranged along the ship sides.

It was only at 8.30 that the first detachment left the *Vinh Long*. It consisted of the staff of the 3rd Battalion, the 10th Company, and the machine-gun section. The boats were towed by a steam cutter of the Russian cruiser *Askold* under the direction of one of its officers.

The cutter began to manœuvre to get alongside the great quay which was in front of the port on the west side; but Commandant Nibaudeau saw immediately that this ruined wharf, which had no landing stage, would be difficult to mount; and, moreover, it was under the fire of the hostile musketry. It would be better to get a footing at the south-west extremity of the fort on a beach provided besides with a wooden jetty. The Russian officer insisted, however, on making straight for the quay.

The ship's boats, thrown into disorder by the current, got entangled among the quay pillars, whilst a sharp fire was directed on them from the shore. The machine-gun section replied. A shell fell into the machine-gun boat and sank it. Nibaudeau begged the Russian officer to steer them towards the beach on the southern side; but the manœuvre seemed too slow to Captain Brison and Lieutenant Molinier, who threw themselves into the water. They were carried by the stream on to the wooden jetty. The native troops followed their chief, and, for the most

part, gained the shore. The situation of the soldiers remaining on board became intolerable. They were transhipped on to another boat which put them ashore.

The other convoys transported unhindered their crowd of Colonial and Senegalese soldiers in boats towed in single file. There were some accidents. A boat containing a dozen Senegalese turned upside down alongside the *Savoie*. The same thing happened near the *Carthage*, where a corporal and several African soldiers were drowned.

However the operation was on the whole remarkably successful.

Whilst the landing was going on the enemy artillery was not idle. The *Savoie* and the *Vinh Long* were particularly aimed at. German aeroplanes dropped their bombs, which fell all around the *Savoie*.

It was on the south of the old fort, between the beach and the ramparts, that the Colonials got on shore. From there it was necessary to get right through the fort, which was said to have been mined by the enemy.

Captain Brison dashed ahead to scale the wall through the breaches caused by the cannon. In consequence of his wound he had thrown off his tunic, and rushed on in his shirt-sleeves and with bare head. As the weather was cool, he had over his shoulders a soldier's coat. Lieutenant Bonavita, cane in hand, followed his chief.

The fort was not occupied, but the artillery and machine-guns of the Turkish infantry at the south of the village spread death in our ranks. One machine-gun situated in a mill was fortunately destroyed by the cannon of the fleet.

The ancient fortress of Koum Kaleh, in spite of its ruined condition and its recent wreckage, retained an imposing appearance. It consisted of an enormous mass of stone and earth, still filled with arms and munitions. Modern

Naval batteries, dynamited by the English, still remained, surrounded by their shells.

Captain Brison's company crossed the fortress rapidly, and found itself at the entry of the village. It was then that Lieutenant Bonavita, marching in front of his section, was struck by a ball which killed him on the spot.

The village of Koum Kaleh, bombarded by the English fleet in February, presented the familiar appearance of towns which have been sacked. On each side of the main street, which opened on the east gate of the castle, houses —perhaps some hundred—stand gutted, with only fragments of wall, desolate and in ruins.

Some had preserved signs of their former occupation. A watchmaker's shop still had its signboard flapping in the wind, and a display of cuckoo-clocks.

Over this necropolis two birds kept watch—two storks, probably native to the place, that no noise of battles disturbed. They remained perched on a roof during the quarrel between France and Turkey. But before the end of the day it seems that one of them was killed.

At half-past 10 the enemy, who had lain in ambush in the village, fled before Brison's bayonets. Meanwhile two companies of the battalion "Chabbert," which had just landed, turn the fort on the west side. About 11 o'clock the battalion "Nibaudeau" arrived at the south outskirts of the village after having completely carried all before it.

Thereon the organised defence of the position began, resting on the left on the river Mendereh (Scamander). The company "Lejeune" formed the left wing, whilst the company "Blanchard" and certain companies of the battalion "Simonin" was spread out in front of Oranieh between the village and the sea. The firing at this moment increased in intensity. There were very many wounded.

At half-past 1 p.m. the first piece of artillery was disembarked. The two rafts conveying the horses followed without delay. It was then that the *Trident* came alongside the *Savoie* and the *Vinh Long* to fetch munitions and tow in the last file of boats, eight in number, containing the last units of the 6th Regiment.

Of four pieces of "75" placed at the disposition of Colonel Ruef only three were disembarked. One piece, placed in reserve, was not used. The other two were marvellously successful.

The battalion "Chabbert" attempted to get forward on the right towards Oranieh, but it met with a stern resistance on the part of a body of the enemy entrenched in the cemetery. At 2.30 the order was given to carry the cemetery. Companies "Lejeune" and "Distel" were strengthened by two sections of machine-guns. One piece of artillery was brought forward to the front on the shoulders of the men, and began its work.

The fire was well directed; the tombstones were quickly demolished, but in their deep trenches the Turks did not seem to suffer much. When the preparation by the artillery seemed sufficient the Company "Lejeune" advanced. It was obliged to defile, platoon by platoon, because of the narrowness of the ground, which between the lake and the river Mendereh is not more than 100 metres wide.

A terrible fusillade began. The company "Distel" followed the company "Lejeune" and held the right. But no sooner were the wire entanglements passed than the leading company, "Lejeune," on a level with the lake, suffered serious losses.

The musketry fire from the cemetery did not slacken; the enemy's range was excellent. A fusillade coming from the left bank of the Mendereh took us by surprise on

our flank. We had to stay where we were for the time being, always replying as best we could.

At that moment Lieutenant Barron was caught by a ball in the abdomen. Finding himself mortally wounded, he made no complaint and courageously awaited the end. His agony was prolonged and no one could abate his suffering or relieve it.

When night came he was buried where he lay. Then the units of the company "Lejeune," who were in a critical position, retired on their centre.

Darkness was coming on. It was necessary to establish ourselves firmly on the ground gained. The enemy, superior in number, was, we learned, expecting reinforcements. Since 2 o'clock, to the south of Yenisher a column, a kilometre long, had been observed marching on that town.

At 6 o'clock the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, with two sections of machine-guns and one "75," occupied the east and south-east quarters. The 1st Battalion and two sections of machine-guns occupied the south quarter up to the sea. The 7th Company was placed in general reserve; the 6th in the old castle. These two units had entrusted to them the important duty of bringing up supplies—a task rendered more arduous by the wide extent of the front and the sandy beach.

The Chief of the Expedition requested the naval forces to guard the flank on the south-south-east with artillery and flash-lights during the night. The barbed wire, with which Colonel Noguès was amply provided, was placed before our lines. The east and south-east fronts of the village had been barricaded by the engineers and lined with the company held in general reserve. There was also a battery of artillery to break down the entanglements between the lake and the Mendereh.

Our dispositions had not been completed at 8.30, when

the Turks flung themselves impetuously against us. The attack, very vehement, was driven home, and, at certain points (as against the company "de Quéral") by a large body of men.

Some came creeping, others in full view, with furious firing. All, when they reached the trenches, charged with the bayonet. Our line held together. The "75" gun stopped the assault, and inflicted considerable losses. Everywhere bayonet met bayonet.

On our left the trenches were abandoned before the mounting wave of the Turks; but a few moments afterwards they were brilliantly reoccupied at the point of the bayonet. The enemy hesitated. A wonderful calm ensued. We took advantage of it to place our entanglements, supplementing the barbed wire. As we have no poles, to fix them in the ground, we make use of the hundreds of dead bodies lying in front of us.

Two sections of the supporting troops are sent to the company "de Quéral," which has experienced the greatest loss. Other reserve forces succeed in satisfying all the demands for stores, but they are worn out.

The number of the wounded is already great. They are got together at the dressing station situated at the south-east angle of the old castle, and transported one after another by steam-launches to the *Savoie*.

It was between 11 o'clock and noon that we received on the *Savoie* the first wounded. Others followed without pause. There were in all on the first day 119 men.

It was especially after 8 o'clock that they poured in. From then till 6 o'clock in the morning all the doctors had their hands full—no pause in the operations and dressings.

The *Vinh Long*, like the *Savoie*, received a great number. This vessel, being a transport of the Navy, had good hospital

accommodation. The doctor there with the means at his disposal was able to manage admirably.

It was not the same with the *Savoie*, where everything had to be created. It was a serious task to transform such a vessel into a hospital in a few hours while the fighting was going on. Only half the berths were empty after the disembarkation of the troops. The sailors' sleeping quarters were requisitioned, but it was also necessary to displace all the marines.

In spite of every sort of difficulty, by midday we had arranged 200 beds and 300 hammocks which we had sterilised, an operating theatre in what was formerly the shaving saloon, where six wounded men could be operated upon or have their wounds dressed at the same time.

All the serviceable linen on board—sheets, napkins, had been sterilised. The wounded, laid on stretchers, which were left in the boats, were hoisted on board by means of baskets.

The *Savoie* had drawn near to Koum Kaleh to facilitate the work of supplying reinforcements. The noise of the fusillade was distinctly heard; and we could hear also that coming from the European side of the peninsula, but the tone was different.

The cannon of the fleet did not cease firing. Their intermittent salvos joined their roar to the sharper sound of the musketry in the counter-attacks. The furious struggle, the tremendous expenditure of fighting strength the horror of the strife, continued all night. At 2.30, at 3.30, at 4 in the morning the enemy attacked impetuously. During the night a million cartridges were burnt.

The morning rose on a memorable scene. Before us corpses were piled up for a space of 200 to 400 metres along the front. The long stretch of broken ground was coloured red with blood.

The first rays of the sun flashed on the steel of arms abandoned all around. The soldiers of the 6th Colonial could then understand the excellence of their deeds. The regiment had added a page to history of which France might well be proud.

About 6 o'clock (April 26) the attack on the cemetery was to have been delivered, but for some unknown reason there was a delay. At 7 o'clock a fresh attack seemed to be in preparation from the cemetery. As a matter of fact Turks came out from their trenches with their arms in their hands, but they waved at the same time white handkerchiefs and flags. Suspecting a ruse common enough at other fronts, the Colonel ordered the firing to be kept up.

Notwithstanding this, some 60 to 70 Turks left the trench, threw down their weapons and raised their arms above their heads. The firing was stopped and the prisoners led into our lines. Following their example, other Turks quitted their trenches and came forward with many gestures of amity, without, however, raising their arms.

In the confusion some shots were fired on either side, but Turkish officers quickly intervened and gave the signal "Cease firing!" over and over again. As their first groups showed that it was their real intention to surrender, the Colonel gave the order to cease fire. They delivered up their arms to our Colonial infantry.

Behind them followed numerous other groups of Turks, but when they came within our lines they refused to lay down their arms. We tried to explain. The interpreters failed to make themselves understood.

Captain Roeckel of the reserve then came forward, and of his own accord offered to go and talk the matter over with the chief commandant of the Turkish forces. He

spoke Arabic quite well. However, he took with him the soldier Langlois as an interpreter. Both were conducted to the cemetery, where a Turkish officer of high rank was standing.

The confusion in our own lines rapidly grew worse, because by the side of the Turks who agreed to surrender there were many others who refused to deliver up their arms, and were even not disinclined to take those of our men. Profiting by the disorder, some Turks slipped into the village and barricaded themselves in the houses. To begin to fire again on the dissentients seemed a matter of urgency, but that would have been to abandon our two representatives to their fate, and perhaps to deprive us of the last arrangement possible.

While this was going on, General d'Amade arrived at the Château d'Asie. He gave the order to form our lines at all hazards, and consequently to begin firing again. Captain Roeckel, accompanied by two Turkish officers and two soldiers, coming back, made signs not to fire. He waved his képi. At the first salvos Captain Roeckel was taken quickly back towards the Turkish lines, " hands up." The enemy did not offer any retaliation against this officer, whose loyal conduct was beyond suspicion. He was held prisoner.

In the ensuing scuffle a section of machine-guns of the 3rd Company fell by surprise into the hands of the enemy. A very serious effort was made to get it back, but sharp-shooters ambuscaded in the houses of the village caused us great losses. Captains de Quéral and Distel were mortally wounded. A " 75 " gun swept away everything that stood upright and at length we remained masters of the field. The Turks ran in every direction. Next we had to dislodge some 80 to 100 men who were concealed in the ruins of the village. One after another the houses

were surrounded. In a cellar a little grey ass was found which had been let down there by some device or other.

The Turks sold their lives dearly. There was one house where a small number were entrenched, which could not be silenced. Cannon had to be brought up. A "75" gun shelled the place, but during the storm of shells the besieged men continued to fire. Here Captain Ferrero, commandant of engineers, was killed. His colleague, Lieutenant Lefort, was dragged into a house and disappeared. Elsewhere calm settled over the whole line till 11 o'clock a.m.

During the the recapture of the village a captain and eight men were taken prisoners. This officer, who was a German, spoke French quite well. He was asked what had become of Lieutenant Lefort. It was generally believed that he had been tortured and hung.

Colonel Noguès questioned the prisoners one after the other. No one could give any information about him. Several said it was no use looking for him. A German prisoner was fastened to a stake. His life was promised him if he would say what had become of our comrade. After a short time he was delivered over to a platoon for execution.

The Colonials, who had suffered much in this new affair of the village, and who believed their adversaries were acting in bad faith, excitedly surrounded the prisoners. Already shining blades were flashing from their scabbards. Some of the Senegalese stamped with their feet and gesticulated furiously. Stray shots were let fly.

At this critical moment Colonel Noguès used his great authority over the native troops to calm them. For all that, they demanded immediate execution—a course in full accord with all the laws of war after sentence delivered.

Since dawn (May 26) the warships had been engaged in the bombardment of In Tepe. They had also rained a

great number of projectiles on the ruins of Yenisher, and directed attacks on the reinforcements coming by different routes to the succour of Koum Kaleh. The *Savoie* and the *Askold* fired principally against the Turkish troops entrenched along the Mendereh and in the cemetery.

At 2 o'clock, after some very fortunate shots from the *Savoie* and the "75" guns it became impossible for them to hold the trenches in the cemetery and we saw the Turks waving their white flags. We took 600 prisoners.

The brave 6th Colonial had engaged four Turkish regiments commanded by German officers and field artillery. The day had turned out exceedingly well for our arms, since we had succeeded in landing in full force, taken Koum Kaleh, and gained a considerable advantage over an enemy in entrenched positions and superior in number.

The Turks left 2,000 dead on the field and surrendered to us a whole battalion.

At 7 Colonel Ruef gave the order for re-embarkation. Very strict arrangements had been made to avoid any sort of surprise, but the enemy were too dispirited, and did not trouble us. Not one rifle was fired; but the batteries of In Tepe dropped some shells on the shore whilst the troops and stores were being got together.

It was by one of these that Lieutenant-Colonel Noguès was wounded in the arm, all about him were badly hurt. Lieutenant Weingling lost his head and was cut to pieces; the secretaries, the orderlies, the messengers ("agents de liaison") had a great number of dead and wounded.

Lieutenant de Chevigny and the Surgeon-Major Lossouarn were flung into the air and bruised. They sustained a bad nervous shock.

A curious phenomenon took place among some men who were lying with their backs against the wall of the old

castle waiting their turn to embark. The sudden crumbling of the stones caused it to fall and break their skulls. There they were, stretched alongside one another in tragic attitudes.

Colonel Noguès' orderly, a very brave Senegalese attached for a long time to his master, was seriously injured. He had in his hand a box of eggs which was blown to fragments and a rug which doubtless underwent a like fate. Almost fainting from loss of blood, the faithful servant was only intent on recovering the rug.

The embarkation went on in the most orderly manner. As soon as the batteries of In Tepe entered into action the ships of our squadron replied. They approached nearer shore whilst the transports changed their anchorage to get down to Koum Kaleh to re-embark the troops.

The *Poignard* had brought to the *Savoie* its share of prisoners. They were Mussulman Turks—tall men, and with a determined expression. They seemed very tired. Their uniform of khaki colour looked in very good condition. There were very few Christians among them and the medical inspection showed that they bore traces of blows.

The Koum Kaleh affair cost us 167 dead, 459 wounded, and 116 missing, 742 men *hors de combat*, out of our full force. The wounded received every care on the *Savoie*, the *Vinh Long*, and the *Ceylon*. Later they were transported on to the hospital ship *Duguay-Trouin*, which set out immediately for Alexandria.

The Koum Kaleh landing was a small but creditable episode for our arms, and reflected favourably on the land and sea forces which took part and on the chiefs who were in command. Among the heroic annals of the French and the English in the Dardanelles it deserves an honourable place.

THE FRENCH AUXILIARY CRUISER "SAVOIE," BEFORE KOUM KALEH.

WOUNDED BEING HOISTED ON BOARD THE "SAVOIE."

THE CAMP OF THE FRENCH REGIMENTS AT SEDD-EL-BAHR.

CHAPTER VII

SEDD-EL-BAHR

April 29.

My dearest Wife,

We have been waiting to go ashore on the European side since 11 o'clock last night. After lunch (the Colonel stood us champagne) Colonel Ruef and his staff go ashore. Colonel Noguès and staff of our regiment and a few men landed at 3 p.m.

We passed the *Cornwallis*, which was bombarding over our heads. Krithia was in flames. Columns of smoke kilometres long hid the sky on one side.

We approached a small boat which is up against what the Tommies call "the horse of Troy." This is the *River Clyde*, of Glasgow, which was run ashore to make a landing stage. I cross "the horse of Troy," and I step on the sacred Turkish soil. Digging has begun on the left where the English are sleeping.

A great deal of movement, many troops, tents, horses, artillery. Human detritus of every kind. The Château d'Europe is in ruins. An enemy aeroplane has just dropped four or five bombs on the camp.

We return to the *Savoie*. Krithia is burning. Shells from In Tepe are falling near the camp of the 4th Colonial.

April 30.

"Marmites" are falling on the French camp at Sedd-el-Bahr. Yesterday aviatiks directed the enemy's fire. We

can see them burst in the midst of this medley of men and material. They are coming from In Tepe (8 a.m.). The ships try to silence them, *Cornwallis*, *Jauréguibery*, *Henri IV*. An exciting duel, magnificent light. At 10.30 an aeroplane of ours arrives. At last! . . . In Tepe continues to fire.

At 11.30 Admiral Guépratte passes in front of us in a boat from the *Henri IV*. We salute him.

At 1 o'clock the *Henri IV*., which was at 1,000 yards to our left, changes her anchorage and passes between us and the Yenisher coast. We can see that she has been hit. At 2 o'clock we hear that she has been hit six times by the In Tepe batteries. One shell fell on the bridge; the captain and six officers were wounded. In all there are two dead and twelve wounded.

At 2.30 we received our orders to go ashore. At 3 we left the *Savoie*. We said good-bye to Captain Tourrette. Half an hour later we were in the much-bombarded Sedd-el-Bahr Bay. Work is going on steadily. There are a great many troops, much material, and a field hospital. I photograph one of the holes made by a "marmite." I visit the director of the Service de Santê.

We go straight on, mounting the semi-circular hills which form an arena where so much heroism was displayed that the place will be for ever immortal. We climb up the paths which cross the town of Sedd-el-Bahr. The sappers are repairing them. Artillery horses and men are engaged on the work.

Houses are burst open, many are in atoms. There is not a corner that has escaped shells and bullets. We find, however, a little orchard intact. There are already five or six tents there. A cemetery is destroyed, also a mosque close to it.

Nature remains beautiful and serene. The weather is delicious. Flowers everywhere where man has not destroyed them. We arrive on the crest of the plateau which dominates the bay where the landings took place in spite of a determined resistance.

From here one can see everything. In this clear Eastern atmosphere it is easy to distinguish each man, each horse. The ships make an ideal target, and the *River Clyde* the best of all. The great ruined castle, whiter than ever from the breaches, fills one whole side of the horizon. At the foot, under its walls, the staff of General d'Amade is camping.

We are led along roads full of flowers and bordered with trees, through very pretty narrow lanes, to our post. It is in a grove of young olive trees. Digging begins immediately, and a shelter is made for me. A few "marmites" fall. Fusillade and cannonade in front. A hole one yard deep is dug and my camp-bed placed in it. There is a stone wall on one side, and over the hole tree trunks and branches. We dine in absolute darkness, with shells flying over our heads. A ferocious "75" behind us fires and fires. Sharp and disagreeable noise.

After having established the dressing station I go to bed. It is very cold. An enormous red moon rises above Morto Bay. For a time all is quiet, and a night bird begins to sing.

Then suddenly shouts from all sides: "Fire, fire, rapid fire"; for as there is not yet a telephone orders must be passed from mouth to mouth. This death clamour is terrifying. The "75" obeys. It is a group of Turks who are flying, and the "75" mows them down as they go.

I am waked many times in the night by this rapid fire of the "75." All night fusillade attacks, counter-attacks at some 100 metres from us. We all keep calm.

May 1.

Up at 4 o'clock. The "75" was still firing behind us; then it gradually ceased. The cannonade seemed further off. At intervals there were broadsides from the ships.

I got up rather frozen, but quite well. Another dug-out has been made for me. It is a ditch two and a half yards long by one yard deep. A royal tomb—rather damp at the bottom, for there is water here. A floor was made of wooden planks from a room in the village near Sedd-el-Bahr. On the four sides it is lined with stones; branches and earth over the top. There is a staircase of two steps. A lot of my good fellows worked at arranging my house; and when finished they placed at the door a bunch of poppies and daisies. I was quite touched.

I went for a walk on either side to locate my position. On the right where a steep cliff goes down to the sea (Morto Bay) are lines of defence, trenches, and huge holes made by "marmites." Pieces of lead everywhere in the fields.

Below towards the sea is a cypress wood, giving shade and perfumed with thyme. It is a Turkish cemetery—a place of peace. Stone monuments. A battery of "75" guns is camped there. I talked for a few minutes with Commandant Holtzapfel, then with his doctor.

I returned at 6 o'clock by the big hollow road where a Turkish regiment was installed. They fled, leaving all their belongings behind,—tents, clothes, sacks (which have been searched and their contents scattered), cartridges, shells, grenades, cases, biscuits, papers, glasses, drinking bottles, brass basins with brass rings.

Between 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. cannonade, fusillade. Our "75" fired over our heads, while In Tepe from one side and Achi Baba in a direct line tried to silence them. The English battery to our left has just been relieved (at this hour).

Colonel Ruef's horse has been killed. When a shell comes

one throws oneself on the ground, till, whistling, it passes. During the night furious attacks on the 4th Colonial, 175th Metropolitan, and the Zouaves near Morto Bay.

May 2.

The noise died down. We had the advantage. I got up at daybreak, stiff, tired, headachy, but ready for the day's work all the same.

I went to the dressing station, then on to the plateau, where fighting had been in progress. I took an epaulette from a Turkish captain. Many dead. Horrible wounds. Bayonets used. Magnificent men, the Turks as well as ours. Turks, whites, blacks were all mixed up. Men of the 175th, 6th, 4th, and Zouaves.

I saw General Masnou and Colonel Noguès, who will be promoted to be commander of a brigade. I arranged the service at the dressing station. Returned to our original camp at 9.30. I ate bully beef, an orange, no wine or coffee. Afterwards I slept. It was divine. I saw Commandant Tourrette and Dr. Rouquet of the *Savoie*, which starts to-morrow for France. They have promised to give you news of me, and the Turkish epaulette.

M. Huguenin was found dead, struck by many bullets. I went to the staff officers' camp. Nibaudeau or Simonin will command the 6th Regiment. The 175th is commanded by a lieutenant, the only surviving officer. Not a single officer of the engineers remains.

Our "75's" and a few "65" mountain guns began to fire again intermittently. Towards 8 o'clock rapid firing, always increasing in intensity. Never have I witnessed such horrible, distressing scenes of anguish.

The day after Koum Kaleh I wrote you at length. But the shortest notes have the best chance of getting

through. Some hours before the attack I received your letter, and it was the best loved thing in the world.

JOE.

May 3.

MY DEAR WIFE,

After the fight of Koum Kaleh we landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and since then there has been fighting continually. It is a very deadly campaign. The night of the 1st to 2nd of May was one of great anxiety, my regiment constantly charged with the bayonet; and it is only due to our brave soldiers that we were able to hold our own.

A fusillade continued along the whole line. An uninterrupted cannonade. Shells fell in our camp. We felt that all was at stake.

At 2 o'clock the 6th Colonial was sent for. It left at 4 o'clock. Would it be in time? Fearful din.

At daybreak I went towards the English side. They were shaving, washing, eating, imperturbable under fire. My dressing station, which was at the angle of the camp and where I was receiving a great many wounded, was too far off. I was there with Dr. Néel and Dr. Riffat, my secretary Borella, and Korka. It had to be moved forward.

It was difficult to find a site where our wounded would be in safety from bullets and shells and yet not too far from the firing line. I followed the Morto Bay road and met a number of wounded—Lieutenant Petiot mortally wounded. I looked after and encouraged him.

We heard that Commandant Chabbert had been killed. The battle was raging. I went further forward. Artillery cases, dead men, dead horses, police, doctors, above all guns which thundered and deafened us.

I followed the viaduct. Near the front, under the last arch, General d'Amade was leaning over the wounded. He did not speak.

I wanted to establish my dressing station at the northern end of the viaduct road, but the English were cooking and eating there, just as if they were having a picnic. I tried on the right, where there was a better place still. It should be established at the base of Hill 200.

A crowd of wounded arrived—fearful sights. General d'Amade came. Morphine injections to all. Sent them to the rear on stretcher carriages and mule basket chairs. After 1.30 I worked near the viaduct. At 5 o'clock, after going to the hospital, I returned, after having eaten a piece of bully beef—same meal as this morning. I established myself again near the bridge. At nightfall there was a fearful cannonade. I went for some rest to the telephonists' trench. I slept sitting, my grey rug over my shoulders. I was very thirsty. The water is almost salt, and makes one thirsty.

During the night from the 2nd to 3rd May one regiment alone spent 40,000 cartridges. We heard that if the 6th Regiment (my own) had not gone to the help of the 4th during the night of 1st to 2nd the French Expeditionary Force would have been swept into the sea.

May 4.

One could follow in the distance all the phases of the fight. Once our lines weakened for a moment. A charge, a counter-attack in a torrent of blood. During the night a hail of shells, cries, deafening noises; and above all the "75's" continued to fire furiously.

Nibaudeau came to my hut in the night, as it is better protected. At 4 o'clock he was called for, and went. There was panic for a moment on the road. A man was

carrying the breech of a cannon. The flag must be saved. . . .

I went to the front about 4 o'clock. I went to the dressing station and all along the line. I lunched with Colonel Noguès; came back for a siesta in my dug-out. But I could not sleep; it was impossible. The "75" began again, then the "120."

I went to the beach, where shells were still falling continually. Fountains of earth, fountains of water. Nine horses killed, two men. The night was pretty quiet. I slept at the camp. No serious attacks, few wounded.

Your Joe.

May 5.

My dearest Wife,

I have written you direct by the medium of the auxiliary cruiser *Savoie*, which returns to France to get troops. It is safer. Your letters arrive very irregularly. Doubtless the English papers keep you informed about our operations.

We are advancing slowly, the English on the west, and ourselves on the east, mounting northwards towards Constantinople. The fighting is very violent and the resistance serious.

We have lost, among others, Captain Blanchard and Major Chabbert. When I saw Blanchard he was already dead-cold. He had said so often that I should save him if he were wounded. At Koum Kaleh a bullet had glanced off the carotid, and I prescribed eight or ten days' rest for him. He was not cured. He could have escaped this fresh butchery; but he wanted to be there. He refused to remain behind while the fighting was so hard for the others, and he fell, struck by a Turkish bullet. His first bandage was still round his neck. The other was bathed

A VIEW OF THE "RIVER CLYDE" AND THE CAMP TAKEN FROM THE WEST PLATFORM OF SEDD-EL-BAHR CASTLE.

THE RUINS OF SEDD-EL-BAHR AND THE CASTLE OF EUROPE.

BRITISH TROOPS RESTING. AUSTRALIAN NEIGHBOURS TO THE FRENCH TROOPS NEAR SEDD-EL-BAHR.

LIFE HAS BEGUN AGAIN AROUND THE NEWLY-MADE GRAVES.

with blood. It is in the stomach this time—a bullet. He suffered for a few minutes, spoke; then sleep overcame him. He died without regaining consciousness.

Another officer you knew at Haiphong, Lieutenant Mangin, came alone to the dressing station. He was holding his arm. His face was soiled with thick clotted blood. He had a wound in the nose, which was cut in two. His elbow was shattered. He was stoical, almost happy to be getting out of it so lightly.

Nature here is so beautiful; the light so pure. It is in a field of marguerites and poppies that the shells are falling, and in which the "marmites" are digging immense holes.

The terrific din begins at nightfall. Yesterday evening it was the *Queen Elizabeth* which began the shelling. Every shot was like a tremendous thunder-clap repeated in numberless echoes. It is a rain of shells, a noise of hell, flashes of fire.

When this does not cease for a single minute the whole night you can imagine in what a state one is.

We were shelled the other evening from three different directions. In my underground shelter I did not count for more than the most humble worm. Man has imagined horrors which far surpass the cataclysms of Nature.

If you could guess or imagine the atmosphere in which we live! It is such complete novelty. I adapt myself to everything.

May 5.

The graves of Lieutenant Huguenin and Captain Blanchard are marked. There are already other cemeteries for our regiment. That of the 175th Regiment is a little further on, with no special boundary. Before leaving the graves I see a Senegalese bring some flowers (poppies); he puts them down just on Blanchard's grave.

I imagine the suffering of their loved ones; and I move away so that these men may not see my tears. Around the graves there is life, movement, all the disorder of troops who are going to fight—some cooking, others sleeping, others mending their clothes, talking or cleaning their rifles. I lunch with the Colonel in the midst of the camp.

I photographed Captain Blanchard's grave. After lunch, a torrid heat (this morning we were freezing), I rode back across the plain. Enormous holes from shells; sacks, rugs, rifles in deserted trenches. There are also untouched corners where one's vision is rested by the sight of a field of daisies and poppies.

On arriving at the camp I saw a German aviatik over a machine gun. A "75" was firing at it but without success. A biplane drove it off. It is said that three new Turkish regiments with fresh artillery will attack us to-night.

But we shall be ready for them, and reinforcements are arriving at last. A Senegalese battalion came this morning from Alexandria. To-night a regiment is arriving! On the 7th another!

Siesta at the camp. Respite from the "75" and all other guns from 1 till 4 p.m. I heard, while dining with Colonel Noguès, Captain Malafosse, and Captain Vermersch, that there will be a general attack at 11 o'clock to-morrow.

I have received your letter of the 11th April from Hampstead. I will send you all my pay, perhaps by Clervoix. I think that is the safest way.

I still hope to have you to myself again. I will surround you with tenderness, and all our days will be happy together.

Your Joe.

My love to your family. You don't tell me of your sister. How is she?

May 6.

Dearest Wife,

At 9 o'clock, after having put all in order, I left the camp on horseback. My new second horse "Merle," ridden by my new groom Clerc, fell from a bridge, his legs in the air, and hurt himself. My own horse took half an hour to make up his mind to cross the bridge. After that we had to go along the beach, which is continually bombarded. . . . Lunch with Colonel Noguès. At 11 o'clock the attack.

I went to the dressing station, and a few minutes later a long line of wounded began to arrive. It went on uninterruptedly till 2 o'clock the next morning. Fusillade, cannonade, wounded.

Sometimes they were very brave, and watched the doctors' movements without a gesture. Some felt themselves die. Blood, sufferings, cries, blood, groans. We bent over all these horrors, and tried to do something. There was a dirty, penetrating dust which the wind sent into every corner and into the open wounds.

I went on to the battlefield. There were soldiers hiding in the trenches. One could hardly see them, so great was the disorder around. English guns, French guns, stretcher-bearers with wounded. And it went on and on. One's imagination can suggest nothing like the reality. I could wish that there was no remembrance in my brain of those hours of blood and of death.

Weak minds were upset. Few were able to keep a real and immediate notion of things. There is a physical exaltation which deforms and obscures everything and makes one incapable of reasoning.

At nightfall my hands were still sticky with blood and antiseptics. I ate half a tin of bully beef, biscuits and an orange, and drank some wine. The wounded continued to come in. There was no rest. We were all tired out

and looked like ghosts, dirty, horrid, excited. All the same, when we came together, the same feelings of pity and reprobation united us. Nothing in the world is worse than war.

May 7.

Towards 1 or 2 o'clock—I don't know the time exactly —some of the other doctors and I lay full length in the dust, side by side with the sick and wounded. We were covered only by a very light khaki tent cloth, which afforded but scanty protection, and did not even keep out the cold.

And it was cold, not to say very cold—perhaps 8° to 10°. Dim candles were our only means of light; and many of them flickered in the open air. Soon our rest was interrupted by a long line of stretcher-bearers and the moans of more wounded. Here came a lieutenant, there a captain. Many of our men are wounded in the left hand.

The *moral* is not so good. Those who were hit did not hide their despondency, and the word retreat was often mentioned. The men were frightfully tired. We were at the mercy of any surprise attack. Captain l'Hôpital was killed, Mangin wounded, also Bouriner and numbers of second lieutenants, both white and coloured. The terrible wholesale slaughter continues. The sea was so near, and there was something terrible in the pitch dark night. On all sides calls, sudden commands, groans!

About 2.30 there was an attack. There was nobody to help remove our wounded. I left the dressing station for a minute to procure stretcher-bearers. In case of a retirement our wounded would have fallen into the hands of the Turks. Moreover, dressings were getting scarce, and I had to get more.

At length we started out into the night, dead with fatigue. We passed bodies of men lying wrapped in the heavy sleep of exhaustion, entirely careless of death, which was on the watch for them. If a shell were to come, it would work but little apparent change among so many men asleep: how distinguish the quick from the dead?

A great English howitzer showed up clearly against the moon, which at about 2.30 appeared above the horizon.

Our "75" started again. How slow daylight was in coming!

I had a dear letter from you of April 15. Bless you!

At 10 o'clock there was a general attack. I was to have lunched with Colonel Noguès, but he was much too far away, and I could not go and find him, so I lunched alone: bully beef, coffee and cheese.

On my return, under a fire of bullets and shrapnel, we proceeded to bury Captain l'Hôpital. Corporal Bocquin, who is a priest, said the prayers.

Arms were presented. The men were drawn up in no particular order, but their respect was sincere. It was a touching scene!

The fight never ceased. We French formed the pivot, whilst the English were to take Krithia.

Dined at the headquarters of Colonel Noguès.

I have a wretched cold, with a touch of laryngitis; and am hoarse, shivery, and thoroughly out of sorts.

Bullets pass whistling by into the ravine near the spring (such a pretty one!) and near the ruined huts and dwelling-houses. Just now a shell grazed against the stones on the top of the ridge, and sent splinters flying in all directions. One splinter landed in the saucepan in which I had just been boiling my syringe!

I went to bed royally in a dug-out in camp. I found it very snug, as I rolled myself in two blankets, and pulled

my cap over my ears. Gradually I got warm and fell asleep. In the night there was a lively fusillade. It seemed to come from the right of us. Could we have been outflanked? Later the guns gave their usual morning salute. To-day the division Bailloud begins to land on the peninsula and reinforce us.

May 8.

I went to breakfast with Colonel Noguès in his ruined billet. The ravine is quite charming and full of troops, poppies and ox-eye daisies. Also there is a spring; likewise the kitchens!

During breakfast General d'Amade came in. I took his photo. He talked for a long time with Colonel Noguès. Some wine from Samos cheered our hearts! The Colonel had just received his wife's photo. He has been made a full colonel.

After breakfast I went to the dressing station, where the wounded were arriving at intervals.

Ever brilliant sunshine, ever the same eternal dust!

At about 5.30 a general attack took place against the Turkish positions on Krithia and against the whole line. It was supported by artillery. It was a formidable concerted action, the most intense there has been since April 25. Battleships and guns of great and little calibre were all firing at once. It was terrifying, astounding and overwhelming.

At 6.20 the cannonade was still going on.

No dinner to-day. My orderly came back, but could find no one to give me any.

Suddenly from the ridges which rise perpendicularly above us, facing the cliff, some soldiers—little patches of red—came scrambling excitedly down, some of them

wounded. They were retreating! The gendarmes and Raulloin rushed towards them, threatening them with their revolvers. I heard one go off, but did not turn round.

At about 8 I was at the dressing station under the cliff. Numberless wounded were arriving, and blood, groans, and confusion seemed everywhere. It was next to impossible to see. I am afraid candles are getting scarce. Bullets were whistling and shells bursting quite close to us.

We laid the poor fellows in rows, just as you see bodies in the Morgue. Here lay a Zouave, shot through the breast; and his groans were piteous to hear. There some poor blacks were actually laughing with the intensity of their sufferings! A medley it seemed of surgical dressings, bandages soaked in blood, clothes torn to ribbons! Would the ambulances never come? Ever more wounded were arriving!!

Your exhausted JOE.

May 9.

DEAREST WIFE,

This morning the firing began again louder than ever. Our artillery, less active and decisive during the night, was answered by a hurricane of shot. Instead of being induced to surrender, the Turks delivered a counter-attack. Wounded men were now succeeded by wounded officers.

Captain Ripert was one of them—the last of his battalion, the 2nd. He had a bullet in his chest. Nevertheless he was full of confidence. He is a fine fellow, and he knows how to inspire with fresh confidence those who have lost heart.

All night (a cold one) the struggle went on. Attacks

and counter-attacks, and always our "75's" overtopped all others in the intensity of their fury. We captured six Maxims, and gained the crest of the hill. Our safety is now assured.

My horse was wounded before my eyes by a bullet on the left side of his face.

At 5 we were up. I managed to get carts in which to move the wounded. Sixteen poor fellows tramped away over the fields; four more went in a carriage.

Then I went to inspect the battlefield. Wounded everywhere! The killed lay in confused heaps which increased as you advanced. Some of their attitudes were extraordinary. Some were in postures of attack, others of defence. A little soldier of the 6th had his hands behind him. He had been shot from behind, and his skull was blown to bits.

The bodies had swollen, and their uniforms were tight and narrow! It was awful! It might have been a drunken orgy—a sinister one! Shell cases were scattered everywhere, masses of shining copper.

At 10 o'clock I went up again on to the plateau, where shells and "marmites" were still flying around.

I came back for lunch, but no one had thought of my food! The Colonel is away; so is Bayec. At last they brought me a doubtful-looking mess, which I threw away. When I returned to the camp Corporal Riffat got me something to eat. I had a craving for some wine, but there was nothing but water, which was salty and flavoured with permanganate!

After a siesta, a wash and a shave, things began to look a little less black. I went down to the beach. There I found the chief officer of the Service de Santé. I told him of the men's utter exhaustion. I also saw the commissariat officer. Then I went off to look for drugs, etc., and Riffat

and I returned to camp. Dinner was again most frugal; but I got a quart of wine, and that made up for a lot!

I saw M. Julien, who is so good-natured. I gave him my films for Alexandria.

Perhaps I may get some sleep, as things are certainly somewhat quieter. On my left, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the English camp, I can hear the soldiers singing your favourite English hymns.

Your letter of April 9 to hand. I am glad to find that my correspondence arrives better than I expected. As to the photos, I am having them developed at Alexandria. I will send you the films as soon as they are returned to me. When I have the prints I will despatch them to you with particulars. I am going to try to affix particulars to each film beforehand, but it is very difficult. My health is excellent. Please write often—it is such a solace to me.

Your devoted Joe.

May 10.

Dearest,

I was asleep in my dug-out when the "75" began its usual "fanfare," and it lasted without the slightest interruption until 8 o'clock. My sleep became a sort of nightmare.

Through the "leitmotif" of the "75's" I could distinguish the more or less violent firing of the guns from the battleships; then voices. How wonderful the penetration of the human voice!

I went to my dressing station under the cliff, and there I met all the doctors and Nibaudeau, whom I had not seen for several days. He told us of his experiences in the awful struggle and of his narrow escapes. All about

him fell. Certainly his is a lucky star! I receive 250 frcs., an indemnity for provisions.

At last our regiment, which is completely exhausted, is to be given a rest for two or three days! It has perished almost entirely.

One single officer of the regiment is left. That is Nibaudeau, who is in command, and he is not yet a major. Two battalions are commanded by adjutants. Captain Tell is missing. He had gone on a reconnoitring expedition with a patrol of four men. He must have been taken prisoner by the Turks.

Commandant Simonin did not fall into their hands. He had been wounded and had been taken on a ship. Away from the scene of action the officers, when questioned, are most optimistic. You hear from one, "Oh! but there are not such great losses as all that!" from another, "Oh! it's because the officers expose themselves too recklessly!" Many fine young sub-lieutenants will no doubt now realise for themselves what things are really like.

The medical staff has been overworked, but we have not lost a single doctor. Many orderlies and stretcher-bearers have been killed or wounded.

Nibaudeau has seen d'Amade. He told him that he could not count on the 6th Regiment, which was done for.

It has been rumoured for three days that d'Amade will be recalled and replaced by Gouraud.

The military situation improves a little every day, but at the price of enormous sacrifices. The Turkish resistance is evidently different from what one thought it would be. All the extremity of the Gallipoli Peninsula, and doubtless the whole peninsula, has been transformed into a fortress. There is not an inch of country which has not been dug into trenches. Certain lines are formidable.

It was absolutely necessary, all the same, to land troops and gain ground on which to establish infantry, artillery, ammunition, provisions. A foothold was conquered, occupied, fortified, defended, and is now almost impregnable. All had to be rapidly executed. We took trenches in bayonet charges. On certain nights the charge of the French was as irresistible as in the best days of the Napoleonic epoch. You can imagine the cost!

How heroic one must be to rush forward thus—in the night, under a cannonade of which nothing in the world can give you an idea! And we, at the dressing station, saw the results. What a mass of wounded, what horrors! One after another our friends were brought to us.

We have now enough room not to be too anxious. We shall not be thrown into the sea, as they hoped. We shall hold our positions. . . .

The English advance also; more slowly than had been foreseen, I think. They have the western side (the left) of the peninsula, we the east (the right). The first ridge —very serious (300 metres) we have taken. In front there is still another ridge, higher and harder to take—Achi Baba (594 metres).

The shells pour from it. At 8 this morning a dozen large "marmites" passed over us and exploded from 100 to 200 yards behind. It is said that the *Goeben* ventured out towards Chanak and fired on Sedd-el-Bahr.

At In Tepe there is a formidable battery on an armoured train—housed in a tunnel commanded by the German Admiral, Sonchon. It is very irritating. On the 25th, 26th and 27th the fleet threw 900 shells on In Tepe. Result *nil*, except that the disembarkation was not worried too much, In Tepe being obliged to conceal itself.

Since then there have been continual interchanges with In Tepe. Yesterday evening, as a result of more exact

range-finding by French and English aeroplanes, the heavy French land artillery demolished In Tepe. It is a great success. It is said that the armoured train exploded, and with it all the supplies and munitions.

My health is excellent, my spirits perfect. I coughed a lot in the night. All the same I feel all right. I don't know what they will do with me. I am head doctor of an annihilated regiment. Doubtless I shall follow the fortunes of my regiment. For several days it has been in the rear. It is possible that we shall be put in reserve elsewhere—Tenedos, Lemnos . . .

Two days ago my fine grey horse was wounded by a bullet in the left cheek. It is not serious.

Thanks to my continual efforts, we have never lacked bandages and medicines ; but it has been a great struggle.

I have sent you a Turkish sash clasp. There are quantities of them. That which I send you is very valuable. Colonel Noguès picked it up specially for you the most awful day—the 2nd of May.

I will try to give you explanations of my photographs. It is wonderful that I can think of taking them ! I put a date on each film.

I slept several nights on the bare ground. Our nights are sometimes very cold, so yesterday I slept on my camp-bed with a great-coat over me (I was naturally fully dressed), my waterproof, my two rugs, my head wrapped up in a scarf—the white Japanese one—and my képi.

We lack nothing. Corned beef abounds, also bread. There are potatoes, cold meat—mutton and beef—chocolate, rum. . . . When I go among the English and talk to them, they invite me to share with them. They are better provided than we, although they have less bread and less rum. They exchange things with our troopers.

Naturally there are no inhabitants here, and not a house standing. Nature is marvellous. It is as beautiful as Provence, and it is Spring!!!

Buy a good map of the Dardanelles. You can follow our operations. Doubtless the English illustrated papers give admirable contour maps. Please keep the best, and make a collection. Don't send good illustrated papers. They don't get here, and then we can seldom read. One's brain is numbed.

An English aeroplane hovers above my head, and Achi Baba has been throwing shrapnel at it for some moments. It bursts round it in very white clouds. A few lumps of lead fall near us.

You don't know how active our "75's" have been. Some batteries haven't ceased firing night and day for twenty to thirty hours. Some of these were only a few yards off.

The noise of the "75's" is fierce, cracking, sharp, shrill and peculiarly ear-splitting.

Two days ago (it was relatively very calm) I went to the very front to dine with Colonel Noguès. There were Captain Vermersch, who is a friend of Charles, and Captain Malafosse. During dinner a dozen "77" shells were sent against the ruined house in which we were. A shell made some stones fall from the broken wall sheltering us.

To-day we introduced ourselves to the Divisional-Surgeon Piquet, of Bailloud's division. We breakfasted in the old camp under the tree, and after a siesta visited the new encampment, which is in front of the cemetery of cypresses.

About 3 p.m. shells and "marmites" were thick around us. The English Captain Keene comes to visit us. He tells us that the English are 1,800 yards from Krithia, and that they have made 300 Turkish prisoners.

I had a chance meeting with Silly, commandant of the engineers. He is in Bailloud's division, and will perhaps be C.O. of the engineers of the Oriental Expeditionary Force when Gouraud comes.

I wrote some postcards to my family. I cannot write letters to anyone but you.

What dangers avoided already! My dear little wife, don't fear for your Joe. He is brave, and does his duty with a good heart, but doesn't expose himself uselessly. Besides it is best to be a fatalist.

I have a firm conviction that I shall return—wounded or not. My love for you sustains me, and gives me every sort of courage. I love you more and more, and I wish to live so as to love you till my last breath.

Tell each member of your family how much I think of them, and how affectionately I am attached to them.

Au revoir, my beloved wife. Your Joe.

May 12.

My Beloved Wife,

About 5 o'clock this morning, after breakfast at the dressing station, I went with Dr. Lossouarn to see Colonel Noguès. Lean and ascetic-looking, there he stood smiling and bright, with his newly acquired Cross of the Legion of Honour pinned on his breast. He had been awarded it this very morning in the pouring rain out in the ravine. Shells were raining too! Vermersch got the Cross, too, and Malafosse a stripe.

The Colonel's tent backs on the ruins of a house. In front there is a little path made of rubble, and on this there are five or six shell cases, out of which numbers of bright flowers are growing. It has been labelled by some wag "Villa Marie-Louise." I took a photo of it all.

Colonel Noguès has been wounded a second time, and again in the left arm. He is tired, but his intellect is as keen as ever, and his ideas are always so sound and original.

I came back to our primitive camp at night, and succeeded in sleeping until a tremendous cannonade waked me. It was only 10 o'clock. It was so terrifying and increased so much in violence that I got up and tried to see what was happening. Could one of our sections have been driven in?

The artillery was firing madly and furiously, without a moment's respite. Two hours later a little calm supervened. But at three in the morning there were fresh and violent explosions, which, although not of quite such intensity, were, nevertheless, sufficiently nerve-racking.

We are told that there were no sorties on the part of the Turks. Nothing at all extraordinary happened. Merely an enormous expenditure of ammunition on both sides.

I slept once more.

May 13.

A very quiet night—certainly the quietest since April 25. Only the "75" was to be heard in the plain, and even this calmed down about 10.35, and we slept. . . .

Four o'clock! Where in the world am I? In Alexandria? Still at sea? . . . Pulling myself together, I set to work to get the ambulance canteens into order, and have things made clean and ship-shape. The dressing station really begins to look smart!

To check any illusion that an awakening without the aid of gunfire might occasion, a poor mangled body was brought in on a stretcher. The brain protruded, and the head was bathed in blood; there was also a great gash in the side.

It was Bacon, the adjutant, who was only promoted a few days ago. He began the campaign as corporal, and had come from China. He has been buried by the side of Huguenin.

As I was just writing this some shells from a "75" made their appearance. One fell only about twenty-five yards from me, right among the horses. Nothing happened, however, for it buried itself in the earth and did not explode. This was followed by shrapnel and other shells. At 11 o'clock it was still going on, and it was not till 2 that they began to tire of it. A siesta in tropical heat!

Some huge "marmites" have been exploding quite close to our battle cruisers: first a bang, then a whistling sound, then a long pause followed by a formidable rain of shells in the water. Our "Rimaillot" was replying. This sort of thing has been going on over our heads while we took our dip in the sea.

I have just received *The Times* you sent. It gives but a scanty notice of our epic landing at Koum Kaleh.

Yesterday at 8 a patient came in with a bullet in his arm and chest. He was a European "agent de liaison."

We now hear that the *Goliath* was sunk by a German destroyer, mistaken for an English one. Good-night, dearest. . . .

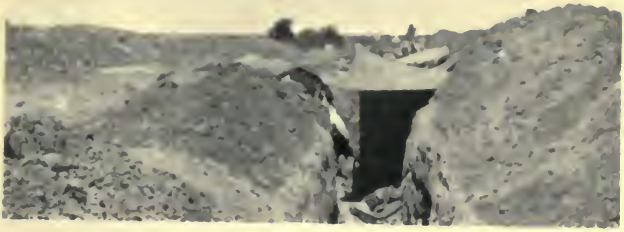
JOE.

May 14.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I read last night in my "earth-hole" your letter coming from Alexandria. Mrs. de R—— sent it on to me with a most friendly letter from herself.

For the first time on Turkish soil I have set up my tent, which is still lined inside with its delicate yellow cloth, and fragrant with the memory of my feminine visitors of



A CANVAS-COVERED TRENCH AT SEDD-EL-BAHR.

A CORNER OF THE BATTLEFIELD AFTER THE LANDING AT SEDD-EL-BAHR. TAKEN MAY 3, 1915.

A REVIEW DURING THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN. GENERAL D'AMADE BESTOWS DECORATIONS FOR BRAVERY AT SEDD-EL-BAHR.

Ramleh. It is at the foot of the cliff of Hill 200, at a height of 10 metres; and it dominates the plain towards Morto Bay and the Asiatic coast beyond, with Koum Kaleh and In Tepe. Till now I have been underground.

This territory, conquered inch by inch, has been dearly paid for. It is dotted with graves. From where I am writing I can see that of Blanchard. It is owing to these brave men that we are here, and that the Turks are beginning to feel our power.

Shells are passing over our heads. They come from Achi Baba (591 feet). Those from In Tepe, which is opposite us, are no longer to be feared; at any rate, for the last three days they have been silent. The fleet say it is their shells which destroyed the battery. It is more probably our Rimaillot guns, of Sedd-el-Bahr, which really silenced it. It is impossible to express what we owe to this wonderful gun. The landing was becoming very difficult. Each day twenty or thirty shells came from In Tepe, which caused no end of trouble and killed people constantly.

On the blue sea in front of me, where till yesterday there were hundreds of boats, I can now only see one. We hear that they are letting mines drift down. It is said, too, that the English armoured cruiser *Goliath* was sunk last night by a Turkish mine right in front of us, in Morto Bay. All must have been over in a few minutes. Borella heard the cries of the drowning sailors.

A moving ceremony took place yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. Our regiment had passed the night in reserve. For once our brave fellows had slept. The morning of the 12th was damp and dark. It was drizzling with rain. The men were preparing their coffee and having a wash.

Suddenly a messenger galloped up, stopping in front of Major Nibaudeau, and gave him a slip of paper. The bugle called us together, and we arrived in field equipment. From the muddy trench came a new brilliantly coloured standard, proudly carried by a dirty little man without stripes or decorations. This man showed magnificent heroism at Koum Kaleh, and in this very place too, leading the charge under a hail of bullets.

Other soldiers, worn out, badly dressed, covered with mud, escorted the flag. They have been chosen among all the regiment to be decorated with the military medal. Among them is a Senegalese sergeant.

General d'Amade arrived on foot. It was raining, and we were very cold. A feeling of utmost depression weighed on us as the bugle sounded again and we got into line. Where is the regiment? Out of 3,800 men there remain only 1,200. The General gave only one Cross—to the chief. All deserve it.

Clouds came up. It rained. On the Asiatic coast floated huge white snow flakes. We are benumbed.

"This evening the regiment will be placed in the fore-front of the first line," says the General. Well, it is ready.

I like Nibaudeau very much. He is wonderfully brave, and exercises a great influence over all. In spite of the rain we had a little lunch in his honour, at which a captain of the English staff was present. We had York ham, champagne, etc.

Nibaudeau and I proposed a toast to all the newly promoted officers. I think I told you that several soldiers were made officers during the battle, as there was not a single original officer left.

Just at this moment an English aeroplane is passing over our heads. It is greeted with shrapnel, but it is

continuing on its way, and the General will hear some interesting details of enemy dispositions.

Yesterday, about 6 o'clock, an aeroplane was followed for nearly an hour by exploding shrapnel, which made a long white trail behind it. The noise was appalling. Rifles also were directed on the machine. When his report was given in, the Turkish batteries, discovered by the pilot, passed a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

Another incident. A servant to one of my young doctors in the first battalion was kept by his duties in the second line. This little man, who was of very peaceful appearance, and was a peasant of Central France, wanted very badly "to go and kill some Turks." He explained to the Major that his father took part in the Italian campaign, and that he wanted to emulate him.

"When I return to my village I want to be able to talk." "But it is particularly dangerous over there. You have plenty of time," said the doctor to him. "Have patience." "I beg you to let me go and see a little." So the little peasant went to see. He distributed cartridges to his comrades in the first line of trenches. A bullet killed him outright.

This evening's communiqué (which I have just been reading by candle light) reports that General d'Amade, who is ill, has been invalided home, and that General Gouraud is taking his place.

Out of three generals one has had the mouth and jaw shattered.

In an English division, out of three generals two have been wounded and the third killed. The English losses are very heavy.

Your country and mine mourn together for brave men, little wife of mine.

JOE.

May 15.

DEAR WIFE,

As I write these words shells are falling again on the plain and in the sea. . . . Peace is not of this world.

I send you a map of the Gallipoli Peninsula. We have quantities of maps, but only one is good, and that one I am obliged to keep. You can judge, however, by the one you will receive of the small importance of the portion of the Gallipoli Peninsula conquered by us. However, you must not think that the resistance will always be as strong. A detachment of Australians has got a footing at Gaba Tepe, north and to the west of Achi Baba, and is maintaining itself there. It hopes to join hands with us in a few days.

My wounded horse "Dix Avril" is better. He begins to eat again without too much difficulty. I have exchanged my second horse for a half-bred, brown, with an excellent temper. He is called "Merle." He belonged to Chabbert, who has been killed. We cannot use our horses much, space being so limited; but all the same I have ridden once or twice. Thousands of shells have threatened our horses, and now they no longer take heed of them.

At the landing place the Australians left 600 corpses. After a formidable cannonade, without an equal in history, the Turks waited for the British. Sheltered in deep entrenchments, they had numbers of machine guns, which decimated our allies.

It is a *tour de force* to have effected such a landing, without a parallel of its kind!

The weather is hot. I had a heavy siesta in the tent. The colours one sees to-day are admirable. The plain is a swarm of men, horses, guns, munitions, and provision cases! The sea is of the bluest blue, and black ships are

lying on it—battleships. A huge fountain of water rises now and then. It is a "marmite" which has fallen into the sea. Friendly aeroplanes fly over us unceasingly.

I have done several pencil sketches to please you. We have leisure, because trench warfare has commenced. And so you have this rambling letter from

Your devoted JOE.

May 16.

DEAREST,

Things are really approaching the ideal! Last night we slept untroubled by the fusillade, which, for the matter of that, has subsided slightly to-day.

General Gouraud passed through our camp about 7.30 this morning. He found us quiet save for a few shells and "marmites" in the plain. The General was up at 4 this morning. He inspected the troops unaccompanied.

I am going to call on Colonel Noguès. He is in the first line with General Gouraud. General d'Amade is going home. We are sorry; both officers and men had great confidence in him.

I had a visit in my tent from M. M., the commissariat officer who has come to the Sedd-el-Bahr beach. Seventeen horses were killed this morning by one shell.

I had a bathe in the sea this afternoon.

Commandant Nibaudeau has come to the base for three days after three days in the trenches. We dined together at 7 o'clock in camp No. 2 (in front of the Cemetery of Cypresses). I came back at 9.

About 9 much shrapnel. An artillery attack on the part of the Turks. A fearful din.

I saw a regiment pass on its way to reinforce our men. As things got calmer we allowed ourselves a little sleep.

During dinner at camp No. 2, three aeroplanes were hovering about; while in the Dardanelles, directly facing us, we saw enacted a drama which we could not altogether understand.

An English battle-cruiser was being attacked by a perfect tornado of shells, which came, apparently, from the Dardanelles forts. The cruiser steamed ahead rapidly, thundering furiously with her guns again and again. Then she turned a little, fired a broadside and went off. Enormous sprays of water encircled her as she went.

May 17.

I received to-day your letters of 23rd and 24th April.

My health is perfect, but the climate is rather warm. We want for nothing, and all goes well. I will send two or three more letters to Paris—then I will despatch them to London.

An intense shelling of Commandant Nibaudeau's camp by the Turks. At 9 o'clock we also had a taste, a shell whistling above our heads and burying itself in the ground a few yards further on. A few men were wounded.

All day important sapping and mining work going on. The Turks made up their minds we were going to attack. They have been firing all day. In consequence there is a large number of wounded scattered about everywhere in ones or twos.

Bathed at 5 o'clock amid a hail of "marmites" and shells.

6.40 went to dinner with Colonel Noguès at "Villa Marie-Louise"; Colonel Grillot, Dr. Duchêne Marulas, and Malafosse there, but not Captain Vermersch, who has taken command of a battalion.

Menu.—White wine, fish, chicken, green peas, oranges,

apricots, jam and biscuits. These delicacies were sent by M. Mauras from the *Lorraine*. She only arrived this morning, and takes her departure to-night.

In the night an uninterrupted fusillade, supported at times (2.30 and 4) by big guns.

May 18.

My grey horse died this morning between 1 and 2 a.m. He was wounded in the head on the 8th, but seemed practically well again. He is the victim, no doubt, of a spent bullet. Yesterday was a day of spent bullets!

An intense bombardment on the "Pylones" road.

I had another bath in the sea.

I dined with Colonel Noguès and Drs. Lapus and Malafosse.

Losses of the metropolitan brigade:—

175th Regiment ..	2185	..	55 officers.
R.M.A.	2516	..	47 „
	4701		102

Colonel Niegert came in during dinner—a fine energetic figure!

The attack this evening at 10 o'clock was meant, according to settled plan, to gain 80 yards to straighten the line. So well were the dispositions made, that it was effected without any loss.

Good-night, Beloved.

Your Joe.

May 19.

My Own Wife,

I breakfasted alone this morning in my tent. Sent for some grub to Nibaudeau.

There is a report that a submarine was sunk about 4 o'clock this afternoon by English vessels in Morto Bay.

I had dinner with Colonel Noguès at his new headquarters of the Colonial Brigade. I hear that Captain Bouchet, of Kien An, was killed here on May 9.

The dressing station has been moved. It is now at the extreme south-east of the cliff, to the left of Colonel Noguès' old headquarters. The ground is stony, steep and hilly, and quite well wooded. The Colonel has got his tent under a fig tree. I placed mine just beyond, almost touching the cliff, getting it, with a little manipulation, on to a platform bordered by stones. Drastic disinfection was needed.

It is fearfully hard work moving all our goods and chattels!

We continue to lead a less stirring life, although on the somewhat narrow space we occupy (6 to 7 kilometres long) the "marmites" rain with pretty lively insistence. We are nevertheless all in the best of spirits, and reckon on beating the Turks in a decisive fashion. Health perfect.

Perhaps you will be interested in some personal remarks and intimate notes about your own hubby.

Do you want to know how I am dressed? Nearly always in the same way. Blue-grey képi like a "soldat de deuxième classe," dark blue tunic with plenty of pockets, which I bought in Paris, trousers of soldier's cloth accruing from the 21st at Paris, black gaiters (the old ones I had in Tonking), and soldier's boots. I am very comfortable in all this. It is a little hot in the day-time, but in the evening and night it is all needed. My boots are so much like slippers that there is no need to take them off to sleep. Underneath, as linen, I have a thin cotton vest and a shirt, drawers of fine cotton and wool socks.

I change my linen every day. Korka is quite used to it. He immediately washes everything, generally in his

"gamelle" (porringer), and an hour afterwards the things are dry and ready to be worn again. I change my collar every day, but it is not ironed.

I have only missed a bath in my indiarubber tub four or five times. Whenever things were quiet I seized the opportunity. Pears' soap! An extravagance of Alexandria! I was three or four days without shaving.

Since the 13th our life has been quite regular. Breakfast of coffee, piece of chocolate, and mouldy bread; then a little walk round with a shovel under my arm—a good weapon when shells or bullets are flying round. On my return I shave when I have time. At 4 I go down to the sea. Korka carries a towel, a rug stolen from the Turks for use as a carpet, and always his porringer to pour water on feet dirtied with sand. The bath is exquisite.

This evening a huge "marmite" fell 10 yards away from us, and above our heads the English reply of shells covers us with a vault of steel, dissolving, hissing and noisy. To finish off the picture, Allied aeroplanes soar deliciously into the blue sky. Very white shrapnel follows them and marks their path—fortunately afar off. The fuses make holes in the sand, or fizzle in the blue water.

I go to bed fully dressed, though occasionally, to save my tunic, I hang it over the back of a chair (I have a chair!), and sleep in my overcoat. Round my neck I have the white Japanese scarf, which always conjures up a little of Japan. I roll my legs in the brown military rug which you saw at Toulon, and over all I spread the fine green one.

I often awake in the night, and there is always something to do. Sometimes I wear a képi when it is cold, unless I wrap up my head in the Japanese stuff.

I take my meals sometimes with the doctors of my regiment, sometimes with the Commandant Nibaudeau,

and most often with Colonel Noguès. When he was in the front lines I risked bullets and shells for the pleasure of his company. He is a charming man, of lively intelligence and a kind heart.

May 22.

To-day we attacked vigorously at 10 o'clock, aided by a formidable artillery fire. The result should be excellent, but has not yet prevented us from being flooded by shells and "marmites."

I have received—I know not from whom (perhaps through your kindness)—a whole heap of journals and illustrated papers: *Illustration*, *Daily Mail*, *Vie Parisienne*, *Cri de Paris*, etc. Is it you? At last one begins to be able to read. I have passed days and days without the least wish to look at anything but the picture which we are giving ourselves—and it's no ordinary one.

Love, love, love.

JOE.

May 24.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

As usual, a great deal of noise—bullets, shrapnel, etc. "Marmites" are still falling, but we lead a less agitated life. Yesterday evening an English captain, a very nice man, came to see us. He told us that the British troops are advancing successfully, if rather slowly. We hear Italy will fight with us—perhaps even here.

Extremely good health. We are changing our camp for six days or longer. We shall be in trenches. Last night I slept in my tent, but this morning some bullets went through it. Everybody is in good spirits, and feels certain of beating the Turks in decisive fashion.

May 26.

To-day, during my luncheon with Colonel Noguès in the trenches, I received your letter from Paris of the 29th and 30th of April. And at the beginning you speak about the loss of your letters and mine.

It is certain that your letters did not reach me for a long while. Fortunately we were at Alexandria, but I did not know if you were ill or not. It is all forgotten now. Many letters have been delayed and many others destroyed.

They did not wish it known in France where we were and what we were going to do. Besides, it is sufficient to turn to our itinerary to understand the enormous hesitation of the Governments. We expected to operate with Greece, and Greece held off just when we arrived at Lemnos.

Everyone complained of the postal service. There was in both directions, and for some time, interruption and destruction of correspondence. You must have read my letter written just before Koum Kaleh saying that at last I had a letter from you.

To-day I have received a long letter from Paris, 29th and 30th April. I am not sure of the 29th, for you have not dated the first pages, but it is the 28th or 29th for certain. I think when reading it one or two tears fell. Emotion is forbidden in the trenches, but it is sweet to be loved.

When I arrived this morning at the Colonel's post a black orderly had just got a bullet in his shoulder. There are so many corpses about that the smell is insupportable. You see how sweet a thing at this time is the letter from a dear little wife. Now in my hole I am dazed by a battery of "75's" which is firing above me. At each shot enough sand and earth falls to dry the page.

The noise of the "75" has about it something irritating, unnerving, upsetting. It tears the ear, is strident and

brutal. No other cannonade can be confounded with that. When the gun goes off you feel a wild rage, a formidable destruction, a summons to death which freezes you with terror.

My beautiful horse, which you admired in the photos, is dead. I have regretted him very much. I have now a superb chestnut which is called "Merle." Since then I have a second horse, that of poor Captain Blanchard. It is a grey beast, which somewhat recalls my mourned "Dextrier."

Instead of careering along on horseback, you insinuate yourself prudently in the defiles of the trenches without raising your head too much. The bullets which lodge in the banks make a sound like a chestnut popping in the cinders, and those which go further imitate the noise of a bee.

You will receive some more money, darling, and I hope that you will spend some of it. I myself only spend perhaps £2 or £3 a month. I wish particularly that you shall have everything that will please you. Go to the best tea shops, and don't forget to go to the theatre, though I expect that the war takes away all desire to amuse yourself. But I am very anxious that you shall not get into a groove of misery. This summer you must go to the mountains—perhaps Scotland would do you good.

I am very proud of the character which your father gives me. I also am very fond of your father, and often reflect, full of admiration, on the life which he has so well spent. It is an admirable example for all the world, and especially for me.

There are real beauties in a dug-out. The platform is made of big branches of pine, to which leaves and cones are still attached. The fresh atmosphere is perfumed

with resin. Tufts of poppies are so red that their corollas of blood are full of love and war.

My visitors sit on a seat covered thickly with several plaids, and under their feet, tired from the paths of combats, there is a beautiful Turkish rug as thick as a carpet. Massive copper dishes, stolen from the Turks, hang in the corners.

This evening there will be an attack, and I accompanied Colonel Nogués in his inspection of Hill 236, where we shall operate. On our way we went to see the "Old monastery." It was doubtless a superb building, which topped the cliff at this point, hanging perpendicularly over the sea—now only ruins, stones, with just a bit of wall which enables one to judge the importance of the buildings. We entered a small room, the only one left standing—very interesting.

Advancing along the cliff, we found two twin tombs—English: a commandant (major) and a private soldier. An English battalion took this corner of ground. They were 1,200 in number. They held on to the end, but they were reduced to 400—a marvellous defence.

The scenery is most beautiful. The Dardanelles, then Tenedos to the south, then farther off, Samothrace, in a colouring which only Greek poets could describe.

On our right, on the Asiatic coast, the ancient Troy of the Iliad, of Helen and of Homer; Koum Kaleh conquered by us, and bearing witness to the prowess of our armies. One can distinguish, with glasses, the houses, one by one, the castle, the bridge which our "75's" barred, and the cemetery where several thousand Turks were entrenched.

The country is deserted, abandoned. No living being dares show his face there since the 25th of April. Without this radiantly beautiful light it would be frightfully sad.

We cross a plateau hollowed out with trenches where

there are no longer any soldiers. The poppies have sprung up again. It is a fairy scene.

We arrive at the observation post of Hill 236, and find there two brigade commanders, staff officers, an artillery commander, besides Colonel Noguès and myself. They are preparing the business of the evening. In spite of the late hour we can see and read the plain like a high relief map. It is disconcertingly clear. Also the enemy can see us, and bullets whistle round us. We can see our shells fall on the enemy works and burst, and see what damage they have done. Here are our trenches, there the Turkish ones, with their barbed wire spread wide in front of them.

Here is a redoubt which has been revealed to our "75's," and which is strongly attacked. Ten, fifteen shells fall on it and annihilate it methodically.

But there on our left you can see, along a green meadow, the last traces of the battle of Krithia. It was a terrible thing. Fifty of ours, in grey-blue cloaks, are there, elbow to elbow as if at drill. They are looking towards the enemy, and I see they have their guns pointed in their hands.

They are all dead there together, asphyxiated by a shell or riddled by machine guns. At first glance one would swear that they are not dead, or that they are just going to get up. But on looking closer one can see opened corpses. The breeze is laden with dreadful odours.

My dear little wife, life counts for little here, and one's turn may come when it is least expected. I should not like to be disfigured or mutilated. I should prefer to be killed outright.

If I were wounded I should go either to Bizerta, Tunis, Algiers or Toulon. It seems that they don't wish to send a single case of illness to Alexandria.

Why? It is heartrending, isn't it? to renounce Alex-

andria for ever as patient or as doctor. We left so many sympathetic friends there.

For my own part, I can't bring my memory back to Alexandria without asking myself if I am dreaming. But I prefer to go to another country if I am wounded.

You will look after me, darling. That would be better than all the others put together. I bless you, and wish I could only hold your hands in mine.

Your JOE.

May 27.

DEAREST MINE,

My hut is all ablaze this morning with enormous sheaves of poppies. Your photo in an oak frame is in the scarlet shadow of the flowers.

Perfect health. Good spirits.

May 28.

Shells are falling very near me. One gets quite accustomed to them. The British general in command, Sir Ian Hamilton, has invited some of us to Mudros to spend forty-eight hours there.

It will be very nice. I hope I can manage to get away. Fancy not having to be on the look-out for shells or bullets —to sleep without the noise of guns! I shall try to go. I am writing to you from my underground hole.

I am keeping the letters and the films so as to send them by the *Lorraine*, which is expected. Don't worry. It will be safer. Theo himself will be able to post them in France. I can no longer send my kodak films to Alexandria. I will send them to you direct.

Your loving HUSBAND.

May 30.

DEAR ONE,

I am writing this in my "dug-out" of the Fountain Vermesch Ravine.

We are going to change our camp. We are leaving our underground holes for tents, 300 metres in the rear. For six days my regiment was in the first line. Now it is resting.

Korka and Borella, my servants, have already strapped down my trunks and emptied my "dug-out." I am writing on my knees, seated on the bottom step of my home. Well, now that I have no more belongings in it, it appears big and comfortable.

I received this morning your letter of the 16th of May and your postcard of the 14th. You had just received my letter of the 28th April and those of the 2nd and 3rd May. Doubtless some letters have gone astray.

You tell me that you have become a perfect pearl—that you keep an account of all your expenses. Even I could do that now easily. This month I spent five francs in chocolate, thirty francs on our mess. That is all. I draw the equivalent of three rations in money, for we only take the rations that we need, which makes a saving of more than 100 francs a month.

May 31.

MY VERY DEAR WIFE,

You wish to come to Sedd-el-Bahr! With Madame M.! You have not seen my photos?

Sedd-el-Bahr or Sedoul Bahr is the landing point where the English and French were so admirable, and lost so many men. It is ruined—done for. There are only soldiers, munitions, horses, material—no women.

A DRESSING STATION, WITH KORKA, THE DOCTOR'S SENEGALESE SERVANT.

IN THE FRENCH CAMP NEAR SEDD-EL-BAHR. COLONEL NOGUÈS, WOUNDED IN THE ARM DURING THE KOUM KALEH EXPEDITION.

LIFE-GIVING SLEEP AFTER EXHAUSTING FIGHTING.

A PRINCELY DUG-OUT WHICH THE DOCTOR OCCUPIED FOR A WEEK.

Sedd-el-Bahr has been, but is no more.

Ask the artillery of the Allied Fleets why; ask, too, the landing troops—French, English, New Zealanders, Australians, Egyptians, Senegalese! . . . The Château d'Europe, with its light, sun-washed walls, has holes in its foundations large enough to lodge families in; and shells still fall thickly there every day, nearly every hour.

The town, not very big, once dainty, situated on apricot and almond tree-covered terraces, shaded with flourishing orchards crowned with vines, is now only a ruin, a memory.

In a little by-path I saw a fountain under the fig trees. The water runs no more, but the clay pipe is intact, as also the ornamental tap. On the wall behind, Arab characters are cut into the stone, telling the thirsty passer-by, no doubt, to say a prayer to Allah for the benefactor who built it.

Whole houses have fallen down. A shapeless mass of dust, brick and stones is all that remains of them. Others, cut open, allow one to guess the character and home life of the inhabitants. They, like their Mussulman owners, must suffer to have their privacy thus brutally exposed. In one dusty corner I see a coloured coverlet on a bed, and, nailed to the wall, a bird-cage.

The narrow streets of the town are filled with soldiers of every service, crowded with carts, munition cases, ambulance carriages, horses, artillery waggons. One must squeeze up against the wall under the toppling roofs not to be crushed by them. Heaps of soldiers have occupied the ruins and are camping there.

In the higher part of the town big trees may be seen, green spaces, even flowers and the rich front of a monastery or church. The monastery has been destroyed; the outer wall is all that is left standing.

In the middle of the town, dominating the sea, lies a

cemetery. Turkish cemeteries in the East are full of poetry and charm. The grave stones rise from the midst of irises, roses, poppies, mignonette, marguerites. Many are of marble, inscribed with lines from the Koran. Some tablets are gently curved off at the top in the shape of a leaf or a round ball. Others are cylindrical in form. Their sculptural whiteness is shown off vividly by the green foliage behind them, and by the triumphant purple of the irises.

If you continue to climb the cemetery path you come to the first terrace from which you overlook the town, the beach, the sea, and even the Asiatic coast with Koum Kaleh and Yenisher. It is a unique panorama. From the ground, dug into holes by shells, from the barbed wire entanglements, from the hiding places where our batteries have been established, it is possible to estimate in a single glance the prodigious effort of England and France on the Gallipoli Peninsula. The glorious history of April 25 shines out clearly.

The semi-circular hills, which rise like a huge amphitheatre, dominate it from all sides. The converging fire of machine-guns, field-guns, and rifles made a landing here impossible to any other nation but your own indomitable English.

From the *River Clyde* (a big cargo boat which has been intentionally stranded on the Sedd-el-Bahr beach) the marvellous soldiers of England dashed forward. They threw themselves into the water; but even in the sea the Turks had laid their barbed wire defences. Many tried to force their way through; but they were drowned or cut up.

Their bodies were suspended for a long time on these wires; and this inextricable human entanglement, which appeared from time to time above the water, was a sight

to terrify the bravest. It became necessary to call in the aid of a gun. A few explosive shells and bodies and wire were dragged away by the current.

On the first platform ridge—it is called " The Beach," and the name will stick to it—is an extraordinary mass of arms, horses, cases, carriages and guns. Into all that, shells from In Tepe fall regularly, only killing a few horses. There are also a field hospital there, stores under canvas, and every sort of quickly improvised establishment.

Two 155-mm. guns are hidden a little higher up, and fire periodically on Achi Baba and In Tepe.

Now the beach of Sedd-el-Bahr is almost exclusively reserved to the French. The British have occupied the beach to the west of Cape Helles. Numerous transports, battleships—a powerful and varied fleet—are anchored in the blue sea.

Sedd-el-Bahr no longer exists, but the bravery of the British, the bravery of the French have made it for ever immortal.

Your devoted HUSBAND.

CHAPTER VIII

SIEGE WARFARE

June 1.

My Dear One,

I am officially proposed with the best and bravest of my regiment—several on the list have died of their wounds, or have given their lives in new deeds—for higher rank. It is a great honour. If I am promoted, as it is said I may be, I should have to leave my regiment, which I should regret keenly. I should have liked to follow it through all the stages of this campaign.

I have read *The Times*. You can get the clearest idea of what we are doing, and certainly you have it. But what makes you think that a woman could land at Sedd-el-Bahr? With little Madame M.! Dear one, dear one! You can imagine how well you would both be received, for there are 100,000 men here, and a whole English division is expected from Lemnos, and you would be the only women within miles!

The audacity of German submarines is a new source of trouble to us. The sea is almost bare of boats. The General-in-Chief, who was on the *Arcadian*, has installed himself on land at Imbros. Many yards of nets, also submarines and monitors with flat bottoms, have been ordered in England.

I am sending by registered post to-day or to-morrow five spools of films. All goes well. Health ideal; perfect weather; good spirits. Some "155" guns are firing hard

at us. Hell is nothing to it. Yet last night, under the usual fire, I slept from 9 to 5.30 in the morning right off!

Good-night, my well-beloved darling.

Your Joe.

June 3.

Dearest,

A rather quiet day; but probably it will not last long.

I have seen some very interesting official reports, all of them glorifying the 6th Colonial.

June 4.

Received your letter of the 21st ulto. in the midst of a raging battle. All goes well. You shall have a letter every day if possible.

I was presented to General Gouraud on the 31st, when he came to review my regiment. The review was held in honour of Sergeant Resplendi, whom he decorated with the Military Medal.

I think I must have mentioned his brave deed at the time, but as I have some leisure now—in spite of the furious fighting and the noise which dulls one's senses—I will tell you of the ceremony of the 31st and why it was held.

Our advance of May 28—29 was stopped by a fortification which the Turks had solidly established on a line with their foremost trenches. It commanded the great ravine of Kereves Dere; and the machine-guns, with which it was well provided, had sown death among our ranks.

After careful study of this obstacle, Colonel Noguès, with his usual unerring military instinct, discovered that

the Turks had withdrawn some of its defenders, probably owing to the heaps of dead in proximity which made the place unbearable. The whole of a neighbouring trench was full of corpses.

He decided that the time had come to strike a blow against it. A volunteer company was formed among the 6th Colonial Regiment. It was composed of an equal number of French and Senegalese, all ready for bayonet or any close quarter fighting. Sub-Lieutenant Marost was in command. To this little company was entrusted the capture of the fortified position.

They assembled in a first line trench, and immediately began to slide, one by one, over the parapet and creep up the hill. To us looking on, this plunge into the unknown was very impressive. It was like diving into the sea. We were speechless with admiration.

"How many would come back?"

They climbed for two hours, each tightly clenching his weapon. They had to be careful to make no noise, even to avoid breathing heavily. The night was very clear. There was a full moon. The slope was only dotted with occasional bushes. Once they saw a patrol coming towards them, but as they did not move it passed on.

An incessant rifle fire from the first lines was passing over their heads, and sometimes shells fell near them. At last, sustained by the idea of their important enterprise, they neared their goal.

They closed in, elbow to elbow, whites and blacks, and only waited for a sign from their officer. Then these fellows, these fine fellows, tired with crawling, were glad to stand upright and rush the position.

The Turks, completely surprised, flew. They all dashed for the communication trench, leaving behind them their arms, knapsacks, ammunition, rugs, and provisions.

Our men made the agreed signal. They lighted a lantern turned towards our lines. Then without loss of time they put the position in a state of defence. The communication trench was blocked, they dug, they filled sacks with earth, a guard was placed with rifles to answer the musketry fire of the enemy.

At this most critical moment six shells, one after another, burst on the walls of the position. Huge stones flew into atoms amidst bloody flashes. Men fell. A few scratches and a terrible shaking. They looked at each other in consternation. This deadly true aim, these terrific explosions, this noise, is it not our "75" guns?

The officer, who had had no fear of the Turks, but who wished to prevent a mistake of our artillerymen, rushed back to our trenches. The others, now reassured, did not move. The error, one of those terrible errors which always occur at just the wrong moment, had only lasted a minute, and was put right by telephone. It had nevertheless called forth Turkish fire—field artillery followed by heavy guns.

The position was the aim and object for continuous rifle fire and shells till the morning. Counter-attacks were immediately stopped by our artillery, who made a veritable barrier of shell fire round their group.

Sergeant Resplendi, who had taken command of the position, while Lieutenant Le Gouez and Sub-Lieutenant Marost were organising the occupation of neighbouring trenches, was wounded by a bullet, which passed right through him. He refused to go to the ambulance to be dressed.

A soldier put iodine into the wound and applied the "first aid bandage." Resplendi, however, would not leave his post. He remained there thirty-six hours before he was relieved.

The Turkish position, which is now definitely ours, has been named " Le Gouez Fort," for Le Gouez was mortally wounded by a bullet in the head a few yards from the spot.

Two days later General Gouraud reviewed our regiment to honour the bravery of Sergeant Resplendi, mentioned in these terms : " Wounded, Sergeant Resplendi remained at his post thirty-six hours, refusing to be relieved or have his wound dressed."

At 7 a.m., on the lower slopes which border Morto Bay to the north, our regiment was assembled by battalions facing the sea, bugles sounding and the flag floating in the wind. The General came up on horseback, followed by General Masnou, commanding the 1st Division, and several staff officers.

He was in khaki, but the gold laurels of his képi shone in the sun. After having saluted the flag and the Colonel, General Gouraud dismounted. He decorated Sergeant Resplendi with the Military Medal in the traditional manner, then in powerful tones addressed a few words to the Marsouins (French Colonials) and Senegalese.

He praised the act of Sergeant Resplendi and ended : " Very good. The 6th Colonial can be counted on. You have an example in your Colonel. Though wounded, he, too, has remained at his post."

During the march past of the regiment three or four " marmites," coming from In Tepe, burst near our lines with an infernal noise. Nobody took the slightest notice. The ranks remained as steady as at a July 14th review.

I can tell you my old heart beat with pride for my brave comrades, as I am sure yours will do on reading this disjointed and rambling letter. Love always, from

Your Husband.

June 5.

DEAR HEART,

A very busy day—a few wounded, but I was principally occupied with the hygiene of the district. I discovered that the water of a fountain, perfect till now, was running (for a minute only) over Turkish corpses.

Yesterday the battle ended at 6 p.m. We were only able to raise our tents at 9, after partaking of corned beef, a meal which, as you know, I by no means despise.

The temperature is becoming very high. I have khaki. Don't send anything. I have everything I need.

June 6.

Your letter of the 26th to hand. Yes, you must play tennis and also go to the theatre. I asked you to in a former letter.

I now have time to send you a little description—an echo from the not very distant field of battle—1,500 metres perhaps.

Here are my notes, taken minute by minute, of the battle of June 4:—I was at our command post; our regiment was in reserve.

10.45 a.m.—Colonel Noguès, the staff officers and I go to the command post of the 6th Colonial Regiment. It is situated on a point 20 yards high on the north of Morto Bay, part of which it overlooks. A cruiser with two funnels comes into the straits from the south. Perhaps it is the *Latouche Tréville*.

11 a.m.—Three other battleships and torpedo-boats arrive. There are four aeroplanes flying at the same time. The shelling begins. It increases rapidly. Black fountains of smoke rise from behind the last ridge in front of

us. The "75," the "65" and the "155," long and short, are all firing.

Everything trembles. White smoke rises up close to us from the ground to the right. It is one of our shells. The weather is cloudy. Our men follow with amused eyes our shells as they leave the guns. A movement of troops. If we mount a little higher we can see trench roads and the peak of Achi Baba. Intense fusillade. Deafening cannonade.

11.15.—We have to leave our observation post, for bullets and shrapnel are coming too thickly round us.

11.30.—The bombardment is still fiercer from behind. Artillery waggons come galloping up on a road swept by musketry fire.

11.50.—The firing lessens, a prearranged pause; then it is resumed. The whole ridge in front of us is black with a curtain of smoke. One sees nothing, but I take a photograph all the same.

The guns seem to make the whole earth tremble. The Turks answer back with some "310" "marmites."

12.—Firing ceases. . . . It is the attack. . . .

More shells from the enemy. All the ships in the straits are engaged. A destroyer leaves the straits, but returns almost immediately.

12.15.—Turkish "marmites" fall in the sea behind us. Splendid fountains of water. The "75" guns behind us begin firing again. Of all the guns these hurt our ears the most.

12.30.—I look over the parapet of the trench. Smoky blackness.

The Colonel wishes to lie down. Soldiers immediately bestir themselves and make him a bed of sweet-smelling thyme, over which they spread the canvas of their tents. The firing does not cease for a minute. Turkish shells are falling nearer us.

I am very thirsty. The sun is shining too brilliantly now. Noise, dust, smoke, heat. It is tiring.

12.50.—I lie down beside the Colonel, but because of the din, chiefly because of the flies (oh, these Turkish flies!), it is impossible to sleep. All the better! At this very minute a letter from you.

A man who seems to have come from the first line says that our shells are falling well into the Turkish trenches and that they are flying.

1 p.m.—A "310" shell falls 28 metres in front of us. An officer comes to confer with the Colonel, whom we are obliged to awaken.

1.15.—The 1st Division cannot advance because Kereves Dere is more strongly fortified than the authorities believed. Our Colonel had foreseen this. The 2nd Division advances in spite of a strong resistance. The British Marines have had to be reinforced by our Zouaves. The English have taken two trenches before Krithia. (There are still two more.)

1.45.—A soldier on horseback says that the two Turkish trenches just in front of us have been captured, and that we have taken 220 prisoners. We read our letters and papers which have just arrived. The firing continues always.

2.15.—A man of our escort is wounded by a bullet in the left elbow.

Colonel Grillot telephones to our Colonel that the only information he can give him is that one of his companies has taken an enemy's trench. An officer of our extreme right asks him by telephone to lengthen his range by 100 metres.

2.30.—The firing is less intense. The dressing station of the 175th Regiment has received 20 wounded. Colonel Vimard lets us know that the attack of the first lines will be resumed at 4 p.m. We are to be ready.

3.—Colonel Grillot sends a little note to our Colonel. One of his companies has taken and occupied a trench, but it will cost too many lives to allow the other companies to advance.

3.10.—A policeman comes to look for the 220 Turkish prisoners. It is an incident which furnishes much-needed comic relief.

3.20.—Seryès, Colonel Noguès' cyclist, says that the "77's" have been trained on the reserves of our regiment and the regimental train. A horse has had the two forelegs shattered by a shell, which after all did not burst.

4 in the evening.—Intense cannonade. Renewal of attack.

4.25.—Sustained fusillade.

4.30.—The 1st Battalion of the 6th Colonial is sent further forward. I tell off a doctor to follow the movement.

4.50.—A "210" shell falls on the incline of the hill on our left. It does not burst. It rolls, rolls. . . . Everyone follows its course. Will it fall into the bottom of the ravine among a lot of cooks settled there? It stops in a thin undergrowth.

4.55.—A "77" shell falls near us.

5.—A battalion of the 4th Zouaves has reached the trenches E and F. The 2nd Division cannot advance further.

5.35.—A French torpedo-destroyer with four funnels shows herself in Morto Bay. The tricolour can be plainly distinguished.

5.42.—We are informed that the attack has not been very successful, and that the losses are heavy.

5.45.—Another French torpedo-destroyer appears in the bay.

6.10.—The operations have cost us 2,000 men and 20 officers. The enemy had quantities of machine-guns. We have taken some of their first line trenches.

6.40.—Lieutenant Pasquet, of the engineers, returns from the first line trenches. He says that our gains have been dearly bought.

6.45.—General Gouraud arrives on horseback followed by his staff. He joins his generals of the 1st and 2nd Divisions.

9.—We set up our tent in the ravine from which we came this morning.

Good-night, dear one. J.

June 7.

DEAREST,

More fighting in the first lines. My dressing station is at the ruined house in the ravine of the Vermesch Fountain, and my underground hut is the same as it has been for a week—quite comfortable, I assure you.

I received your letter of 26th May. Yes, my watch is and has been absolutely right ever since Toulon! The Thermos bottle and everything else you gave me are very useful.

June 8.

To-day I sent you two long letters. My photos are splendid. In future I hope to send many others. I see from reading *The Times* that you are much better informed than I about general events. I see only a very small corner. I hope soon to get a wider view, but you have no idea how rare interesting and exact news is.

Do enjoy your tennis. Good-night. It is time to sleep.

June 9.

All day a north wind, which is extremely annoying, because it raises ceaseless clouds of dust. And there

are as many flies as grains of dust! Apart from this, a calm day, which I have chiefly passed in my subterranean shelter. Everything is drying up; the country has changed its appearance.

God bless and keep you, dearest, for the return of

Your own HUSBAND.

June 10.

MY WIFE,

I shall send you by this post a small parcel (registered) with two spools of kodak films and a registered letter containing photos which had an adventure. There go with this letter 20 to 30 films with particulars. You will receive others (30 to 40) in three or four days. It is the lot taken between the 25th April and the 8th May. Nothing new. Mails are becoming scarce.

Because of the heat everything is scarred, naked. Not a flower nor fruit tree.

We are passing through a period of waiting and difficulty, for the Allied ships have all left our shores. As I told you a few days ago, the submarine has come. You know what it has done!

The Turks have immediately become more audacious. They did nothing less than establish trench mortars, field and heavy batteries, at Koum Kaleh.

All the same, that was too much. Boats quickly came out and shelled them. Did they succeed?

In any case, the Sedd-el-Bahr beach is more bombarded than ever from In Tepe and the Asiatic coast. The damage is insignificant.

The last few days we have started using a "crapouillard" in our trenches. It is a sort of small and roughly-made mine-thrower. The mine or shell has wings, and can be

loaded with from 10 to 30 kilos of melinite. It produces extraordinary results.

The day before yesterday the "crapouillard" of the 4th Regiment rewarded them with a whole Turk, and us with an arm! When I take a photograph of it I will describe it more fully. There is joy in the trenches when the soldiers have to use it.

June 11.

From my underground shelter, before being rocked to sleep by the everlasting music of rifles and guns, I salute you. To-morrow we change our bivouac again. It is becoming monotonous.

Send me the Iliad of Homer in French, a small edition. It will be curious to read the Iliad with the country of the poem before me. Many thanks for the illustrated papers. We cannot buy a single paper or anything at all here.

P.S.—Send me a tooth-brush and powder with the Iliad.

June 12.

I have seen some Greek excavations. In digging trenches soldiers have found stone sarcophagi which we think are more than 2,000 years old. The walls are thick and the coffins very big. They are filled with fine earth which has slowly slid through the cracks of the lid.

Among this soft earth are bones, quite recognisable, vases, bowls, lamps, sometimes statues. There are also potteries with faces and figures of women.

For more than two weeks I have not seen a sign of any Briton, and we know very little of what they are doing.

I always feel as if I should send you news of your brave

countrymen. I never knew till now why you are such a capable, common-sense, reliable little woman. It is in the breed. Bless them and you is the prayer of

Your Joe.

June 13.

My Own,

We have come back to our old camping ground of a week ago—the semi-circular grotto where fig trees shelter our tents. The change was made during the night. I myself left my wild beast's lair at 4 o'clock this morning. There were no "marmites" to accompany us, only lots of bullets which wounded nobody.

The ordinary routine of life seems as if it would continue for a long time unchangeable. We feel as if we had been born "Poilus."

Trench warfare continues without great interest. There are no more actions, no more advances. The sea is still bare of boats. We were so used to seeing them around us that we feel deserted.

The Turks are getting more and more bold. The batteries that they have brought down to the Asiatic coast seem well provisioned. The beach of Sedd-el-Bahr is still bombarded; and sometimes there are victims.

It appears that our letter-bags have been reduced to atoms. Or is it the postal agents who have spread this rumour? Oh, this postal service of our armies!

We ourselves have had victims from a "marmite" this afternoon. One of these huge shells coming from Achi Baba burst in the very middle of my cliff ambulance. Fortunately there was nobody there just then.

Another "marmite" dropped in the quarters of the Colonel's secretaries. One adjutant and one man were

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THEIR COLONIAL HELMETS CARRYING SHELLS.

A MUCH-NEEDED SHAVE DURING THE FIRST DAY'S REST ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

FRENCH MOBILE KITCHENS ("CUISINES ROULANTES").

COOKS AT WORK ABOVE MORTO BAY.

killed and five soldiers were seriously wounded. A telephonist who was on the very spot where my tent once stood was killed at the same time.

As a diversion from "marmites" we continue our excavations. We are on a Greek necropolis of the highest antiquity—some five or six centuries before our era. In digging trenches we come on enormous stones which resound. They are the lids of tombs. With great care (but not always) we remove the covering stone. Underneath is the interior of a stone coffin which we empty little by little. Grain by grain for centuries the soil has gently penetrated. Inside there is a skeleton more or less preserved.

Besides this in each sarcophagus there are potteries more or less rich, but always of exquisite form. I have beneath my eyes a delicate cup which the slightest shock would break. It symbolises that peculiar and characteristic beauty of form which Greece revealed to us. Its long handles, almost ethereal in their delicacy, give to this little thing the palpitations of wings.

Only passionate admirers of the human body were capable of creating such marvellous lines in clay. They are arms which open towards heaven—these handles of my Greek cup. I very much enjoy drawing these treasures.

Last night the guns were silent. A respite for all. It is so rare.

Good-night, Beloved. J.

June 14.

Dear Little One,

We have received some journals—the *Sphere*, a *Times*, some *Temps*. At last they know what we are doing, and what we are worth in France. It is a pity the papers may

not indicate any regiment, any hero. I send you by the same mail as this one solitary film. You will tell me if it arrived all right, and if this method may safely be adopted. I only risk one spool at a time. I am going to try to send off letters by the English boats and the English post.

Have you thought that if I got my fifth stripe I should doubtless soon return ?

June 15.

I have just been appointed interim divisional doctor. If my five stripes come during this time I shall be a permanent one. I have pitched my tent in the sand at General Masnou's quarters. I become the head doctor for four regiments and a great hospital. I regret my 6th Regiment very much.

June 16.

I have been at the post of the General of Division since yesterday evening. This will go from Mudros, where a comrade is undertaking to post these cards.

Much, much love from

JOE.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST DIVISION, *June* 16.

DEAREST,

I received this morning your letter of the 10th of June, and you will see that it came in the nick of time. At first I thought I wouldn't tell you, but I have never been able to keep anything from you.

I spent last night at the quarters of General Masnou in an enormous hole in the sand, where my tent sank under the force of the wind. As soon as it was light, a series of

shells and of "marmites," mostly "77's," rapid and snarling. Everybody nevertheless goes about his work in the usual way.

I make my daily round, see my patients and later proceed to the hut of the secretaries of the division. I was there about 8.30. Some nine or ten soldiers, Zouaves, and police, are working in a big sand excavation about three yards wide by six or eight yards long. The whole is covered by logs and canvas, which make a roof about the height of a man, except in the centre, where it is raised higher to a point.

Just at the moment when I was standing holding out a paper to my corporal secretary Saboul, a crash was heard. It was very sudden, and a great number of incidents followed each other in a few seconds. I will sum them up in one sentence.

A "77" shell had just burst in the middle of us, killing two men and wounding four. What did I feel? I did not see the flash nor the scene as a whole. I certainly heard a very loud noise, but not louder than usual when a shell bursts in one's neighbourhood.

I made a strong call on my will to remain passive, not to flinch and to continue as if nothing had happened. But opposite me, separated only by a table, I saw a man staggering and another to my right whose face was bleeding profusely. He rushed out, and I followed him. I saw in going out two inert bodies.

I concentrated my mind on stopping the hæmorrhage of the man I had followed. I succeeded, but not without difficulty. A doctor ran to help me and I called for stretcher-bearers and carriages.

After having stopped the bleeding of this man, I turned to another wounded soldier. Pieces of shrapnel had passed through the chest, the shoulder and the left arm.

I raised, revived and bandaged him. He was very courageous, and did not complain, but asked after his comrades.

The third had been caught in the hip by a splinter which had penetrated the abdomen, and another piece had grazed his head. He talked, but a fatal pallor came slowly over him.

The fourth was killed instantly. There were still two more. I will not go into details—four are dead.

I did not really feel any shock until I reconstructed the scene in my mind after the departure of the victims. The shell burst just at the height of the hut, on the left towards the sea. It spat out all its bullets, which were scattered all around in a wave of four or five yards.

The case of the shell passed over my head through the opening of my tent, tearing the canvas on one side and burying itself deeply in the earth behind. I might have been decapitated.

The canvas all around my head was perforated with pieces of shrapnel, any one of which was sufficient to kill me. A wooden post a short distance in front of me stopped a certain number of bullets. The tent shows a hundred holes.

Really, when a few minutes later I realised what had happened and what might have happened, it gave me rather a shock. However, I have seen and lived through much since the 25th of April.

But it was decreed that this was not enough. My first day as divisional doctor was not yet at an end. The cannonade began early in the afternoon, and then again at 7, just as we were sitting down to dinner. It was quite evident that the shells were directed on the headquarters of the General.

The avalanche fell first in the form of a huge " marmite," 60 yards in front of our shell-proof dining-room. My

horses were smothered with splinters and dust. Signs were made to us that no one was hurt.

After that four or five "75" shells—probably those that Creusot sold to Turkey some years ago—fell one after the other. One easily recognises them, for they burst marvellously. Nobody in our dining-room flinched, but we all felt sure that the shells had fallen this time in the midst of our men.

Sure enough there are calls for "the doctor." I looked up towards Achi Baba, whence the shells were being hurled, and then ran with all my might to the spot from which the calls had come. I found a man lying at full length on the ground. I raised him. The shell had broken his skull.

A second was lying in a pool of blood. He had been hit in the head near the ear. The wound was bleeding very much. He was very agitated. He bit a policeman who was helping me bandage him. I had a carriage harnessed up; and a comrade accompanied him to the hospital under the firing, which continued its deadly work.

After all this I did not care to sleep in my tent, and, on the advice of the General, I carried my belongings into the armoured dining-room.

They are working at the construction of a well-protected shelter for each one of us. They have wooden pillars, and will be covered on three sides by sand at least a yard thick. On the Asiatic side, from which the biggest shells come, the layer of sand will be five yards thick. All the same I think we shall be obliged to change our camp.

From here I have to go every day to Sedd-el-Bahr. I discover the most extraordinary things. The main street of Sedd-el-Bahr (town) overlooks the sea. It is now nothing but a shapeless mass of white ruins which extends over hundreds of metres, and from which rise here and

there a piece of wall, a chimney, the front of a house!

Amongst this chaos are the green trees of an Eastern summer, the pomegranates with their scarlet flowers.

Through breaks in the sad ruins the sea in its calm beauty extends in motionless lines. The sea is peacock blue.

By this road the big Château d'Europe is reached. It is ruined, broken, pierced, beautiful all the same; and looks still mighty on some sides, having kept its sovereign majesty.

You will understand better from the photographs. It is unnecessary to add that I have photographed the tragic hut of the secretaries, and that I have kept the shell. Your still whole HUSBAND.

June 17.

MY DEAR ONE,

By this mail I am sending two films; one is not perhaps very good. Both are views in the streets of Sedd-el-Bahr. There is an extremely interesting mine for photos there. My new duties are agreeable, but not without danger. The General is most amiable.

June 18.

During last night, spent in the blockhouse, while a pretty severe fire of shells of all sorts was whistling above us and bursting in the plain below, a British battleship thundered tremendously and dominated everything with its big voice. We were no longer accustomed to it.

I have not yet seen General Gouraud. It is astonishingly calm this morning.

June 19.

I slept again last night in the blockhouse. My box or cage in the sand is not very habitable. I am writing this in the middle of the staff secretaries. I prefer the flies, the lack of privacy, and the foolish gossip to the torrid heat of my cage. . . .

Yesterday I went to lunch with the doctors of the bacteriological service, who are established in the Château d'Europe. Charming colleagues and very interesting, with whom it was a pleasure to talk.

On my return I had difficulty in avoiding shells. The Turks show great activity. Their guns never cease to annoy us, and they aim far more correctly than formerly.

General Masnou, my chief, has a son who is in the Flying Corps. He comes to lunch with us sometimes.

The day before yesterday this young lieutenant had orders from his father to make a reconnaissance over a particular spot of the Kereves Dere. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I heard the sound of an approaching aeroplane. The General had come out of his shelter, and was watching his son mounting into the air. I joined him.

We agreed that everything seemed favourable for a successful reconnaissance. Suddenly shrapnel began to burst round the aeroplane in white puffs. The fire was better adjusted than usual. The puffs followed his course regularly, and seemed about to touch the wings which glinted in the sunlight.

The General was watching anxiously. Suddenly he said, " He is hit." I answered, " No, no," but for a moment I believed it too. Next morning young Masnou brought his father the information asked for.

I was just going to seal up this letter when I learnt the following: At 9.30 this morning an artillery officer saw the periscope of a submarine, then, some time later,

the whole submarine emerging. He asks by telephone if he may fire. They take more than an hour to answer him.

The submarine has had time for repairs, and to summon a tug which went out from the straits to look for it. This went on under our nose near Eski Hissarlik Cape. It was surely the German submarine which everyone here is afraid of. It sank the *Majestic* and *Triumph*, and is the cause of the fleet abandoning us. Oh these tragic delays, always at vital moments!

Your Loving Husband.

June 20.

Dear One,

Yesterday I sent you a letter and two spools (registered). As the Alexandria post seems entirely suspended, you must send me some spools from London.

Am I going to stay here? They say that a director is coming out from France. Then my interim work will be finished.

No one can say what I shall be asked to do. I may be left here for some time longer or they may want me at home somewhere or other. I trust that it may be possible for you, dear heart, to join me. We have been separated far too long already.

At this moment a rain of shells.

Don't mind spending your money. I am very glad you have bought a dress "dernier cri." Nothing can please me better than to know you are enjoying life.

Bon soir, très amiée, chérie. Yours Joe.

June 21, 11 a.m.

Since daylight an attack is in progress in which the 6th Regiment is playing the principal rôle. It is only 11 a.m., and already the losses are important.

A REVIEW BY GENERAL GOURAUD OF THE FRENCH TROOPS IN GALLIPOLI.

MUNITION CASES PROTECTED BY A HIGH WALL AT SEDD-EL-BAHR. THE DOCTOR HOLDS HIS TWO HORSES.

A SHELL BURSTING IN THE MORTO BAY PLAIN, SEEN FROM THE MONASTERY.

The brigade commander, Colonel Giraudon, is seriously wounded. Half an hour ago Colonel Noguès, of the 6th Colonial, passed by on a stretcher. I was told and ran out to see him. Four men carried a little motionless figure dressed in khaki. A white handkerchief covered his face. I raised it. His head was bound up in a red-stained bandage. His eyes, formerly so bright, were dim; he was fearfully pale.

"Would you like a carriage?" "Whichever shakes least. I think I prefer the stretcher."

I examined the strength of the stretcher-bearers. I added four more, so that they could change about and go more quickly. I sent orders to a doctor from a neighbouring post to accompany him.

For a long time I watched this little procession crossing the plain of Morto Bay. The road was crowded with carriages, horses, and artillery waggons. Bullets were raining, and shells from Achi Baba and In Tepe were falling here and there along the road.

Anxiously I followed the movement of the stretcher party with my field glasses. On a ridge it seemed suddenly to emerge from a fountain of black smoke. . . . An hour later I was thankful to hear that the Colonel was safely on board the hospital boat *Dugnoy Troun*.

The whole width of his chest was penetrated from left to right and from side to side. The wound in the head is less serious.

3 p.m.

It is 3 o'clock, and since 4.30 this morning the guns have fired uninterruptedly, and with extreme rapidity. One battery of "75" guns, whose noise is more disagreeable than any other, is quite close to us.

How is it we don't go mad? And now it is nearly

twenty-four hours since firing has been going on without intermission, and nearly two months since our brains and ears have been deadened and deafened. . . .

At any rate, I hear we have conquered three trenches—perhaps four. We have taken some prisoners. At last, perhaps! . . .

The doctor of a division generally accompanies the general of a division during a battle, but in such battles as these he did not wish me to follow him. He establishes himself in some armoured hole, and is doubtless unable to move from there.

I was more useful here, being more mobile. In this trench warfare a general is rather like a sailor shut up in the steel walls of his ship, and only communicating with the outside world by telephone.

In spite of the fierce fighting I have not had much to do to-day, for we are naturally beginning to know the ground perfectly, and the evacuation of the wounded follows rules and itineraries which are now well known.

My servant Korka is well. He is so amusing that I put up with his laziness, which is really phenomenal. He is very clean, so I stick to him.

I have replaced my No. 1 horse by another, a magnificent animal. I hope to take this one to Constantinople. I have a French groom, with whom I am most satisfied.

Many, many kisses.

J.

June 22.

DEAREST,

I received your P.C. Do take care with your motor car experiences! Motoring is very nice, but do be careful of accidents!

I am extremely proud that my letters are keeping up

your spirits. You're so plucky. I am, however, in an atmosphere very demoralising for ordinary characters.

One has to keep oneself continually in the highest mental condition. An instant's vertigo, and one would be lost. Think what would become of me if I heard that you were ill, or hurt in a motor accident!

June 23.

We have won an appreciable bit of ground. New enemy trenches are ours. There have been advances all along the line. The guns have performed a very successful task. The prisoners say their trenches are a pulp of corpses. But, also, in our own lines and between the first lines there are heaps of corpses.

In Dressing Station No. 1 (mine), a shell fell in the midst of 300 wounded. By their prompt action the doctors saved the situation. It was thrown out before it exploded.

June 24.

I have striven hard to-day to introduce a little hygiene into the bivouacs and cantonments. One cannot imagine what unhygienic monstrosities one meets in an army in the field. We have created a hygienic section and put in charge a doctor whom I have nominated.

We have had a very calm day, hardly any "marmites."

June 26.

We think something is up, though we do not know what. Not a single shell from the Asiatic side for two or three days. Yesterday evening Maidos or Chanak were burning.

I am taking advantage of these quiet days to continue

the campaign against dirt, parasites, flies, and mosquitoes. I visit all the fountains, springs, and wells.

The hygiene leaves much to be desired. There are thousands of corpses to be buried.

I am delighted with my new horse. It is spirited, strong, elegant, and docile. It is an animal to which I shall become attached.

My wooden hut has been remade during the day. This time it will be very solid. It is fairly comfortable. It only needs the presence of my dear wife to make it perfect.

J.

DEAR LITTLE WIFE, *June* 28.

Nothing new except that the cannonade from the Asiatic coast began again yesterday after four days' peace.

I have spent the day at the bivouacs looking after hygiene, questioning the men. What a curious being is the soldier in war-time! I know him well now. He touches and amuses me. He is so extraordinary, and so deeply human and friendly.

We have just heard that this morning the English delivered an attack and have obtained a real success. They have gained 1,500 metres between the sea and Krithia. 1,500 metres must represent many trenches!

Further, they have taken three guns, several machine-guns, and a great number of prisoners. We are delighted. . . . This did not prevent us being sprinkled with big "marmites." One burst near my dug-out.

I was making my round of inspection this morning on horseback, and found myself at 9 a.m. at the Vermesch Fountain, which I have had put in order and which now provides the men with very good drinking water.

I have often spoken to you of this corner, formerly quiet

and picturesque, but which is now like a public market-place. The trees have disappeared. There is no longer a blade of grass or a flower.

I was trotting up the first slopes of the ravine when a white fountain of smoke rose from a spot not far from the Vermesch Fountain. I pressed on my horse to try to photograph it, but in my haste I did not see a 155-mm. gun which was marvellously hidden, and which was fired a metre from me. I was startled, and my horse still more so! The photograph was not taken. . . .

At the fountain I jumped off my horse and questioned the sentinel.

"There are a great many flies about." "Oh, Monsieur le Major, it is the blood of my comrade who has just been wounded here which attracts them!"

It is true that the other sentinel had been hit by a bullet. The stains of blood had not yet been cleared away.

"Go and fetch the head doctor of the 175th Regiment, my man."

"He is in the trenches."

"Then go and fetch Dr. Armanet."

He is one of my colleagues who is living in a very comfortable shelter a few yards from the Vermesch Fountain. I myself lived in this shelter from May 24 to 30 and from June 6 to 13. The man goes to fetch him and returns immediately.

"Dr. Armanet has been dead since 6 o'clock this morning."

I go to see. The dug-out no longer exists; it is reduced to atoms. Dr. Armanet has been killed in his bed. Another doctor, who was lying near Dr. Armanet, the Aide-major Borbonne, has been wounded.

The latter remained pinioned a long time and unable to disengage himself. He was himself bleeding, and was

covered with the blood of the dead man, against whom he was pressed. An orderly was also seriously wounded.

This spot was full of memories for me. I had written to you so often from here, and offered armfuls of red poppies to your image. The sanctuary had been respected. It needed the fearful cannonade of my return home and the news of the British victory to dissipate my sorrow.

I have now seen in minute detail the excavations of Troy which are to be found in the Plain of Troy on the Asiatic side to the south of Koum Kaleh. It is intensely interesting.

The excavations of which I have spoken to you, and which contain such beautiful pottery, come from a Greek colony situated on the site of Eleonte. It was there that Miltiades prepared his expedition to Lemnos and that Alexander the Great embarked for the Plain of Troy.

While I am writing this most fierce fighting has begun again. It is a fresh attack of the British. May the Turks be crushed!

That is the constant prayer of

Your Joe.

June 30.

Dearest Wife,

I am just reading your letter of the 16th June, from Uppingham. Don't stamp your letters. It is not necessary. I am very glad to hear you received all my letters.

Thanks very much for sending the *Sphere* and *War News*. In the last number of the *Sphere* there is a marvellous picture of Sedd-el-Bahr. It is so clear and true. In the *Mirror* of the 13th June is a photograph of General Masnou, my general, and one of Sedd-el-Bahr, which shows well what a necropolis this town is.

You talk of coming to Sedd-el-Bahr, but it would be as difficult as to stay at Buckingham Palace! Don't talk of it again.

If I escape from all the perils which surround us here you can be sure that there will be something new for me soon. I am divisional doctor in the meantime. Already things are better. I am recommended for promotion. If I pass I shall go to Moudros, Alexandria, or France.

Send me a toothbrush, some English soap and tooth powder. It is impossible to buy a toothbrush here. Send me also some spools for a vest pocket kodak. I have no more left.

This morning we were again violently bombarded, but this afternoon a battleship was firing on the Asiatic coast. At last a ship has dared to show itself!

Yesterday evening towards 9 o'clock the sky was as black as ink. A stormy wind arose. On the western side of Gallipoli, towards Gaba Tepe, or Saros, lightning flashed out brilliantly and silently. At times, on the other side towards Maidos, the sky was red as if with fire.

The British Fleet was at work, we guessed. It was a long distance away, as we could not hear the firing. What was it doing? In the end the fighting became general. The French attacked in their turn and gained some trenches.

P.S.—I sent you yesterday a little registered parcel containing a Turkish sash clasp, taken from a corpse right in front of the first line.

In this letter I include a "hospital ticket," taken from a wounded Turk. Notice all the seals. Each Turk has a seal which states his name and rank.

I send you also a proclamation in Hindustani dropped by a Turco-German aviatik on the Indian soldiers at 6 in the morning on the 26th June in our French lines of

the 1st Division. There were also proclamations in French to the Indo-French troops. I send you a specimen translation.

Your Joe.

Proclamation to Indian Soldiers and Army.

"In this world a man goes to the battlefield, fights with the enemy, and sacrifices his life, either for the purpose of defending his religion, race, and country, or in order to establish his honour and renown, or to obtain freedom from the clutches of tyrants.

"But, O Hindu, Mussulman and Sikh soldiers of India! just think and reflect awhile.

"Why have you come here?

"Why are you losing and sacrificing your lives?

"Why are you cut to death, to no purpose, by Turkish swords and guns, making your wives widows and your children orphans?

"If you are thus cut to death here, what profit will it be to your children, country and race?

"O Indian brethren! do you not know that these English are they who snatched your country from you, made you slaves, and are ruling over you in a very tyrannical manner? By levying fresh taxes they are always sucking your blood, and have made you and your country poor and impoverished. They rob your country of its wealth, and you of your income, and take it home to London.

"You know very well in what esteem they regard you, for, under the British rule, natives of India are considered worse and more contemptible than English dogs.

"But alas! a thousandfold alas! in spite of this you have no regard for yourselves or your country, and have

A FRENCH REGIMENT IN RESERVE ON THE NORTH OF MORTO BAY.

DEBRIS AFTER THE BATTLE NEAR THE VERMESCH FOUNTAIN.

DRINKING WATER BROUGHT BY PIPES FROM INSPECTED SPRINGS.

A LITTLE FRENCH BOY WHO TOOK PART IN THE OPERATIONS IN GALLIPOLI FOR SOME WEEKS

FRENCH TROOPS IN DUG-OUTS AT GALLIPOLI.

come here to help your enemies, and are giving up your lives for nothing, fighting against us Mussulmans.

"At the present time the condition of the English and their Allies is extremely desperate. The brave Germans have taken possession of the whole of Belgium, and the greater part of France, and have there killed hundreds of thousands (lakhs) of English soldiers.

"The Germans have taken the whole of Russian Poland. The Austrian and German armies have inflicted defeat on defeat against the Russians, and up to now have made about 1½ million (15 lakhs) Russians prisoners.

"The German submarine battleships sink one or two English vessels daily. What English battleships have escaped are confined in ports or fortified places in England —they are afraid to come out to sea.

"Our great Sultan, and Caliph of the Muslims, has ordered all Muhammadans to wage a religious war (Jehad) against the English, French, and others.

"The English are everywhere in the world in a serious plight.

"In Singapore and Ceylon the Hindu and Sikh armies, with the Muhammadan armies, have killed all the English, and have taken possession of their cities and fortresses.

"You know very well how here in the Dardanelles the English and French armies, in spite of the assistance of battleships, are all along being defeated by the army of the Turks. Thousands of English have lost their lives, still they are unable to conquer, nor indeed will they be able to conquer.

"A large number of submarines have come to us, and have sunk several large English vessels, through fear of which all other vessels keep concealed in the islands, and do not aid you as before. We are about to get a great many more submarines, from which the English ships

cannot escape. No vessel will be able to come to your assistance—what then will be your condition? There will be no other result except your being cut to death.

"Therefore, O Indian soldiers! this is your opportunity. Instead of dying for nothing by fighting against the Turks, slay your tyrant enemies, the English, and take your revenge on behalf of your forefathers and your country, so that you may be honoured in the world, and it may result in the freedom of India.

"If you cannot do this, then desert from your camp, come to us, and take refuge in the Turkish army, and save your lives. We shall treat you as brothers, and shall not ill-treat you in any way, and you will live in great comfort and honour.

"In proof of this, look at the picture given above of those Indian soldiers who deserted from Suez and came and took refuge with us, whom the great Sultan has so highly honoured that he has ordered them to form his special bodyguard, and who get a higher pay and more honour than Turkish soldiers.

"We have done our duty in giving you this advice for the sake of Muhammadan solidarity.

"To conclude, you are at liberty either to desert to us, and save your lives, or to have your heads cut off, to no purpose, along with the English."

CHAPTER IX

IN THE TRENCHES AND AT TENEDOS

July 1, 8 p.m.

DEAREST ONE,

A quiet day to-day.

Colonel Noguès, who, as I wrote you, has been wounded, has gone off all the way to Toulon. I hope with all my heart he will reach the port in safety and recover soon.

July 2.

I have written at length to-day to my brave Colonel Noguès.

To-morrow the Director of the Service de Santé, Mr. Baratte, arrives here. I am doubtless going to return to the 6th Colonial. I explained all that to you in a long letter the other day.

July 3.

In war there are many sudden changes. For instance, for several days I was head doctor of the Koum Kaleh expedition. I had then twenty-one doctors under my orders, three hospital boats, and so on. Afterwards, when we disembarked here on the 29th of April, I became again the simple head doctor of the 6th Colonial.

A doctor from the Service de Santé came here, but only remained a few days, hence a vacancy in the 1st Division, to which I was nominated *ad interim*. In a few days I shall become again head doctor of the 6th Colonial.

Let us have patience and wait. I am mentioned in dispatches. I am the senior doctor with four stripes, and have a good chance of passing higher soon. We shall see.

Have as much patience as I! Don't speak again of coming to Sedd-el-Bahr; don't talk of Alexandria! Alexandria is still possible; but why think of it when it is not probable, and does not depend on us?

Sedd-el-Bahr! Even a general-in-chief would never dream for an instant of bringing his wife here for five minutes. Besides, General Gouraud has been very grievously wounded when visiting a dressing station between my field hospital and the hospital of the 2nd Division!

The Alexandria base which was going to be suppressed will now be continued. I told you this in a previous letter. We have a thousand wounded there. We receive our provisions from there as well as from France and Greece.

At the very first second when it is possible for you to come and join me I will cable you. You must be patient, dear little wife.

Live very comfortably, spend your money, play tennis, write and take care of your dear little self. Tell me that you are calm and resigned, and that you are leading an agreeable and easy existence. Strike Sedd-el-Bahr out of your papers. Constantinople, yes!

Remember that you must be the braver, for if it happened that I was one day ill or wounded it would be *your letter* which would give me life in giving me back courage. Up till now everything goes well, but we live in an atmosphere charged with lead.

July 4.

I send you a sketch of the place where General Gouraud was wounded. The General was blown over a wall of ashlar about two metres high and over a fig tree almost into the interior of the field hospital of the 2nd Division. The ashlar wall was lined by a wall of empty wooden shell cases. The General had his elbow bruised, his thigh broken, his leg broken. They picked him up fainting in the court of the field hospital. The fig tree had broken his fall.

They are doubtless going to make a base at Tenedos. There is a chance that I may be sent there. This morning I saw the new Director of the Service de Santé of the C.E.O. He is sympathetic, and we will doubtless get on well together.

To-day for the first time since the 29th of April I have eaten bread—real bread not a day old. Ours is usually eight or ten days old, and is mildewed.

July 5.

I received yesterday evening your letters of 19th, 22nd June, with photos and letters enclosed. Be good, and don't say that you are sick of life, and that even my letters are late. I need a good supply of courage, and expect the most important part from you.

I am so glad the films arrived. I suppose bromide is not the best paper for these small prints.

Play tennis. When you return to London, join a good club. I advise you earnestly to do this. You can't get on without your tennis.

Since 3 o'clock this morning the Turks have been vigorously attacking the British lines. What a din till 12 o'clock, what a shower of shells! Not an inch of ground

was spared. We are shot at like rabbits from all sides. Fortunately, there is more noise than actual harm done. It is said that at Sedd-el-Bahr, on Beach V., there are several hundreds of dead horses. There has never been such a heavy bombardment. The Turks are getting bolder because the Navy is leaving us.

Formerly when the Asiatic coast dared to fire, two or three boats replied. Now there are batteries at Koum Kaleh. It is disgusting! The enemy submarine is the cause of this. Yesterday it sank the *Carthage* in the afternoon. What is the English Fleet going to do?

All the morning not a single human being was about. Everybody was underground. But the poor horses caught it all.

July 6.

Perhaps I shall go to Tenedos on a matter of hygiene. Therefore, should there be a slight interruption of correspondence, do not be astonished. I should not be sorry to go and see something new. . . . Yesterday a very great racket of artillery, with infantry attacks by those gentlemen the Turks. The English have repulsed them. To-day it is calm all along the line.

Your loving Joe.

July 7.

Dear Wife of Mine,

I have received your letter of the 25th of June. Now all my things are reaching you in a satisfactory manner, but events are less interesting, and my films are coming to an end. Probably you have already sent some spools. If not, hurry up, because I might miss something.

I hope you did not forget to send me a toothbrush. A friend gave me one to go on with, but it is not a good one. There is not a single shop on the peninsula for the French soldiers. The authorities fear spies. The English do not seem to care so much.

There is a rumour that something fresh will happen in a few days. I can't say anything further. A great success is at hand. . . .

In this incomparable scenery, when shells have stopped raining down on us, when the infernal noise ceases, when the wounded have been carried away and their groans forgotten, delicious visions offer themselves to us soldiers. At this twilight hour the beach is deserted. The peaceful Hellespont has taken a uniform glaucous tint which dies in silver waves on the golden shore. The Asiatic coast, the immortal land of Troy, in the decline of a summer day is pink, the pink of flesh and mother-of-pearl. The sky is transparently blue.

It will soon be night. The warrior sees himself going towards this golden beach with his beloved. Of what value is fighting and glory or anything else in the world since a single embrace makes one forget all that exists ?

In war one must never allow oneself to soften. I have sufficient control over my brain to keep it in a practical world of excellent mental balance into which sentimentality and vanished dreams are not allowed to enter. I look towards the future with joy and courage ; I do not linger over the past. If the soldier at war gave time to thoughts of love and caresses, little by little he would become incapable of struggling on up the slope. He prefers to keep going, and drives away every soft thought. But it is hard to keep tender thoughts of you out of the mind of

Your true HUSBAND.

July 8.

SWEETHEART,

A very calm but particularly hot day. The sea bath is in high favour. Thousands of warriors bathe every day in the blue waters. It is excellent. My horse is perfect, and I take short but agreeable rides.

July 9.

I have at last been able to meet in his rear field hospital Lieutenant-Colonel Dr. S., of Manchester, Mabel's cousin—a man of a certain age, very amiable, whom I shall see again with pleasure.

July 10.

A storm of sand has risen which makes life unbearable. If it lasted long we should go mad. Just now I cannot see a yard in front of me. Breathing is difficult.

This morning I went on horseback into the British lines, and to Beach W. between Capes Teppe and Helles. Even this wind of dust and sand was not enough to hinder my riding. On the English side one has immediately the impression that it is less shelled, more comfortable. Our Allies also have more room. They are less squashed together. From Beach W. is seen the overturned keel of the *Majestic*.

The provisions are placed all along the cliffs—mountains of cases. Towards Cape Helles there is a field hospital, which I visited. The tents are large and airy. Every patient has his mosquito curtain. I tried to see the Lieutenant-Colonel, but he was out. I shall meet him to-morrow.

The *Charlemagne*, a French battleship, came this morning from Lemnos, the lair where all the boats hide, and shelled Yenisher and Koum Kaleh. What pleasure it gave us to

see that! The Turks immediately answered back. We hear that something new will happen before long. Inaction is the worst thing of all, especially for the French.

Big reinforcements should be on the way from England.

You know that I always sleep fully dressed. I sleep very well. I am quite satisfied with all my boots; I have three pairs!!! They are the things of all others most common here. One cannot go half a dozen yards without seeing a cast-off pair of boots.

I think they would have liked to keep me in the division, because I have done good work and solved a heap of questions. Perhaps there will be some means of bringing me back, but it is a little complicated.

July 11.

A battle to-morrow! The attack will be pushed forward with all energy. I hope we shall advance. I have been asked to keep the direction of the divisional operations for the fight. Afterwards I shall return to my regiment, which has greatly suffered, and is very much changed.

Good-night, little Wife.

J.

July 14.

My Dear,

There are so many flies in my dug-out that I am obliged to write in almost complete darkness. You know how I hate that, but I want to give you a description of the fighting on the day before yesterday.

I am sending you a brass nose-cap of a Turkish rifle and some prisoners' brass seals taken from them when they were searched at the General Quarters on the 12th. I sent you some Turkish papers on which were rows of

seals. This is the instrument they are made with. Each Turkish soldier has his seal.

We had a big fight on the 12th, and I had all the wounded to evacuate. The 1st Division, terribly broken, is completely reorganised. Before the advance began at 7.15 a huge "105" shell (I have held it in my hands and drawn it in my album) fell on Post A of the divisional command. Major Romieux, Chief of Staff, aged 45, was killed outright. General Masnou had his skull pushed in and his knee laid open. There were also wounded Colonel Bulleux, Captain Berge, Captain Boissonas, many non-commissioned officers and soldiers. You know Boissonas. He is dangerously wounded in the head.

This morning I left the division. They made me a thousand promises, congratulated me on my zeal, my learned reports, and so on, but nothing definite. I am again head doctor of the 6th Colonial. If they had not all been wounded or killed they would doubtless have made me stay. The Chief of Staff, who was an excessively authoritative man, but very well informed, had promised that he would have my appointment made permanent.

At first I got on rather badly with him because I held my own, but afterwards he loved our discussions. It is terrible to see a man like that die—a man of prodigious energy and unequalled activity and intelligence.

I am now in a hole in the earth (very hard grey chalk).

The heat is pretty bad, but it is nothing to the flies. The country is dried up beyond all expression. The roads, with huge ruts from the heavy gun-carriages and ammunition-cases, are rivers of white dust, which flies up at the least breath of wind. A little breeze which should refresh us only covers us with dust and sand.

But I must get on with my account of the battle of the 12th July.

I was awakened at 4.30 a.m. by the noise of a vigorous cannonade. I got up at once. To our left, on the English side, the engagement had already begun. Intermittently we heard the rumble of the ships' big guns. The British Navy had not abandoned her soldiers.

At 5 o'clock the "75" nearest the quarters of the 1st Division began to fire; then a few minutes later our "155's" from the Monastère and Vermesch Ravines joined in. Near us, on the beach, hundreds of English were quietly bathing, and one of our African regiments drilling. But on the Ferrero Bridge, opposite our quarters, soldiers were passing uninterruptedly, one behind the other in single file. They were in their light blue overcoats, but had not their packs.

At 6 the divisional General Masnou, his chief of staff, Major Romieux, and the officers in attendance go off on horseback to their command post.

Our heavy artillery was answered vigorously from the Asiatic coast, which often sent two or three huge "marmites" at the same time. We came in for a share. The Ferrero Bridge and surrounding camps were bombarded. We heard that Sedd-el-Bahr had been shelled since daylight.

In front of us, the cliffs and heights were submerged in mist, smoke, and dust. It was impossible to distinguish anything. We mounted on our shell-proof roof to see the firing from the Asiatic coast.

On that side the atmosphere is clear and limpid. First we saw a thick column of white smoke rise from a ravine near the shore. Then came the explosion. The white clouds of smoke for a time hid the flash. That is what the Turks wanted.

In order to hide the exact positions of their guns, they have made a curtain of smoke. This did not prevent our

" 155's " from replying. The duel was an imposing spectacle. Towards 7 o'clock all our artillery was in action.

In spite of this raging battle, fifty or more bathers were still joyfully disporting themselves in Morto Bay. Carts were passing in the usual way up and down the roads, fetching water, bread, and meat. One might imagine that there was a Saturday market close by.

The illusion is complete. There are vehicles of all shapes and styles, some still bearing the enormous addresses of the baker and grocer from whom they were requisitioned. The drivers have taken off their tunics, and for the most part walk beside their beasts in a not very military garb.

It is very fine, without a cloud in the sky.

Soon after 7 o'clock the artillery duel seemed to be at its height, and the noise was terrifying. We were surrounded, as it were, by gigantic fountains of bursting shells.

Many shells fell on the cypress wood, which shelters a Turkish cemetery. It was a refuge deliciously cool, restful, and full of poetry. Lately these cypress trees seem to have been the special objective of the Turkish guns. Now their destruction was imminent. Like arrows pointing towards the sky these trees with their dark verdure were bathed in the smoke of death.

For a minute they were to be seen, the next moment they were hidden again. On the road from Sedd-el-Bahr, which runs alongside the wood, artillery waggons came galloping. They dashed into this furnace and disappeared, reappearing intact a little further on.

Towards 8 o'clock the firing from the Asiatic coast was still further accentuated. The explosions followed each other still closer. Our little " 75's " gave furious answer, without ever a break. Through the smoke of the cypress wood we distinguished the flashes of our big guns.

Our artillery was not intimidated. Our firing became more and more powerful, and we had the last word. From the slopes of the ravines our "155's" bellow. Their noise is solemn and heavy.

At 7.40 extremely powerful general crescendo. Asia fires. We reply. Universal conflagration and frenzy, which gives death and braves it. Moments of unspeakable emotion when one thinks that it is all useless without the courage of the little infantryman who emerges from his trench with fixed bayonet. It is the moment of attack. . . .

Meanwhile a British torpedo-boat had been advancing towards the Straits. It was closely followed by two others, and behind we saw a long line of black jets of smoke against the blue of the inviolate Hellespont. We were astonished and delighted. The Navy was returning.

But our delight was interrupted by a hail of bullets. One buried itself in the plank at my feet. I changed my position; but another whistled past me, sending at the same time a shower of sand down my neck.

We were told that a colonel had been wounded. Shells seem to have set fire to something near the Vermesch Fountain.

A French torpedo-boat crosses the Straits before Eski Hissarlik. Whistlings, rumblings, bellowings, buzzing of shells from all sides. When the guns cease for a second, rifle fire is heard everywhere. Two torpedo-boats come out of the Straits, letting off broadsides on the enemy's coast. Some of the shells intended for them reach us even here.

At a quarter past 8 we were told that a shell had fallen on post A of the 1st Division, causing great damage. Major Romieux had been killed, and General Masnou severely wounded. All those at this post were apparently

wounded. There were eight or nine of them, nearly all on the staff of the 1st Division. Colonel Bulleux, commanding the 1st Colonial Brigade, is among the wounded, also Captain Boissonas, of the General Staff.

At half-past 8 an ambulance carriage arrived at our general quarters. It brought back the body of Major Romieux, the most active and enterprising man of all the Eastern army. His skull was broken. A big bandage hid the wound. We took him on the khaki stretcher and placed him in the dug-out left empty by the departure of Captain Ruault.

Captain Berge arrived in an ambulance carriage, wounded in the head. He was with two or three other wounded men. I offered my services to him, but he only wanted one thing—to reach the hospital as soon as possible. The uneven and dusty roads are very painful for our wounded.

8.35.—I hear great broadsides from the Fleet. It seems that they are not the first, but I was so busy with the wounded that I did not hear them.

9.20.—An aeroplane, saluted by shrapnel, flies over us. It is a friendly English one. It has a red and white cockade.

We do not know the result of the engagement. The British were to deliver a most important attack. Our programme was more modest, our reserves being insufficient. We were, however, to take some trenches near the Kereves Dere Ravine.

At 10 o'clock, when the firing had died down a little, and there were moments of respite (the first since 4 o'clock), four men carried into our general quarters a wounded man on a stretcher. His face was hidden under a newspaper. I lifted it and found our General. His eyes were half closed, and he recognised nobody. I had him

accompanied to the hospital by one of my doctors. We were very much upset. General Masnou was all that was good and kindly.

The guns stopped firing about 10.30. The silence was impressive. Immediately the grasshoppers began to sing in the foliage, heavy with powder and dust.

General Masnou has been hit in the skull. He has also received a serious wound in the right knee. However, he has been landed in good condition on the *Bretagne*.

11.55.—A torpedo-destroyer returns from Kereves Dere. The cannonade is slow, intermittent. The Turkish replies have long since weakened. When things at last seem quieting down the "75's" begin again.

At midday we tried to get some food. We heard that everything had gone off well, but had no details. During the siesta the grasshoppers sang while the soldiers were sawing planks for the coffin of our comrade. The ordinary life of every day was taken up. Soldiers were crowding round the fountains, and hundreds of them were bathing in the sea. I hear that two doctors have been wounded.

In the middle of the afternoon the guns began again, and we heard that the attack was to be continued in order to ensure the successes already gained. Turkish prisoners were brought in very exhausted. They said that they had had no food for two days. Meanwhile reinforcements were moving forward incessantly.

Between 7 and 8 p.m. all the guns—"75's" and "155's"—were in action again. Reserves were still going up. Somebody telephoned to me, "Knowing that you like an advance, I may tell you that we have taken the Turkish trenches H, I, J, and K." We rushed to the map. The news was good.

As darkness set in Chanak sent out flashlights on the sea, and on our right. Fuses lit up all the front.

At 10 p.m. Lieutenant-Colonel Vernhol came from the quarters of the 1st Division, as head of the staff, and took over the command immediately, in case of a new situation arising during the night. We talked over the events of the day, for ever memorable for the 1st Division.

It was very late before we separated. I returned to my sleeping quarters, where the events of the last twenty-four hours had left me the only occupant. This day of July 12 proves our superiority over the Turks. The resistance of the enemy seemed to be weakening. The British forces deployed on the left, and went forward gloriously.

Your weary but quite sound and well HUSBAND.

July 15.

MY DEAR ONE,

I am at the foot of the cliffs of Eski Hissarlik, a few yards from the seashore in the Bay of Morto, second line. My regiment is in the first line. Only one battalion occupies the advanced trenches.

I went to see them this morning to reorganise the service, distribute the doctors, and so forth. What odours in all this glorious beauty! When it does not frankly smell of humanity it is that of corpses. There are parapets made of them. They have been covered with earth, lime, or cresyl; but when a bullet upsets the good order the air becomes unbearable. In one trench I walked on planks which rebounded elastically from Turkish corpses!

Yesterday the English monitors made their appearance. They fired in the night on Erenkeni and on the batteries of Koum Kaleh, from the direction of Saros, across the peninsula and above us. What an uproar! Poor Erenkeni! This village, terraced along the Hellespont, was deliciously picturesque. Up till now it had not been touched.

THE DARDANELLES STRAITS FROM NEAR ESKI HISSARLIK.

A VIEW OF ESKI HISSARLIK.

AN OLD HOUSE AT TENEDOS.

THE CASTLE OF TENEDOS.

THE PORT OF TENEDOS.

The English fought well in their recent advance. It must be they who form the left wing who must push forward. We, the French, have three big obstacles in front of us.

Everything obeys the cannon here; and when it speaks the whole of this old cliff, which has seen Troy and Helen, Agamemnon, Alexander the Great, and Xerxes, trembles to its base.

Your loving Joe.

July 17.

Little Wifie,

You see that our life does not lack change. I have left the Division Headquarters and come back to the 6th Regiment. Without Colonel Noguès the 6th is only a sort of a regiment. I wish my fifth stripe would come so that I might get a change.

July 18.

The temperature is getting more and more tropical in this country—the battleground of so many races through the centuries.

The British worked well on the 12th. It is, as I thought, the left wing that must move forward, for on that side is the road which leads to Achi Baba.

July 19.

You tell me you are writing to Dr. R. Let me tell you that I do not approve, and that I don't want you to leave Europe with a war mission. I am absolutely put out and annoyed. I don't understand where you get such ideas.

There are enough men to support the horrors of war without adding women. You say you want to serve on a

boat, but I hope they will only take very experienced nurses. Others are useless and consequently harmful.

From an egotistical and personal point of view I could not, without great anxiety and agitation, see you exposed to grave dangers. I cannot even bear the thought of it. There are enough fighters in your family and mine. And then imagine that one day I might arrive ill or wounded at Toulon or Marseilles. You would be gone!

If you came out on a hospital boat here I could not even go and see you. I have not yet been on a single boat since I left the *Savoie* on April 29. I do not know how you picture our life here. I beg of you to keep quiet. I am excessively annoyed at what you are trying to do. But let us both forget this mad project.

I often thank you for my admirable watch. I had it attended to in Alexandria, and since then it has not failed me. It does its duty. You don't know how attached we become to our small possessions, and how grateful we are to them for services rendered.

As for people, it is incredible what diversities they exhibit in situations like those here. Each has his egoism and his idiosyncrasies. Those men are very rare who, in impending danger and in the face of death, think of their neighbours. The life in common, the emotions experienced, centred around the same menace, throw into relief each one's qualities and defects.

It is seldom that this continuity does not conduce to indulgence, and render sympathetic the greater part of one's "comrades." Brave men are legion. The Service de Santé of the 6th is one family.

I was very stern at first. Now all goes smoothly. My ideas and my method of procedure are now known. I like my subordinates, and I think that many of them like me. They welcomed me so heartily when I returned to them.

You should have seen the large handshakes of the blacks, with their frank, sonorous laughs.

As to the Europeans, I have some exceptional men. Sergeant Lamendier Afrighi is a Corsican, energetic, very brave, very clear-headed, who preferred to forego promotion rather than leave me. The corporal stretcher-bearer is the priest who figures in my photographs of the mass. He is a silent fellow, with a very high idea of duty, ready for the most perilous and arduous missions, an example to everyone.

Yesterday, after visiting the sick, he said to me, "It is Sunday. Can I say mass?" And under the casemate he made liturgical gestures. We stood behind him, following the service, and at the same time letting our imaginations wander. We could see beyond, the road whereon the men followed close on each other in a whirlwind of thick dust.

Farther on the vision took in the excavations of Eleonte, where other civilisations and other gods had had their actors, warriors, priests, and philosophers. Is there really to-day more beauty, more human pity?

But I forget the others. There is Corporal Riffat, who has been my secretary from the first, and who is remarkably capable. Of a very even temperament, he does his work with a smile. He was a clerk in the Banque de France, very refined, very intelligent, and well educated.

There is the celebrated Borella, who is a cyclist. Never tired, of perfect temper, he carries a note as well in the midst of bullets and shrapnel as (formerly) in fields of poppies or (to-day) in gulfs of dust. He is a working electrician, and very clever.

You already know Korka,—very clean, very lazy, thin, tall, knowing well how to put up a tent, a bed, but quite incapable of boiling an egg. Clerc, my groom, is a pearl.

He is excellent, calm, clean, gentle. He looks after my horses to perfection. I ride every day. My "Golden" is most beautiful, and I love him very much. But no one in the world so much as you, my wife. Your Joe.

Tenedos, *July* 21.

Dearest,

I received this morning on waking your letter of the 4th, *The Times*, *Sphere*, *Illustrated London News*. Thanks very much.

Here I am lying under the pines of the island of Tenedos. The contrast between to-day and these last months is striking. After the hell of Gallipoli it is the rest of the Garden of Eden, where hours do not count, where there are no noises, nor threats of death.

The sea breeze is soft and refreshing.

I will now go back to the 19th. I start off at 7.30 on horseback; and after stopping at the rear dressing station go on to the first line. I see Nibaudeau and Artillery Commander Holtzapfel.

Through the loopholes they explain to me the configuration of the ground which I already know, and the new trenches gained on the 12th and 13th. Afterwards I push right on to the point L which dominates Kereves Dere.

I distinguish the bodies of many Senegalese who had dashed forward to the attack on the 13th. They were in their dark blue overcoats. They have all died in fighting attitudes: it is a sublime panorama, which no canvas could ever render. One trench, called "The Grey Trench," appears to have been filled up. I am told to adjust my field glasses. Yes, it is full of Turkish corpses. . . .

At 7 in the evening I received word from Commandant Calliste, commanding the 6th Colonial: "The

1st Battalion goes this evening to Tenedos to rest." I go to see him. It is agreed that I shall accompany the 1st Battalion.

At 8.30 I take a pinnace (big motor cutter) which crosses Morto Bay and puts me on board the *Marie Antoinette*, which was to leave that night for Tenedos. While waiting I seat myself comfortably on the gangway leaning up against the *River Clyde*, the famous steamer run aground by the English on Beach W, where I am joined by an excellent colleague, Dr. Richet, who is also going to recuperate in Tenedos.

The evening is marvellous. The stars are shining with more than their ordinary brilliancy. Suddenly about 11 o'clock four shells burst almost at the same time, a few metres in front of us, with tremendous uproar. We had hardly recovered from our surprise when we received a second dose, then a third. . . . After half an hour the bombardment was no longer directed on us.

The first lot of shells had touched nobody. The second lot had fallen in the middle of a company of my regiment, who were waiting to embark, near Sedd-el-Bahr Castle. It was a terrible carnage. Fifty men were killed or wounded. The survivors made a dash for the boats. Little by little order was re-established.

Now that the enemy had found us, it was probable they would try to sink our three boats. The first two, the smallest boats, got off all right. With many precautions, and silently, all our lights were put out. We let go our moorings. Our hearts were beating fast. Having escaped the shells from the Asiatic coast we had to escape the submarines. At last we arrived safely just as the day was dawning.

In front of me is an immense plain, the French-English aviation ground of the C.E.O. It is magnificent.

Imagine the finest of aerodromes where machines are endlessly in motion.

The aviators are extraordinary men, very intelligent, very determined, who render the greatest services to the Allied armies. It is very agreeable to chat with them. They accomplish daring deeds every day.

My tent is in an isolated pine wood, about 200 metres from the western shore. It is so far away that the other evening I was lost and could not find it. . . . I am now lying outside, in the shade of the pines, which join their branches right down to the ground.

The sea breeze is soft and refreshing. The needles of the pines make a music of which one never tires. Beyond the green fringes of the pines, beyond the golden glimpses of the dunes, appears the incomparable blue sea of Greece, and still further the distant blue and lilac horizons of Imbros and Samothrace.

The sunsets here are splendid, divine. What an experience! What a dream this first night at Tenedos! I had not slept like that for months. Think of it! To be certain of waking up, far from the blood, far from the noise, the tortures, and the anguish of war.

Good-night, blessed One!

J.

TENEDOS, *July* 23.

MY DEAR WIFE,

It seems to me that I hear the distant guns, but I am not sure. The great outspread wings of the aeroplanes in harmony with this beautiful sky drown the distant noise with their comforting music.

At 5 o'clock this morning we took our horses and followed the Tenedos road, which leads to the town—an enchanting road, where children smiled up at us, and where women were gathering the summer's fruit from the orchards.

So there still remain for us corners of the earth where there are no trenches or soldiers—no rifles or guns!

This country is magnificent. Tenedos is a little town, very ancient and very original with its castle of the Middle Ages. The houses on the slopes, the rows of mills on the crests of the hills, the busy port with its curious little boats, the winding streets with their garlands of green vines, make it very picturesque.

The castle was built by the Venetians. Its lines are very pure, and have been traced by an artist's hand against the blue sky. I have sketched and photographed it. I want to remember it; its stones are laden with history.

At present one sees there a few Greek soldiers and some of His Britannic Majesty's. The latter seem quite at home.

I do not know how long I shall remain at Tenedos, probably seven or eight days. The rest has done me a great deal of good. I shall go back to my work as well as if I had just come out from France.

TENEDOS, *July* 25.

6 p.m...I am in the town of Tenedos, which I like very much. I have been getting on with my rest cure for the last week. It is a delightful pause. I am recouping my strength, and I have need of it.

I have just had a trip to sea in a motor boat to look for a precious spring whose water was formerly brought to the town. On our return we climbed one of the hills which surround the fort—the Hill of the Mills towards Asia; and from there we beheld a bombardment of Koum Kaleh and Yenisher, even In Tepe and Erenkeui, by the new monitors. It was a series of thunder-claps, and extraordinary in this serene sky. The inhabitants of Tenedos, men on one side, women on the other (Oriental fashion), looked on spell-bound.

Love, J.

Morto Bay, *July* 30.

My Own,

I arrived back in Gallipoli from Tenedos yesterday morning. The peninsula is hot, dusty, and full of flies. Our return voyage went off all right, but I did not sleep a single minute. I explained to you how we were bombarded by the Turks on starting for Tenedos. I hear now that there were 18 killed and 48 wounded in one company of this regiment.

I wrote little, save postcards, to you from Tenedos island. In this land of bucolic quiet I abandoned myself to a complete repose. In this idleness I understood the antique pantheism in which every creature proceeded from the gods. I was the golden atom of the sun's dying ray, or the scented essence of the evergreen pine which perfumes the solitary night. Also, in remembrance of the Far East, where I have passed many of my days, I thought that there was room in the Greek heaven for a Nirvana to console warriors.

These few days at Tenedos were delicious. I was among the pines. Above their cropped summits, beyond the stretches of fine sand, islands emerged from the emerald sea. Always beautiful, the sea varied as if at will, according to the hours of the day, the splendours of its blue.

The southern coast of Tenedos is jagged. There are steep cliffs like those of the English Channel, and these cliffs are as white as marble. The wind and spray have shaped and sculptured them. No cup is more worthy to contain the emeralds of this sea.

The hour of sunset is impressive. There is so much beauty all around that one is not astonished that these countries were privileged, and that the gods chose them among all others when descending to earth.

One cannot help continually evoking the mythological

phantoms of those who dreamed here before us—thousands and thousands of years before us.

It is impossible to describe these Greek sunsets. The other day I was on a small hill looking towards the setting sun. The lines of distant islands rose out of the water. Lemnos appeared to the left of Imbros, so close and distinct. Beyond were Samothrace, Mount Athos, Strati, Thasos.

I believe that Homer spoke of Tenedos and praised its vines, which are still famous. He also dwelt on the beauty of its daughters. The famous Briseis was supposed to come from Tenedos.

I must say the sisters of Briseis to-day do not seem great admirers of heroes. They are dull and sad, doubtless victims of the Eastern Mussulman prejudices. They seem to live apart, and are nearly always hidden. They neither walk nor drive, nor go to the cafés and restaurants, where the men pass all their time.

Happier were the warriors of former times who could watch Nausicaa, her veils thrown aside, playing at ball in this subtle atmosphere. As a matter of fact, it was on the other shore. . . .

It is amusing to be near an aerodrome and live with aviators. These birds fly off and return all day long. They carry in every direction the boldness of their inspection, the sureness of their blows. The work to be done is distributed every day. Some spot batteries and groupings of troops; others throw bombs; others photograph the country, and give us the most beautiful maps.

They are enterprising, marvellous, sublime. The English vie with the French in everything. One night the English flew quite low over a Turkish regiment and turned their machine-guns on them.

Three days ago an English aeroplane, returning to

Tenedos after accomplishing some exploit, fell into the sea. Aviators from the French camp went to the rescue, and saved the men. They were just in time. One airman had fainted; the other was wounded and drowning.

Sometimes twelve or fifteen French aeroplanes go together to bombard some place. The other day they went to the Chanak aerodrome. Captain Cesari led them.

The very first bomb set the petroleum depôt on fire. A tongue of flame sprang up, followed by clouds of acrid, thick, black smoke. The other airmen let go their bombs. Their mission was completely successful. You should hear them talk about that!

Did I tell you how I had the good luck to meet Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, lieutenant-colonel of "Marines," Military Governor of Tenedos island? By chance, when I went to Tenedos town, I left a card at the Governor's residence, which is about eight kilometres from the aerodrome. The next day he returned my visit, but did not see me as I was out riding. He left a message saying that he knew you and all your family, and would like to see me.

I dined with him the next day. There were other guests, some most interesting, and speaking French perfectly. To see the table laid and the meal served exactly as in England was to me an extraordinary, a prodigious thing.

I left on horseback about 10.30, but the road at night was so beautiful that I returned very slowly, and was not in bed till 1 a.m. I owe Colonel Mullins some of my best hours during these last months.

During the night 29th—30th we left Tenedos. It was with regret, but I have no more that feeling of remorse which I had when I was so happy in Tenedos and heard the guns in Gallipoli.

Let us get back to hell. I was surprised not to find it

still more awful. The contrast is naturally very great, but the rest has given me new courage.

It was a real pleasure to shake the brave hands of those who have struggled with me. Both whites and blacks made a great fuss of me. "Adieu, médecin chef; toi va bien!" said the big smiling blacks.

Your loving HUSBAND.

P.S.—I have explained to you how we were bombarded by the Turks at Sedd-el-Bahr when we embarked for Tenedos. On the return journey and landing nothing happened.

July 31.

DEAR WIFE,

My long letter of yesterday was only posted to-day. I want to send you two spools at the same time. One contains many views of Tenedos, except the last one (No. 8), which represents the Plas platform, a sort of fort in our first lines, whence dashed out simultaneously two or three sections of riflemen with fixed bayonets! Now it is already a good way off the Turks.

I am again in the same dug-out to the north of Morto Bay where I was living before I went away.

I went to-day right up to the first line trenches with Nibaudeau, who is again in command of the regiment. In that capacity he had to inspect the lines and present some war crosses. We were very interested in the point X taken two or three days before.

Our troops occupy all the southern slopes of the Kereves Dere, and dominate the whole ravine; but just opposite and above us are the Turks. Some of our trenches are exposed in enfilade to the enemy's musketry fire. It is very danger-

ous to move about in them. This morning bullets were whistling here and there.

As a rule one must not look for the picturesque on an excursion in the trenches; but here, owing to the characteristics of the ground, there is not a single dull minute. After a few minutes in a deep communication trench one can come right out into the open without the slightest risk. The panorama is magnificent, the trees which cover the Kereves, the glimpses on its spurs and capes, then the sea, the Hellespont, and the Asiatic coast.

A little farther on it is also very fine, but that is on the North slope of Kereves. It is best to pass this at a run, with head down. The liveliest don't joke there.

The trenches are high, in good condition, and their parapets well provided with earth sacks. Some soldiers are on the look-out and shooting from time to time; others, like dead men, are stretched at full length on the ground, sleeping. Once we came on a section lying flat on their stomachs watching a group of Turks. The machine-gun beside them was all ready to fire.

Sometimes I stopped to talk to our brave fellows. They are superb, full of energy, but very thin, streaming with perspiration, dirty, their clothes worn and stained. Exposed to this fearful heat, this blinding dust, covered with flies, they have also to breathe an air which is saturated with the putrefaction of dead bodies.

Brave little soldiers who are making history in this stinking heap, how you ought to be loved! If you die presently no Pantheon will be prepared for you, for are you not taking part in the triumphal march on Constantinople?

Happily, he himself, from his foul den, also writes to the girl over there, the girl that he loves. She will write back beautiful naïve things, through which the miracle of courage will be accomplished.

I photographed a gruesome sight very common in our trenches—two feet of a Turkish corpse sticking out.

We had to dig communication trenches in a district where quantities of Turks had been buried. It was absolutely necessary to pass there and not elsewhere. I will not go into details.

You see by the length of my letter that we have plenty of leisure. It is the Turks who wish it so. Though a ferocious attack of 100,000 (?) Turks had been expected, we have never been so quiet as during the last eight days.

A gun shoots from time to time just to remind us that we are at war. Are the Turks coming to an end of their munitions ? Do they wish us to fall asleep and then mean to attack us suddenly ? You may be sure that we are not sleeping. Not only are we wide awake, but are preparing something on our side.

Best love and many kisses from Your Joe.

August 7.

My Own,

Again one of those days when one considers oneself lucky to be alive. During the last two days the English have been landing whole divisions at new points in Gallipoli. We therefore on the right wing made an attack this morning at 11 o'clock.

Huge artillery preparation, but without great result, for the Turks' trenches were too near ours—sometimes they were only twenty metres apart—to allow our guns to play on them. The artillery "barrage" operated well behind, but that did not prevent the Turks from crowding into their first-line trenches.

The Turks, "lacking in munitions" (see English and

French papers), are sending a hail of "marmites" on us. Our Morto Bay ambulance has been twice bombarded. It was really terrifying.

I took refuge in a hut which contained a sort of alcove in one of its walls. No use. While I was reading my paper there the whole hut was smashed in, and for two or three minutes I did not know what had happened to me. Luckily I was partly protected by the excavation itself. A shell had burst five metres above me, on the slope of the hill.

It was earth, and happily not a single piece of shrapnel, which destroyed the hut and covered me. One more shock experienced! In spite of everything, a feeling of optimism prevails, and, above all, a desire to see something fresh happen.

August 9.

On August 7 there was a general attack while the British were effecting new landings to the north of Gaba Tepe. Our regiment was the first for this attack. The Kereves Dere is a formidable position which has already cost us many lives, and which cannot be taken by a frontal attack. We are waiting for the English, who are advancing on the left. They have captured nine machine-guns and made 600 prisoners. You will know about this better than we do from the London papers.

I told you that I had been half buried in a hut on August 7. I was certain that we had been bombarded by a ship, and that the shell which fell just over us was a naval projectile.

I was right. It came from an insolent Turkish cruiser, which had come up quite close to Chanak, and was calmly firing on us quite at its ease, since all our boats are now at Moudros, even on the days when we fight. The

English have succeeded in landing their troops at Suvla Bay to the north of Gaba Tepe. Hurrah! There will be something new to record before long!

On August 7 a shell fell on a field hospital, killing two doctors and wounding a third.

In our lines a Senegalese, a great big fellow, was carrying a sack of grenades on his head when a Turkish sharpshooter landed a bullet in the middle of it. The whole thing exploded. The black was cut in two, and several other blacks near him were killed or wounded.

I have no more tooth powder. Don't fail to send me, also tooth brushes, soap for shaving, razor blades, two cakes of Pears' soap, a pair of slippers, two handkerchiefs, two brown boot-laces, and the first volume of the "Iliad."

Your devoted HUSBAND.

August 13.

MY WIFE,

To-day I met in the trenches the new divisional general who has replaced General Masnou. He is General Brulard, already famous in Morocco. May he have more luck than his predecessors—d'Amade, recalled and ill; Gouraud, severely wounded; Masnou, killed; Ganeval, killed.

The English attacked yesterday and to-night, to make a diversion, and doubtless to leave free the other divisions which had landed and were advancing on Maidos. When shall we make a real advance?

August 15, 1915.

These last days I have had more work and little time for writing. Yesterday I went into the trenches twice. Coming back I saw the "155" guns firing. Later the fleet,

monitors, even the battleships, joined in. It appears that the Turks were assembling their Asiatic troops in the hopes of reaching Maidos, in order to stop the British advance.

You understand the move—from Koum Kaleh by road to Erenkeui, then to Chanak, and from Chanak to Maidos. Our batteries began to work with the help of our aeroplanes. We caught them at every shot.

When darkness set in the boats took in enfilade the Koum Kaleh-Chanak road and the Chanak-Maidos passage. The noise was terrific. The earth trembled. Every monitor makes a greater din than the *Queen Elizabeth*.

I hope that the Turkish troops have been disorganised and delayed, and that the British will have had time to organise and strengthen their newly won positions. These new facts may perhaps bring forth the elements of victory.

I was able to go the other day to the Eleonte excavation fields, which are quite close to my present dressing station—that is to say, just behind the last trenches at present occupied. From this necropolis, full of open sarcophagi, one overlooks to the south a portion of Morto Bay, and to the north one can distinguish quite clearly the crest of Achi Baba. It is still continually swept by shells from there, for behind there is a "75" battery, which is always in action.

A huge "210" shell recently dug a round, regular, crater-like hole here, such as one comes across so often in Gallipoli. The shell fell just in front of a sepulchre shut up twenty centuries ago. The stone door was burst open.

The tomb was constructed with great regularity and lined with perfectly-cut stones. It is a room in which one could live—about two yards long by one and a half wide, and one and a half high. Only a few bones were found inside, which immediately turned to dust.

GENERAL BAILLOUD IN CONSULTATION WITH HIS STAFF. A TURKISH SAP HAS JUST BEEN DISCOVERED UNDER THE FRENCH LINES.

WINGED TORPEDOES FROM THE FRENCH "CRAPOUILLARD"—A TRENCH MORTAR.

THE ELEONTE NECROPOLIS. ENORMOUS URNS CONTAINING TWO CORPSES.

A MAGNIFICENT STONE-SLABBED TOMB IN THE ELEONTE NECROPOLIS.

While digging close by, two enormous earthen jars were found, about one and a half yards long and with an opening of half a yard across. They were side by side, one broken and the other intact.

A soldier told me that in each jar there were two skeletons. Man and wife? Lovers? They had slept together for twenty centuries. What profanation, what a crime to have interrupted a union which promised to be immortal!

August 18.

Received the cake! Triumph, consolation, strength for the hardiest warriors in the Dardanelles! Nothing new to relate.

I will post this to-night with all my love. J.

August 24.

DEAREST,

I am low spirited, for I receive no papers, no correspondence. News is fabricated here, as we have none. It is said that a great naval battle has taken place off Calais.

Yesterday I went to see Dr. Steinhal, just back from Moudros. Over there they know no more than here. I lunched with him—a meal spread and served as in London.

What a contrast between their table and ours! It is true that they are really in the rear there, and are not constantly having to change their camp.

However, there is talk of moving their dressing station forward a kilometre.

Complete calm for several days. The brunt must all be on the English at Anzac!

August 26.

I have not yet received the tooth-brush! I am beginning to use up my reserves of toilet articles and linen. All

the same, don't send anything, because it doesn't get here. Besides, there is a Providence in difficulties. Hearken!

The Government of the Republic has dowered its soldiers, of all colours, with all sorts of things—slippers, for instance —but has completely neglected shirts! We cease not to implore shirts from M. Lebureau in Paris; but up to the present there has been no reply. Not a single shirt has been distributed to the troops of my regiment since the 4th of March.

Then I reckoned on England, with which, as you know, I keep up excellent relations out here. One day I risked asking for one of those beautiful khaki shirts, which would make me so happy. Our Allies like them very much, and are proud to show them to everybody. That is why they never wear their tunics.

After several days the English M. Lebureau, of W. Beach, replied that the "privilege" of buying from the English shops was reserved for officers of the "Great General Staff" of the C.E.O.

Korka, seeing my amazement, thought a catastrophe had happened. I explained to him what was the matter. He began to laugh, and went to look for a parcel carefully folded in a newspaper and tied with a pink string. Korka is very careful and always very smart.

"Me give," said he, holding out to me a new shirt with extraordinary flowers on it like floral tapestry.

"How much do you want, Korka?"

Disdainful, and always lordly, Korka repeats: "Me give," adding, "Madame present." "Madame" means the nurse who looked after him when he was wounded in France.

And that's where the gifts of the Red Cross go!

Yesterday the weather was close, heavy, stormy. The sky was covered by thick clouds, there was thunder from

time to time. It might have been the *Queen Elizabeth*, but less well done. The season is certainly changing.

The Gallipoli sky, which was always a limpid blue unspotted by the smallest cloud, has been quite changed the last ten days. It is going to rain; it will turn cold. We are thinking of winter, and have begun to prepare winter quarters.

What will our trenches be like? What will become of us? Some say that the Senegalese cannot stand the French winter, and that the Gallipoli winter is still more severe.

In any event, I am looking into ways of making it possible for my regiment to pass the winter here.

As for myself, I shall settle down in my present position, which is at Eski Hissarlik, right on the edge of Morto Bay. I shall thus avoid changing every six days. It is within reach of all my battalions. I can visit them every day on horseback. Things are so arranged that six days are spent in the trenches and six days resting in the rear. My post is between. I think of having armoured plates to make myself a shell-proof hole.

Love from Joe.

August 27.

Dearest Girl,

I have just returned from lunching with Colonel Ruef, who was commander-in-chief at Koum Kaleh, where his chest was perforated by a bullet. He is healed, and has returned to us.

Colonel Bulleux has just been made General. I congratulated him. He never meets me without saying "You still with only four stripes, when even in Paris you were the model medicin-major?"

Enclosed is a journal entirely from the pen of my right

hand: Dr. Néel. It is full of wit, though certainly not intended for young girls. I send it to you all the same.

Have I told you that I have named my No. 1 horse "Golden" because it is a remarkably golden chestnut, and because it deserves to bear, after Golden I. of Nhatrang, an already illustrious name?

August 28.

The bravest man of the whole regiment, Adjutant Giaconini, was killed this morning. He was watching Turkish soldiers in their trenches, through his field-glasses, at a loophole in the first line. They were only 100 metres away.

A bullet passed through the loophole, killing him instantaneously. I have already spoken to you about him. It was he who was decorated on June 4 by General Gouraud for having "killed six Turks with his own hand and captured a machine-gun, which he dragged back into the French lines."

All the regiment was in the advanced trenches this morning. The body of Giaconini had been left in a corner of Morto Bay cemetery. I went myself to superintend the digging of the grave into which he was gently laid to rest. Nobody was there to render a last homage or fire a salute.

The regiment was too much occupied and too far away, so I asked for volunteers close by. Men came from the kitchens, from a machine-gun section, from the artillery. Their uniforms were dirty, their guns rusty. A sergeant of the Territorials gave the traditional commands.

The little ceremony was not badly done all the same. When we have time to honour our dead Adjutant Giaconini will have a place apart.

August 30.

The Turks have started bombarding again. Since yesterday they have been using a "150" gun which is very deadly.

This morning I started out for the trenches at 7. I was in Colonel Bétrix's command post when I learnt by telephone that a big shell had burst at the waterhead, that is to say, at the place to which mules carry water-casks and where the men go to fill their water-bottles and their own casks. There had several times been a discussion about changing this too-exposed water-head. About 8 a group of twenty to twenty-five persons could be seen from Achi Baba. The Turks directed on this spot a "150" shell, charged with a quantity of lead bullets. It burst a dozen yards above. Close to these casks, riddled like sieves, lay a dozen soldiers bathed in blood.

I arrived ten minutes after. Four were dead—Artillery Major Aubry, another European, and two Senegalese. Two wounded had already been picked up. I turned my attention to the others, and sent to the dressing station for stretchers, vehicles, doctors.

The major was killed almost by accident as he was just passing. He was caught full in the chest by shrapnel, and died instantly. Four more of the wounded won't live.

You see that the Turks still have munitions—and better ones. Yesterday they also sprinkled us, but with less success. I myself was in the path of a shell, and once more came out untouched. He is lucky, is

Your Joe.

August 31.

Dearest,

We are all sad to-day as we mourn one of the best-loved men in the regiment. He was the youngest sub-lieutenant

in the Eastern Army. He was nineteen. His name was Paul Rayés.

We called him "Paulette" because of his youthful clear-complexioned face. His slight figure was always held very erect when he was commanding his men.

He had under his orders a section of machine-guns composed of old Colonials, a very difficult group to manage. They were not frightened of the "baby," but they felt quite different when he was near them. They loved him as their child.

Paul Rayés had passed into Saint Cyr a few days before war broke out; but instead of entering the school to begin his officer's career he fought as a soldier on the Yser. He took part in some seven engagements, and was gazetted second lieutenant. After several months' campaign he was invalided out for frozen feet.

He had only been amongst us a few weeks. Everybody knew him. Without stripes, he looked like a young conscript of the 1915 class, though more neatly and correctly dressed. In the evening he put on a kêpi with gold stripes. We were forced to look at it to convince ourselves that he was a second lieutenant.

For some hours the Turks had been quiet; their artillery was silent. Suddenly on Sunday the Anatolia batteries fired some shells. Nobody took any notice. We thought they were firing haphazard.

Rayés, like the others, contemptuous of this noise for nothing, remained in his dug-out. But there, by a mysterious chance, a shell exploded. There were cries. A sergeant and a man were first picked up, then men ran to the lieutenant's dug-out.

Death had accomplished its work. Not only that, but the youthful eyes, the laughing face, were mutilated.

As daylight fell we buried our comrade in the Morto Bay cemetery.

It was the hour of meditation; not a gun was to be heard. The fairy-like twilight descended gently on the Straits. The sea was falling to sleep under a sheet of sparkling azure. The soldiers had already regained their shelters for the night. The lines of the distant lands were merged in a violet mist.

The body, wrapped in tent canvas, was carried on a stretcher. The old Colonials of the machine-gun section walked quickly—their burden was so light.

We laid him in the grave. The Colonel spoke a few words, but broke off quickly, for sobs were heard.

A man stepped to the edge of the hole. He was an old and hardened "Poilu." He said "Good-bye, my little one," in a manner we shall never forget.

We went our ways one by one, stepping carefully to avoid other graves which had just been dug.

And so, dear one, we are silent and sad to-night.

Your devoted Joe.

CHAPTER X

SALONIKA AND SERBIA

September 2.

DEAREST,

I am probably going to Tenedos to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock. One of my battalions (the 2nd) went there yesterday to rest. The Colonel asked me, "Why don't you profit by the opportunity?" I'm going to do so.

There is little work just now, though I always find plenty to do. This morning I went out on horseback at 7 o'clock, and only came back at midday. I visited the dressing stations of the 1st Division, our trenches, and the Colonel's observation post.

On passing one of our springs I discovered the sentinel, whose business it is to guard over the inviolability of the water, bathing in the reservoir. You have no idea what this Turkish dust is like during a strong wind, which lasts all day and begins again the next morning.

I return through the communication trenches during the hottest hour of the day. They are deserted. It is the time of the siesta—the moment to make up for a sleepless night, during which the men at their loopholes have kept ceaseless watch over the shadows of the enemy.

The eternal refrain of the guns has stopped. There is a tacit agreement between the opposite camps. The most furious fighters do not touch a grenade. It is the truce of the sun.

I walk alone, encircled by white dust; it is deeper at

SALONIKA AND THE VALLEY OF THE VARDAR.

every step. Its whiteness is blinding. Puffs of wind raise unbreathable clouds of dust.

The communication trench is such a complicated labyrinth to follow that it makes one's head whirl. I could never have believed that this place, more animated than a hive of bees, where one always hears an uninterrupted flow of soldiers' talk, could fall into such absolute quiet.

The silence was quite oppressive. It was with a feeling of satisfaction that I found myself once more on the open road.

I continued as far as the cemetery of our division. Some of our young soldiers were just finishing a burial. I stopped to talk to them. They were burying two blacks who had been killed at the loopholes during the night. They finished their task while telling me the story.

They cut two pieces of wood from a box of biscuits, joined them with a nail, and made crosses like all the others in the cemetery. The names of the Senegalese were carefully traced on the white wood.

"But perhaps these comrades are not Christian, and would prefer the crescent to the cross."

The little French peasants had not thought of that. The war has worked the miracle of making us all of the same religion!

September 4.

I was not able to go to Tenedos, being needed here, at Eski Hissarlik. It is perhaps flattering, but tiresome. Still in war one must be surprised and impatient at nothing. Besides, my health does not demand a rest. While quietly preparing to pass the winter here, we indulge in chimeric dreams about the disembarkation of Sarrail's army, the progress of the British at Suvla, and Italo-Bulgaro-Greek co-operation.

It isn't a bad sign when soldiers are interested in so many things. I remember that before Tsushima the Russians wouldn't read any more papers or consult any Havas cablegram.

This morning, after visiting my battalions I went to see Colonel Ruef, commanding a brigade of the 2nd Division. I stayed to lunch, and met among other officers the son of General Ganeval, killed out here, and an embassy attaché married to a Rumanian.

If I did not ride I could not get about like this. I am one of the few officers who still ride regularly. I am very fond of my "Golden." He remains motionless under the most noisy "marmite" and the most shrill "75."

September 6.

We hear that the British are holding their own at Suvla, after having resisted a furious attack of a new Turkish army. Our front continues calm except last night, when there was again a bombardment of our camps. "Marmites" fell, and shrapnel covered enormous spaces. By incredible good luck we did not have a single man wounded.

The little shaving brush I sent you I picked up in a Turkish camp. It is made from an empty Turkish cartridge—note the Turkish crescent. The Turk's flight was so hasty that he forgot this treasure.

The clip with cartridges pierced by a bullet was given me in the first days of May by Dr. Jubin. It is the clip and the cartridge of the Turkish Army, for which reason it is interesting. The way in which a bullet—doubtless a French one—has pierced it is most curious.

The little seals come from Turkish prisoners of the 1st Division.

I might have been able to send you some weapons; but, besides being very cumbrous, I don't think they would be very interesting.

September 8.

This afternoon Admiral Boué de Lapeyrère came here. He came by the *Jules Ferry* as far as Moudros (Lemnos), and from there by the torpedo boat *L'Opiniâtre*. The officers with him (including an English one with whom I talked) had not much news.

The Admiral, accompanied by General Bailloud, went to visit the marine batteries which co-operate in the defence of the peninsula. I took photographs, but in most unfavourable circumstances. I don't think they will be any good, but I will send them all the same.

From your loving HUSBAND.

September 9.

MY OWN WIFE,

It appears that delegates from our Parliament have been here to inspect and hold an inquiry on the "Service de Santé." Nobody saw them except the staff.

The senators, always grave, wore white linen costumes and helmets on which shone the crest of the Senate. The deputies contented themselves with small black caps, but had added to their white attire black leather gaiters.

They stopped short six kilometres away at the Sedd-el-Bahr mills, from whence one can just see the outline of Achi Baba. These have not been bombarded for over a fortnight; but when by chance a shell fell so far away that it would not have made a soldier here turn his head, a deputy always said, "It's hot work out here."

We are getting ready for winter. I reckon on a shelter made of armoured plates beside the sea, on Morto Bay, which really begins to belong to us.

September 12.

Here it is still quiet, a prodigious extraordinary quiet, which makes us anxious in the absolute penury of news.

Yesterday there were hardly two or three shells from the Asiatic coast. Unfortunately one fell right in the hut of our head doctor of the divisional stretcher-bearers. It isn't far from here. The doctor was not killed but seriously wounded.

We hear that the Turks only dispose of some 1,000 shells per day. They keep them for the northern front (Suvla).

During the last fortnight clouds have gathered thicker and thicker over this Gallipoli sky. Rain is threatening. What will become of us ? We shall be able to sail boats in the trenches !

I spent the morning going round the trenches. It is 11.30. I am going to lunch with a friend at Péret's Post. It rained in the night. The dust was laid, but it is queer to feel the approach of the bad season of winter and of the cold. The pure sky of the Chersonese is now a wicked grey, which doesn't become it at all.

To-morrow will begin the construction of my winter shelter on Morto Bay. If the sea rose we should be swamped in the old one, so I suggested placing the shell-proofs on quite a high spot.

September 13.

The Turks have taken advantage of this period of quiet to lay mines. The 56th Regiment (formerly the 6th

Colonial) has discovered one which already passes under our lines. There is no need to put one's ear to the ground to hear the sound of picks.

It appears to be about two metres deep. The mine was discovered during the night, and the necessary measures were immediately taken. Men and material were removed. The artillery had a "65" gun there, and they were not long in changing its site.

At daybreak everybody went to listen to the picks: General Bailloud, colonels, majors, men. A new sensation, but a rather disagreeable one! A fresh method of warfare has now begun for us.

General Gouraud had feared it, but did not wish to be the first to begin. His successors were of the same mind. But now that the Turks had challenged us we must answer them. Time presses.

At first it was a question of reciprocating by means of "camouflets"—that is to say, laying the sap open after blowing up the retaining wall with dynamite. I think the counter-mine has been adopted.

Yesterday afternoon Armanet's medical post sustained a regular bombardment. It is our principal shelter for wounded at the entrance of the central communication trench.

There are always gatherings there, which draw the enemy's fire on this point. The post has just been transformed. It was covered with tent material, but now sheets of corrugated iron make it a comfortable dwelling, doubtless sheltered from shrapnel. It is also to be covered with earth to a thickness of four or five feet to protect it from shells.

Armanet's post is occupied by the 56th Colonial and the 175th Infantry of the Line. About 5 o'clock huge "210" shells were fired from Chanak. One fell exactly on

the bank at the entrance to the central communication trench. A grey donkey was killed outright. Ten or twelve shells followed.

This is a lot for the quiet time we are enjoying. It is true that our artillery has been very active to-day, and that a battery of "75's" has been established near Armanet's post. All these shells burst except one, which lies on the road a few yards in front of the entrance to the communication trench.

One shell fell on the corrugated iron roof of the medical shelter, slightly towards the west, and exploded in the hut occupied by the 175th. Two doctors and five European orderlies live there. The three other huts are occupied by the 56th. A prodigious noise was heard; the hut was smashed to atoms. Immediately afterwards a shell burst on the ground a yard in front of the spot where the first one hit.

In spite of danger the doctors and orderlies of the 56th Colonial hastened to help their comrades. A terrifying spectacle. The hut of the 175th was laid open at the top. The armoured plates had been split and pushed in like a sheet of paper; and the shell, continuing its course, had hollowed out in the sides and the ground a crater around which everything has been annihilated.

Dr. Crussi was extracted from a pool of blood. Assistant Dr. Galineaud was also drawn out of the ruins. He had a broken leg. One unfortunate orderly was in agony, horribly wounded. The four others had been cut to pieces. I thought our days of peace would not be long in this hell upon earth. Sometimes I do grow so weary of its interminable hopelessness.

But these are only passing moods of

Your Joe.

September 15.

DEAR GIRL,

Something fresh must have happened. Some sailors saw to-night an important string of boats making for the Gulf of Saros.

People's brains here get quite dulled, mine like the others. This morning I spoke to a sergeant, who with twelve men had been placed in charge of the underground springs of Vermesch Fountain for some twenty-four hours. I said to him, "Sergeant, what is that?" and pointed to the reservoirs. He answered, "That—those are explosives."

Many men are like creatures deprived of reason. If you think I am getting like that I must be invalided home. Men are naturally stupid, and when they are at war and have not a single woman to inspire them they become idiotic.

The Turkish mines under our lines are worked regularly and continually; but we have begun counter-mines, and shall doubtless be ready before them. The English blew up a mine last night and many Turks with it.

This morning we got up in the rain and mud. This clay soil sticks to everything. I had sand put down all round the dressing station. Now the sun shines out again.

I don't know whether my enthusiasm has cooled, or whether our troops display fewer virtues in inaction. But many ugly things crop up such as one sees in peace time.

To-day an order came that lists of all officers and men who were on the peninsula before May 8 should be made out. It will be quickly done for my regiment. There are very few of us left. For what object are these lists? Some think it is for giving us a few days' leave, like those of the French front.

You are right in saying that we are uninteresting since

the Suvla landing. A new period is beginning for us. We are no longer the principal front against the Turks. We know nothing whatever. I learn from the London and Paris papers what is happening but a few miles away.

September 18, 8 a.m.

A piece of good news! We are to have six days' leave in France—all those who have been out here five months in the French Expeditionary Force. We do not know the date yet, but it will be soon. So don't hurry back to England, but await me on the Continent.

I understand from the staff that one officer and ten men will get leave at a time. It is very few. If I am in the first batch I shall selfishly think it enough.

September 18, 8 p.m.

Extract from report of the 18th: "The units will make known the names, rank and register of the soldiers who have served in the Oriental Expeditionary Force for at least five months without interruption. These lists will indicate the locality in which these soldiers desire to spend their leave. . . . The length of leave will be six days, journey not included, to the place of destination. The journey will be free."

Now it is said that the Service de Santé has asked for this leave to be extended to fifteen days. That is all we know.

September 21.

On the 18th a German aviatik, marked with an Iron Cross, came over our lines in the morning. Yesterday another, armoured and armed with a machine-gun, came

into our landscape. It let fall four or five bombs which burst near here.

Yesterday an enemy submarine showed the top of its periscope near Sedd-el-Bahr. A rain of shells came immediately. I wish I could report that they sank it. Alas, I fear not!

Your devoted HUSBAND.

September 22.

A few days ago I conducted the British Brigade-General H. C. Casson, 15/7th Brigade, around my Eski Hissarlick dressing station and the former position of De Tott's Battery. The General wished to revisit this corner of Gallipoli, which he conquered on April 25, and see the graves of the soldiers who have been killed at his side.

He was touched with the care that had been given by the French to the English graves. Overlooking the incomparable panorama of the Straits are the graves of Major C. E. Margesson and his orderly. He told me what had happened on April 25 and how the Major was killed. I am going to have a stone placed on his grave and write to his widow.

The General gave me some information about the Suvla landing. The Turks had been warned, and were awaiting the English with heavy artillery, which did much damage. It is said that strong reinforcements are arriving, and that a solution will be reached at any cost.

Am I calmer, dearest little wife? I think so. . . . I have forgotten my impatience in the struggle I wage against dirt and vermin. I pry everywhere for the enemy —disease-breeding filth. What do I discover? Again this morning!!!

The others content themselves with enacting astounding

measures on paper. I try loyally to put them into practice. It is much more difficult. The prevailing indifference is as strong as the dirtiness!

The weather is superb but cooler. How will the blacks stand it? They will be taken back to Nice for the winter.

Lucky blacks! Your devoted HUSBAND.

September 28.

MY OWN,

We have received the news that the French front is advancing and driving back the Germans. You cannot imagine our superhuman joy and our immense sympathy with those who are fighting in our native land.

Yesterday evening at 7 o'clock, when it was dark and everything seemed quiet, we heard a great clamour. Bayonet attack? No, hardly that. Panic? It was not the right sort of noise. What then?

A few minutes later cannonade of all calibres from every hill and ravine. The Turks reply from Achi Baba and from the Asiatic coast. The firing increases until it reminds us of past great days. Little by little it quiets down.

At 9 o'clock I hear that General Sir Ian Hamilton had ordered salvos to be fired in honour of the French and English victories in France. Probably the Turks did not sleep much last night.

No more is said of leaves being granted. They are probably postponed. Patience.

Just a few soldiers here and there have got leave; but they are not numerous. I think you are waiting in France, at Paris. If I get leave you will be there. Anyhow, even if I don't, it is worth while living in Paris in these tremendous days.

I have the "Croix de Guerre." You did not know? I am pleased to tell you that I am proposed for officer of the Legion of Honour. My Brigade-General Fourcade sent for me this morning and told me that he had recommended it very strongly.

It seems that I have a good chance of getting it; but between Cape Helles and the Ministry is many a slip. There are two distinct propositions—the rank and the rosette.

You have at last learnt that I was ill. It was a long time ago in June. It was never anything serious. I was determined not to be sent away and to keep going all the same. I didn't want to alarm you unnecessarily.

Once I was ordered to go into hospital. I refused, and now I have acquired a sort of immunity.

Every single one of us has been more or less severely attacked by enteric. Some went into hospital, then to France; others stayed at their posts. I promise you that if I succumb again I will ask to go. But you will soon see for yourself that I don't look too bad.

I am always very abstemious, and very careful about hygiene. For instance, I never miss my daily hot bath. Thus I have never been troubled with vermin, though scarcely anyone has escaped.

We hear that General Sarrail's army has landed, but where? . . . Mystery!

All my old servants have gone—all the whites. To-day two corporals and my cyclist.

I have had to replace my faithful Clerc, who looked after my horses so perfectly, by a Senegalese, Birama Kandi, the handsomest man of all the blacks (according to Alexandrian ladies). The former has typhoid, and I must send him to France.

Yesterday Birama Kandi brought round the two horses

at 6 o'clock as usual. I mount "Golden" and we start for the olive wood. Suddenly he begins to prance, and then stops dead. By persuasion and then beating I advance another 100 yards, but he begins to kick and tries to throw me.

I dismount and blame Birama Kandi for "Golden's" caprices: "You've ill-treated him in the stable." Birama swears by all his gods that he has never ill-treated "horse, doctor."

I had forgotten the incident and was waiting to go out riding this morning when Birama arrived on foot and handed me a Turkish bullet. "Look, that in him, the horse." The Senegalese in grooming "Golden" had found a sensitive spot. On pressing the wound, he easily extracted the bullet.

"Golden" had been hit by this bullet while passing, saddled, bridled and mounted, through the always dangerous Vermesch Fountain Ravine.

October 1.

It is certain that a French division is leaving the Gallipoli Peninsula. We (the French) will only remain one division here—four Colonial mixed regiments. Naturally the English remain here with us. We do not know where this division is going, but we suppose it is Salonika.

The hospital ship *Charles Roux* (the one you wanted to come out on) has already left our coast. It has gone for repairs (?) to Salonika. Do not have any regret, by-the-by, about the *Charles Roux*. I am told (by friends who wished to catch a glimpse of feminine faces again) that there are only women who have reached a canonical age—over forty-five years. Poor wounded!

I open the brackets again in order to beg you to note

that since April I have not seen a single woman. Tenedos does not count.

We had bad weather for two or three days, but now it is very fine and settled. My hut is being prepared for the winter. I shall have a shelter of corrugated metal plates covered with ashlar and earth. It is 25 to 30 metres to the north-east of the one I am in now. It is at the prettiest spot of our domain.

October 3.

On October 1, at 6 p.m., I received an order to embark my two ambulances the same evening. I did not understand. Then I found another little paper underneath. It was my nomination as "Directeur du Service de Santé de la 2ième Division." I went to headquarters immediately.

I was informed of the situation without being told the destination. Taken unawares, I was obliged, though it was already dark, to ascertain for myself that the embarkation orders had been carried out. What a movement in Sedd-el-Bahr, what interminable lines of troops, carriages, cases! But all was working smoothly and in praiseworthy silence.

My return journey seemed unending. I had not my horse, and was obliged to go on foot with a guide who did not know the road. I fell into an old "marmite" hole, and clambered out with difficulty, only to fall again into an abandoned trench or a dirty ditch. I was tired out. For the first time I thought that we had conquered too much country!

We went on and on. Shrapnel began to fall; and my secretary, who had never been out so late nor so far, was scandalised at the Turks' audacity in shooting so freely. I

dined that evening at 10 o'clock, and went to sleep without delay.

Yesterday was a very busy day—postcards, good-byes, papers. I am replacing a head doctor of the Reserve with five stripes, who is very plucky but old. There is a good deal of work, and great responsibility. I can work, for I am very well. I know the responsibilities, and do not fear them.

I am on the staff of General Bailloud. We may embark at any moment—probably during the night for an unknown destination. Everybody knows that we are going to help Serbia, consolidate Greece, and try to stop Bulgaria. Afterwards we shall intercept the Austro-Germans on the Orsova-Constantinople road. It is a vast programme. I shall be well placed for seeing the last phase of the great drama which is being played in the East.

On the staff there is first General Bailloud, who is always gay, and in good spirits. His chief of staff is Colonel Marty. The assistant, Major Romieux (no relation of the commandant killed on July 12), knows Greece well and speaks the language perfectly, and is very learned and charming. There is a Sub-lieutenant Herriot, a good aviator, who has a yacht in France and a mint of money. There is Captain Mirville, of the Colonial Infantry, etc., etc.; I shall know them better by degrees.

As to the material conditions of life, it is the end of my miseries. You know that I have lived till now like a private, and in an absolutely simple and abstemious way.

To give you an idea of our present comfort, we only drink Evian or Vichy water at meals. We have a very good cook. I was at once given a dug-out 7 metres by 2 —a veritable palace!

As I have not been told the "secret," I may mention that we shall land at Salonika.

From your busy but happy HUSBAND.

MOUDROS, *October* 5.

DEAR WIFE,

We left Sedd-el-Bahr yesterday at 2. We have left behind the *River Clyde*, the Château d'Europe, and the corner of the earth where we lived through such prodigious hours. At 7 to-day we arrived at Moudros. We leave for Salonika at 2 this afternoon.

HÔTEL CONTINENTAL, SALONIKA, *October* 7.

We landed yesterday morning at Salonika, not without some surprises at sea. The reception of the populace here was cold but correct. We are camping at Zeitenlick, about two and a half miles away from the town.

Our tents will probably be ready this evening, but I prefer to sleep at the Hôtel Continental. A bed seems to me the last refinement of civilisation. To-morrow morning one of our regiments leaves for Uskub, and we shall follow them shortly.

The situation is very confused. First and foremost we must go to the help of Serbia, even if Greece stays out. We shall have against us Austrians, Germans, and Bulgarians. There will be plenty of work for us.

We have been little fêted here. It is not a question of being fêted, but you know how eloquent the Greeks are, and there were neither speeches nor any sort of manifestation. To be thus thrown over is painful.

Salonika is a remarkable town. I will describe it later. The weather is warm. It will be very different in Serbia. We shall be given sheepskins.

October 9.

This morning it is raining—weather dark and depressing. I saw yesterday some French doctors and Red Cross nurses belonging to the Serbian mission, who have just returned to Salonika. Our task will be hard in the struggle against vermin and typhoid. Further, we shall be alone to resist an Austro-German army.

We shall see what will happen. Serbia is a country of surprises—generally disagreeable ones! We hear that the Serbian army is still courageous and entirely re-equipped.

The attitude of the Balkans is a bitter disappointment. Here the situation is very awkward for us in the midst of a Greek army mobilised, which takes up all the available space, and hinders all our movements.

The short voyage from Lemnos to Salonika was a veritable Odyssey. The first boats had to return to their starting point without landing their troops.

I have bought clothes fit for the rigorous Serbian winter. I think I have everything I need.

I am obliged to share my room with another doctor coming from Serbia. There is so little room here.

October 10.

I must send you some description of this place. The voyage went off all right, but we had to guard not only against Turco-Boche submarines, but also against mines kindly sent forth to meet us by the Greeks. Our boats followed one another in single file, destroyers on either side.

On entering Salonika port we had a good view of the town. To the left Mount Hella and Mount Ossa, which the ancient Greeks considered so high. They were surrounded yesterday by huge clouds.

A SHELL PROOF DRESSING STATION AT SEDD EL-BAHR.

HYGIENIC WORK BEING CARRIED OUT BY THE SERVICE DE SANTÉ AT GALLIPOLI.

VALLEY OF THE VARDAR. THE RAILWAY TO THE NORTH OF STRUMNITZA STATION.

THE VARDAR, NEAR GRADE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH.

Farther away on the same side stretched out the immense plain of the Vardar—swampy and unhealthy. To the right a row of artillery buildings with red roofs, and in the centre of the curve villas surrounded by gardens of flowers. It was in one of the prettiest that Abdul Hamid was interned.

There are mountains in the distance. The town is built on the first slopes dominating the bay.

October 15.

You understand the peculiar conditions under which we are here. We shall go to meet the Bulgarians shortly, whom the Allied troops have already punished.

Salonika is very picturesque, but crowded with soldiers. I am sorry I cannot describe it more fully to you, but I have little time for writing. There is a great deal of work and much responsibility.

Things are working out all right. I have lost much time at the dentist's. There are very few motors and no telephone. As I have to be here, there, and everywhere, I am wearing out my horses. They are splendid, and grip these badly-paved roads well.

I have brought Korka with me, and also my other black servant, Birama. They serve me pretty well.

October 18.

We leave Salonika this evening for Serbia! I suppose this is no longer a secret. I am quite ready for the new campaign both as regards health and spirits. Even my throat is quite all right.

We have been here twelve days. Yet it still seems strange not to hear the cannonade and to be safe from the projectiles which always threatened us in Gallipoli.

I have slept several times in a real bed, but more often in my camp-bed under a dripping tent. The first few days it was fine, but lately it has been raining.

Salonika is a very original town. It is a continual display of epic and sumptuous scenes full of charming details. There are a great many little winding streets which seem to have no issue. Spying eyes are fixed on us from every corner.

The ancient town has Byzantine temples, mosques, basilicas, remarkable pictures, Turkish cemeteries. The modern town has good hotels, a nice tea place, cinemas, and jetties, against which many old and picturesque sailing boats are moored.

I like my new service; it is very interesting, but absorbs nearly all my time.

Your loving Joe.

October 19.

Dear One,

Yesterday we received orders to take the 8 o'clock train at the military station of Salonika to go to Strumnitza during the night. I had been to the cinema in the afternoon with friends, and I did not hurry to say good-bye, as the station I had often seen was in the centre of the town.

A carriage carried me rapidly to a station filled with Greek soldiers, and I saw at once that there were no Frenchmen there. "Where is the real station?" I asked everybody. I was losing time.

At last I reached a suburban station. Not a single soldier. I find a Frenchman who tells me I am nearly a mile from the right station, and that if I do not want to miss the train I must hurry. I was in a great state.

At last, just at 8 o'clock, the horses, beaten even more than usual, exhausted and lame, stopped far out in the

country before a station lighted by big electric globes. Is this where my train is? Anxious moment. Nobody knows.

Finally I find out that the train which should have started at 6 is leaving at 10 p.m., and the 8 o'clock not until the next morning. There is a great crowd of men, horses, carriages, gun-carriages, cases, motor cars. I ascertain that the Service de Santé waggons are on the train, and that my horses, "Merle" and "Golden," are safely installed with Birama (my Senegalese groom). It is raining; one's feet stick in the filthy mud.

About 10 o'clock I settle down in a horse waggon that I find in a corner of the station. Korka goes to hunt for straw. I try it. It is soft and warm, in full fermentation.

I lay a rug on the top and dinner is served—tinned fish, cold beef, condensed milk. Other officers join me. The waggon becomes a dormitory. Soon there are snores. I sleep very well.

We left at about 7 this morning—weather dark, but no rain. First one passes through the plains of the Vardar delta—low-lying swamps, covered with reeds and water plants. Then the country becomes mountainous.

The Vardar, deep, muddy, and not at all broad, empty of all boats and rafts, winds slowly between rough and bare hills. We were soon at the Serbian frontier.

Soldiers in bad khaki overcoats and civilians guard the line. Their guns are slung over their shoulders with pieces of string. All the same, they are clean and in good condition.

At another station a little farther on we were right in Serbian territory. Here there were soldiers of the Regular Army and officers with their very original head-dress, which is a mixture of a police helmet and a tiara. The inhabitants have put up a few Allied flags. Among them we distinguish the Union Jack.

It appears that the first arrivals have been cheered and fêted. The population, though reserved and not speaking our language, seems sympathetic. There seems to be great poverty; the houses are for the most part built of mud.

October 21.

I am in my tent at Strumnitza Station, which is built not far from the bridge on a spur made by the railway line. I am already used to the noise of the trains. But the rain, the mud, the filth ! ! !

When the clouds are not too low and it is not raining too hard, I like the scenery. It is severe, beautiful, and sad.

Mythical goddesses, nymphs, and fauns would never be tempted to wander among these mountainous defiles, too perilous and too damp. Luminous enchantments of Gallipoli, where are you ?

Here it is the country of war *par excellence*, the battle-field of people haunted by the desire to kill and to plunder.

I rode out this morning to the regiments on the right wing, which are occupying villages bordering on the inundated valleys. About 11 o'clock, after some glorious long gallops, we found ourselves at Cestovo.

Colonel Benoit insisted on our staying for luncheon. We had plenty of food with us. But though they were only in this deserted village since the evening before, they were provided with a varied menu.

We lunched in a mosque, quite picturesque, but very poor. Hardly had we sat down when rifle firing began. Nobody took any notice. Then the guns started. From the little window we could distinguish the white puffs of bursting shells.

The village of Valandovo, on the other slope of the mountain, on the Bulgarian side of the valley, was being

attacked. It is there that we have a battalion commanded by Captain de Clermont Tonerre. The guns answered back. We left the mosque and followed the whole action with our field-glasses.

The snapping of the rifle fire and the thunder of the guns continued, but this did not prevent me from going on to Dedeli to inspect the other medical posts there. Later from the top of a slope all we could see of the pretty village of Valandovo was through a cloud of powder and smoke.

We were told that we could not return by the same road without risking bullets and shrapnel. This gave us the opportunity, without losing sight of the operations, of going back by covered paths under beautiful beech trees which opened upon a whole world of refugees, some driving in front of them sheep, cattle, goats, or horses. Poor people!

No sight can be sadder. All the horror of war is in these groups. One woman, enceinte, bare-footed, is driving along in front of her a thin goat and a cow, and in her arms is a hungry child. We return safely.

And I sit down to send these disjointed descriptions to her whom I love and oh! so long to see again. J.

October 26.

Dear Wife,

Since the 19th we have established ourselves on the railway line, Salonika-Uskub, at a point which is called Strumnitza Station, but which is some 20 kilometres away from the Bulgarian town of Strumnitza.

There is a bridge over the Vardar here which the Bulgarians have already tried to capture from us. We gave them a terrible lesson. There are troops holding the mountain above us, and firing is frequent.

As I told you in my last letter from Salonika, the order for departure for the Serbian front was given us early in the morning of October 18. We were to take a train at 8 p.m. the same evening.

Our wet tents were rolled up in the pouring rain. The garden of the Zeitenlick Seminary, where I had slept several nights, was under water, and the flowers, bent and draggled, gave out no scent. Our soaked linen and clothes were pressed into our military tin trunks.

When all arrangements had been made and the baggage hoisted on the carts, I went to pay some good-bye calls to my Salonika friends. I had been received by a sympathetic and distinguished family.

For a few hours I found myself again in feminine company and surrounded by the little attentions of which I had been deprived so long. We passed the afternoon at the cinema. It was again scenes of murder and of war, heartrending good-byes and broken hearts. . . .

When we arrived at Strumnitza it was pouring. Nobody to receive us. However, my tent had been set up in an orchard under the trees and in the midst of a pool of black smelly mud. I guessed there were pigs near by from the noise and smell. All night there was a fearful noise from the trains which were carrying Serbian troops towards the north.

On the morning of the 20th I had to explore the village in the rain. It is in a basin between mountains. The Vardar and the railway line pass by the defile. One is dominated by the hills on either side, but one cannot see them because of the heavy rain. It is all so new to me.

Nowhere in the world have I seen such depths of filth. The houses are left half-deserted. The peasants have given up their places on their torn cotton mattresses to the Serbian Territorials. Here and there we find our own

soldiers, worn out, wet through, who are resting their tired limbs.

Everywhere there are dogs, dirty clothes, torn bed coverlets. Sometimes I see ill people forgotten in a corner shivering with fever. Is it the dread typhus ?

In the courtyards cattle and pigs are being slaughtered. What shelters ! What dwellings ! And outside the rain continues, black mud, and swamps. . . .

Finally I discovered a building which would serve for an ambulance. I immediately decided to have it bathed in cresyl and whitewashed. I have settled to give the use of the ruined town-hall to the stretcher-bearer corps.

I had my tent brought me at once and put it up beside the ambulance. It is on a flat piece of ground, two or three metres high, running alongside the railway line. It is certainly rather exposed to the enemy's fire if they attacked the bridge, but I could not have everything. I slept in my tent. It rained all night as it had rained all day.

In the evening of October 21 we heard that Rabrovo had been taken by our troops. The wounded arrived during the night. I slept in my tent again under a heavy rain, and woke up on the 22nd to find firing going on and bullets falling around us.

Again we heard the whistling with which we had become so familiar in Gallipoli. I had ordered my horse, meaning to explore certain springs, but it was precisely there that the Bulgarians were firing, so I had to give up my intention.

I rode over the whole camp. Soldiers were leaving in the rain to take up a position in the hills. Rifles and machine-guns were firing from the heights.

I stopped to look at a Serbian cemetery. There were 200 newly-made graves in a line, and all alike. They were the graves of some Serbian wounded whom the Bulgarians

had massacred one night. At a time like this one is impressed with the barbarity that such an act signifies.

My ambulances did not seem to me safe from bullets. I explored a fresh site on the other side of the Vardar. The bridge was very high and 80 metres long. We had to cross on very bad planks, and there was no railing. The river was flowing very swiftly and making whirlpools. You can imagine how giddy I was! A comrade had to give me his arm!

The bullets were whistling. I came back at 1 o'clock, having terminated my mission. The staff did not share my opinion about changing the site of my ambulances, which, however, can be ready to move in less than an hour as the cases are not yet unpacked.

Hardly had we crossed the bridge when shells burst above it. If we had been five minutes later we should have experienced rather a shock. Our "75" batteries answered back. The formidable echoes surprised even our war-hardened soldiers.

The struggle soon became serious. We were attacked by strong forces. Our guns increased their salvos. Wounded arrived from everywhere. We heard that a major and several officers have been killed. The situation is grave.

But I must stop. It is owing to the rain, which prevented me from going to the front lines, that you get this letter. Otherwise, I am always out or in the midst of reports, letters, papers, which my high (!) functions now entail.

We are an isolated division. That is why I have the title of "Directeur." Even the expenses come under my supervision. The day before yesterday I asked the paymaster for 50,000f.

As to the hygiene of the troops, that work will be prodigious; all must be created. But I am well seconded,

THE CENTRAL AND ONLY STREET AT STRUMNITZA STATION.

A SERBIAN CEMETERY NEAR STRUMNITZA STATION. TWO HUNDRED WOUNDED SERBIANS WERE BUTCHERED BY THE BULGARS ONE NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR'S ROOM AT STRUMNITZA STATION.

PUTTING DOWN A CASUALTY AT NO. 4 DRESSING STATION AT STRUMNITZA.

and I know what I want. We have already had to treat and attend 200 wounded besides the cases of illness. I get about always on horseback. Yesterday I did about 50 kilometres. He keeps quite well, does Your Joe.

Strumnitza Station, *October* 31.

Dearest Wife,

I received to-day your letters of 15th, 16th and 17th. The band of the 2nd Regiment de Marche d'Afrique is playing delicious airs from the "Mascotte"—those that you like; also some waltzes. . . . It is Sunday. This music was bought a few minutes before we started, from the Catholic fathers of Zeitenlick. It is not even raining. . . .

I already seem to see you at Salonika. . . . Do you think it wise and prudent to come so far, where I could not perhaps even see you though it is so near?

Could you not wait till events have taken a less uncertain turn? I do not know whether you realise the exact situation. Nothing is less clear.

And Salonika? Will it not be there that a decisive battle will be fought even if the Greeks remain neutral to the end? Also I am afraid there is nothing to be done to make it safe or reasonable for you to come.

I made the acquaintance at Salonika of a very nice family. Mr. X. is a man of good education and well connected. He is married to a Syrian. The sister lives with them and also the grandparents. They are very kind and hospitable. Would you like to live with them?

They do not eat like you—very strange dishes. They would be glad to have you, but . . . you know there are no hotels. The English and French have hired them at exorbitant prices for hospitals, offices, and so on. The town is crowded with soldiers, who are high spirited and cheeky.

I also know Mrs. D., of the Red Cross at Salonika. But she has taken in a dozen officers and has no more room. You know you could not live here officially as my wife, and would have to remain *incognito*. And if the situation became dangerous or if you were taken for a spy!! Do not double our war chances.

My two Senegalese servants, Korka and Birama, are already ill. It is not very cold, but the damp!! I have much less time for writing now. If you knew all I get through in a day! . . . But when I write to you, dearest, my pen sings to the music of the band, which seems always to play while these letters are being written. Your Joe.

November 2.

Dearest One,

I have just received a splendid packet of letters and papers, for most of which I am indebted to you.

I don't know what to say about your project of coming to Salonika. Although it never does to be astonished in a period as extraordinary as this one, I have not yet recovered from my astonishment. Perhaps I did not give you my opinion categorically enough. Or am I allowed to have an opinion?

Suppose, dear wife, that while you were coming to Salonika I should be going to Marseilles. For that is quite possible. I should only have to be wounded or to go down with some illness.

One of us is already exposed. That is necessary. But why two of us? You are now getting on so well. Marie writes me that you are like a very young girl; and that you are ravishingly fresh and pink.

Salonika is a large city, with the conditions peculiar to war and a state of siege. The English are furious with the

Greeks, and are interfering with the shipment of their provisions. People stand in line at the doors of the bakers' shops to obtain a small ration of bread.

I put your safety always before my own, but evidently you will not have it so. You only wish me to say "Do whatever you like, dearest." Do reflect, and don't come to a conclusion too hastily.

Yesterday I sent you four films taken under better conditions, with an ideal light. It was the first very fine day we have had. Not a cloud. The sky infinitely blue.

The green mountains seem no longer the same. All the gloomy tints have disappeared. They smile. They show themselves in all the details of their beauty. It is like spring-time coming from afar.

During the afternoon cannons have thundered from the north at Krivolak. To-morrow we shall occupy certain points on the road to Strumnitza. But you will learn all about that much earlier from the London papers.

We are going to have some motor cars for our hospital service. To-day a battery of motor machine-guns has arrived.

Read a French book upon Salonika called "La Ville Convoitée." Ask for it at Hachette's.

I finish my letter while the regimental band plays. One can no longer hear the cannon above it.

Au revoir, dear wife, whom I love always more and more.

Your Joe.

Strumnitza Station, *November* 3.

My dear Wife,

It was like a warm day in spring this morning at Strumnitza Station. Quite early the mountains were

bathed in sunshine. The firing of guns came quickly to remind us that we were at war.

The prearranged attack on the passes of the Strumnitza road was beginning.

When all the details of my service had been arranged I left on horseback with Birama. All along the road we met convoys of munitions and of food stores, a few soldiers riding, and finally some of our wounded.

The first wounded who arrive are generally the less serious cases. Though they had limbs or their heads bound up in white bandages, they looked very cheerful.

In the limpid atmosphere the mountains revealed themselves in all their exquisite details; even the highest peaks were free from clouds.

I went to Valandovo, where I had established my No. 3 dressing station. Before I arrived there the rifle fire was quite distinct—the guns were only firing intermittently. We arrived at the village by a road bordered with big beech trees.

From afar we could distinguish the houses standing out one by one against the green of the lower slopes of the mountain. One could see the slender minaret of the mosque and the heavier steeple of the church. In the orchards and fields round the houses under the mulberry trees there was a medley of soldiers, horses, carriages, and a few motor machine-guns which have arrived from Salonika this very morning.

I conferred at once with the staff, whom I found in one of the Valandovo streets. General Bailloud is in a motor further on. Dressing station No. 3 is in full activity. The mosque is filled with wounded. They have been attended to, and are lying on a thick layer of good French hay, which smells delicious.

"You need nothing, my children?"

"We are quite all right, quite happy—only hungry." I saw to that at once.

The mosque there is big and spacious. It is not a palace, but it is capable of sheltering a quantity of our brave fellows.

They were dead tired. They have had to climb with the utmost rapidity peaks of 350 metres and more.

In the courtyard there was a great crowd of wounded who had not yet been treated. They were full length on the bare ground, or lying on stretchers, or standing in every sort of pose. All kinds of men and all degrees of suffering!

The operation-room was besieged. Inside doctors, dripping with perspiration, covered with blood, tired out, were working away without losing a minute.

Carts had been brought into one of the courtyards of the mosque. They were so numerous, they filled it. They are our means of transport for our wounded. The only other vehicle is the motor car belonging to the armoured cars. The contrast is striking.

These carts are the ordinary Serbian carts, low-swung, of very rough wood and badly joined together. They are drawn by a pair of oxen, ridiculously small, whose thick rough hide seems to clothe all the inhabitants of the country. In French histories one sees these carts in the chapter about the "Rois fainéants."

Therefore some wounded take thirty to forty minutes to reach the station, while others take three to four hours. But all will arrive to-night at the Ghevgeli hospital. We shall have done pretty well, considering the chance means at our disposal. We are expecting motor ambulances very soon.

When the number of wounded was at its greatest at the mosque some Bulgarian shells fell less than 100 metres

away. The enemy was above us, and only two kilometres distant.

I returned to Strumnitza Station as darkness fell.

The car attached to the machine-gun motors brought in during the evening three soldiers seriously wounded, who had not passed by the Valandovo dressing station.

The chauffeurs told me about the fate of the machine-gun cars. The General had sent them two kilometres in advance on a very bad road. At a certain place they had to slacken down. The Bulgarians rushed out on either side like devils and tried to capture them. They could not turn, and had to fly, going backwards.

One of them missed the road in the darkness, and dashed into a ditch. Terrible struggle; finally one car continued. The one which stuck in the mud is in the hands of the Bulgarians, as well as a lieutenant and several men. It is believed they were killed while still trying to disengage their car.

It appears that Uskub has been recaptured by the Serbians, with great loss to the Bulgarians, but that, in the north, the principal arsenal has fallen into the hands of the Germans.

I am worn out, but never too tired to write to you, my dear one.

Your Joe.

November 5, 5 p.m.

Dear Wife,

I have just returned on horseback from the lines where the fighting is going on and from a visit to my dressing station. The actual warfare here differs totally from that of Gallipoli. We have a very extended front, mountains opposite us which we must cross, many defiles which must be guarded, summits on which we must establish ourselves.

Thus there is movement everywhere, and it is not easy to pick up our wounded or to transport them.

All the same, people find we have worked miracles. From the Valandovo dressing station to Strumnitza it is 14 kilometres by auto. But we have no autos yet for the Service de Santé. The car attached to the machine-gun motors was put at our disposal again to-day, but only did three journeys. It is much too heavy, and the little chauffeur did not much like this change of routine.

This country, which appeared so abominable at first, now takes on a spring-like freshness and grace. We arrived in such horrible and cold weather, and it did not stop raining day or night.

We camped in a dirty village at the bottom of a narrow defile. The filth in the streets reached unknown depths. Added to all that, it was a precarious occupation—rifle fire all day and sometimes gunfire.

In the pouring rain our men guarded the trenches stoically. They could not sleep, they had not enough to eat till the supplies became regulated, men wounded and ill were to be found everywhere.

The sun has come out and all has changed. Who would have thought that this rough country had smiles in reserve for us ? Is it the same place ? The most distant horizons are perfectly clear. The play of light and shade reminds us of Greece, which is so close.

The echoes of gunfire reverberate unceasingly towards Krivolak.

November 7.

I now have a white servant as well as the two blacks. He works a thousand times better than Korka, and looks after me well. With three I ought to get along all right !

My horse "Golden" is marvellous. After 50 kilometres (31¼ miles) in mud and marsh he is as ardent as ever.

Since yesterday I have five splendid quite new motor ambulances! They are running all day between the Valandovo dressing station and Strumnitza Station, carrying sick and wounded.

November 11.

To-day there was an attack, and our soldiers behaved splendidly. It began at daybreak; the mist hid our movements. Suddenly the adversaries found themselves face to face.

"You should have seen them run," said a young fellow of the 1915 class—such a fair-haired, charming lad.

He was wounded, but all the same quite happy "because we gave them a licking."

My five ambulance cars are extremely useful. The "Service de Santé" is much complimented, and I feel myself well supported and my opinions agreed to.

The head of the whole Service de Santé passed a day here with me the day before yesterday. He seemed very pleased with all we had done.

I am head doctor of a whole division (isolated up to the present), and am responsible for the health of 20,000 men, made up of four infantry regiments, two engineer companies, five artillery groups.

I have two dressing stations (No. 3 and No. 4) and a stretcher-bearer section, and about seventy-five officers, more or less, directly under my orders.

Korka and Birama are quite well again; the sun has cured them.

I went out on "Golden" for an hour this afternoon. The roads are often turned into rivers, which is not a bad

THE ENGLISH WHO REPLACED THE FRENCH BETWEEN RABROVO AND DOIRAN.

ENGLISH ARTILLERY ON LAKE DOIRAN.

thing, for it leaves on them a layer of sand which is very soft for the horses' feet.

When "Golden" feels the sand under him I can hardly hold him. He trembles, pulls himself together, arches his neck, and dances. An almost imperceptible movement of my hand or pressure with my knees, and he lets himself go, stretches himself out like a bow, and gallops to his heart's content. I yield to his every fantasy. We are both intoxicated with the joy of movement.

Our shrapnel was bursting on the hills of the frontier towards 4 o'clock, the firing was regular and very exact.

As I returned home a storm came from the north. The air on the mountains seemed to tremble. The great shadows of the clouds spread quickly.

Against the black background the hills became violet, then purple and bluish. There was a whole variety of tints, one superposed above another. Finally a heavy downfall of rain crossed the valley of the Vardar.

On one side there was suddenly a great white veil which clothed the mountain, and on the other a dazzling sunlight which left its beauty bare and smiling.

If you come to Salonika bring a camp-bed. It is not very cold at Salonika, nor perhaps will it be here, for there are great quantities of mulberry and pomegranate trees.

I do not know what to advise you about Salonika. Perhaps you ought to wait a little.

You know that we are on the very worst terms with the Greeks. Salonika may not be safe for very much longer.

Your loving HUSBAND.

November 13.

I have received your letters from London of October 30 and November 1. You seem to think I need a rest. You

were right. I was very much over-worked during the first days of our establishment at Strumnitza Station.

I had jaundice. Don't be anxious. *Everybody* had it, either at the Dardanelles or here in Serbia. It is a most interesting medical fact. Doctors are discussing it. I have made some minute observations; but without my microscope I cannot get far. . . .

As for me, I was on milk diet for a week or so, and now my skin has become clear again. I feel better than ever —quite strong and in good spirits.

To-day I finished my service in the morning, and at 11 o'clock was ready to leave the camp on "Golden." It would have been impossible to remain indoors.

Imagine the most beautiful January day on the Riviera. The air was light, sparkling, deliciously fresh. The colours were so clear that just to open one's eyes and look around was a joy. Birama took a cold lunch for me in his saddle-bags, and I started early to inspect my first line ambulances.

First I went to Kaluchova to photograph the famous thousand-year-old plane tree. It is in the bed of a torrent, and spreads forth the gigantic bouquet of its golden leaves in front of a half-built mosque. What a superb Eastern picture!

Afterwards I rode through the villages which are on the last slopes of the mountain, and we stopped for lunch on the high banks of a river.

For dessert a few of our "75" shells went whistling over our heads towards the hill-tops, where they burst. I made two sketches of the distant mountains.

At 3.30 we were at the village of Veseli, more picturesque than anything I have seen here yet, and of which my sketch will give you no idea. One descends a very steep path into a river-bed, where little separate silver streams

are flowing. Out of this oasis spring great and out-spreading golden plane trees. The sky is blue. In this landscape of varied tints the tents of our soldiers and the dwellings of the peasants stand out clearly against the mountain.

I only meet cooks in the houses of the village. Some have even penetrated into the mosque. Oh, they don't mind. Allah is punishing their profanity by blowing smoke into their eyes, which blinds them.

The meals, carried by the men because of the difficulty of the steep paths, arrive only two hours later on the hills where our machine-guns are placed.

Returning during the quiet of the evening hours we heard a noise like thunder. It was continual, never stopping for a minute. Krivolak was again under a rain of shells. What could be more distressing in the midst of such beauty ?

The immense plain of the Vardar stretched out on either side. The belt of mountains surrounding it was bathed in blue mist, dark and deep like the sea. "Golden" brought me back to Strumnitza in some long gallops, not, however, without having drunk deep at the Hudovo spring, where I am having some hygiene works done.

I was back soon after 5, not in the least tired. I have signed the mail, sent off letters and orders, and here I am writing to you ! Do I seem ill ?

Yesterday I went on an inspection by motor car : a lovely drive—Strumnitza, Valandovo, Rabrovo, and Doiran. All along the road were your British soldiers, upright and splendid. The lake of Doiran was as beautiful as the lake of Geneva by this transparent light. And the town is in an amphitheatre like Lausanne. At Doiran station, which is Greek, there were Serbian, Greek, French, English, soldiers.

Bless you, Beloved. J.

STRUMNITZA STATION, *November* 18.

DEAR HEART,

Since last night it has begun to be cold. We have to dress more warmly in consequence. I have bought all that I needed in Salonika. I am living in the house of the "garde-barrière" on the railway line.

I read the French papers last night. They do not view our situation optimistically. Our fate is bound up with that of the Serbian army, and we now know that it is cut off from the Allies at Salonika, and that it is being driven into the mountains towards the west. Doubtless the heroism of the Serbians is prodigious, but there are limits.

Our own operations are very successful. We have cleared the Vardar from Krivolak to Doiran, and thrown the Bulgarian divisions beyond the frontier. We hold the strategic points on the road to Strumnitza, where we should go at once if the British could supply us with enough reserves.

My Division, the 156th, is firmly established between Gradetz and Tatarli. Along an extent of 12 miles, imagine a series of mountains some of which are more than 2,500 feet high. We stormed the hills and have remained on the summits. Our guns and the heroism of our infantry have accomplished marvels.

The Bulgarians have had considerable losses, and we have buried their dead by hundreds. Cartfuls of their rifles are brought back to our camp.

It is probable that we shall leave this place to the English when the situation is clearer. But what can we do either as regards Serbia or Constantinople? We are only three or four divisions against the Bulgarians, Austro-Germans, and Turks. Uskub and Veles are in Bulgarian hands; Old Serbia—the Serbia of the north—no longer exists. We are two months late.

The *Times* doubtless gives you better information than I can on the subject. Besides, we know nothing more than the English and French papers tell us. The Greek papers never say a word that is true.

Mille tendresses, petite femme chérie. Your JOSEPH.

November 20.

Yesterday I went for a long ride into the mountains on the right bank of the Vardar. I was accompanied by the head doctor of No. 4 dressing station. First we went through the village of Mitrovitza, then up a high hill from which we had a beautiful panorama.

A series of dark green walls succeeded each other in a most wonderful setting of lines and curves. The landscape terminated in the sky with immaculate white hills. All the details were charming.

Torrents rushed down in waterfalls over abrupt gorges, where plane trees sent out touches of autumn gold. It was a wild, abandoned region. Occasionally we took our field-glasses to search the bushes. Komitadjis had been there for the last few nights. We were armed; Birama (my African servant), made like a Hercules, is worth two Bulgarians.

Later we came to a diabolical olive-shaped bridge—a ruined construction which, however, enables the natives to cross the Petronska 60 feet above the noisy fast-flowing water. Giddiness forced us to halt. It would have been dangerous to risk the horses. . . .

On our return we met three Serbian women in a narrow lane. They were young, and were coming back from the forest after cutting wood. Their little asses were carrying enormous bundles.

Like all peasants, these women were bare-headed and

bare-footed. They wore red and white aprons, one of them a brilliantly red apron, probably a new one. She had cheap bracelets on her wrists. She blushed when we looked at her.

The asses, which were a little way in front, took fright at our big horses. One rushed off, but its burden slipped and pulled the ass over; it remained there with its four feet in the air. I asked Birama to help; he rushed forward and raised the poor victim.

The women remained at a distance, watching with wide-open eyes. Birama tried to reload the ass. But it took two, and the women approached. The one in the new apron blushed and stopped. One of them at last made up her mind, and rearranged the scaffolding of faggots. She was not nearly as big as Birama, but more dexterous. They exchanged smiles across the ass's back. She even laughed. . . .

When we had moved off, bursts of laughter came from the three young Serbian women—the first laughs to be heard on this dismal countryside.

Bonsoir, chérie.

Your Joe.

November 21.

I put on for the first time to-day my steel helmet, which protects my head from shrapnel. It is heavy and weighs more than 2 lbs.

Everybody here is in good spirits. Our initiative and *entrain* have been praised several times. The London and Paris newspapers are not reassuring. In our particular district we are getting on all right. Our soldiers are very plucky and in very good health.

Your devoted Husband.

November 22.

DEAREST,

I chatted this evening with a Serbian who has just come from Novi-Bazar, and had to pass through the whole of Albania. He says that the Serbian army driven towards the west is still intact. It will take the offensive again when the time comes.

Albania is quiet. Essad Pasha is on good terms with the Serbians, and will remain faithful to them. There are doubtless some attempts at revolt, but they are quickly and easily put down.

The Albanians are capable of keeping their word. They are a wild mountain people as agile as goats, made like greyhounds. Their features are strong and regular.

There are paths in this country, no roads; and what paths! We are working hard to improve them. But let an army try to pass on them!

I am going to have a Serbian interpreter to accompany me to the villages and to translate for the wounded Serbians. I am trying to learn a few Serbian words, but you know how slow I am at foreign languages.

I do not know if you can picture to yourself my immediate surroundings here. Strumnitza is a station and a very modest ruined hamlet. I live in the little house of the railway gate-keeper. You can imagine what that must be.

There is also in this pseudo-palace part of No. 4 dressing station, and the "Direction du Service de Santé." The first storey is reached by an outside stone staircase. The Direction is up there. In this bureau an administrative officer and my secretaries are working.

Adjoining the bureau is my room, which has two windows —one on the courtyard, the other on the mountains. Yesterday I stuck pictures on to the walls; it is more cheerful in the evening. On the wall there is also a map

of Europe, two little ones of the Balkans, and two shelves ingeniously made by boxes placed one on the top of the other. My overcoat and mackintosh and clothes hang on nails. In a corner is my little camp-bed with a mattress and sheets. On the wall above my head hang my field-glasses, revolver, and sword. Then there are my two regulation tin boxes, my saddle and Birama's.

I keep for the end . . . my stove. It is tiny, thin as an onion skin. It reddens as quickly as a young girl. It is an unparalleled joy for Korka when he has to light the stove. I must say I like it too. He warms his hands and passes them quickly over his cheeks and eyes while they are still hot.

You would have some shocks if you were at Salonika. It appears that there is such tension that the guns of the ships might go off of themselves! The Greeks have mobilised against us. It is incredible all the obstructions they have put in our way. We cannot rent houses for hospitals. For the railway line we have six Serbian engines. . . . I think Lord Kitchener, who is coming to inspect us, will be pretty disgusted!!

British journalists came here yesterday in my absence. I lent them one of our cars. You will have articles about us.

Do not speak again of my six days' leave. I feel I am needed and useful here. I am absolutely well. This is not at all the time to ask for leave.

November 23.

I went for another long ride again yesterday accompanied by a young doctor. We had gone so far into the mountains that we thought we would return by a different way, and followed the hollowed-out bed of a torrent. What adven-

A MOTOR MACHINE GUN WHICH WAS DISEMBARKED ON THE 2ND NOVEMBER AT STRUMNITZA, AND TOOK PART IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE BULGARS ON THE 3RD.

THE RETREAT. FRENCH AND SERBIAN SOLDIERS GUARDING THE FLAG ON THE VALANDOVO-KATORLI ROAD.

PREPARATIONS FOR THROWING A BRIDGE OVER THE VARDAR AT STRUMNITZ .

BULGARIAN PRISONERS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 156TH DIVISION.

tures, what unexpected baths, we had before getting out of it again!

In this lost region, far away from the explorers' road and human curiosity, we found a small village. An unfinished tower looked from the distance like a dungeon of the thirteenth century. Background of autumn plane trees.

We felt for our revolvers. Nothing moved in the first houses; no smoke to indicate life. The silence was absolute.

We advanced cautiously. Suddenly we came on some black fowls. Birama insisted on capturing some, as everybody had fled.

We dismounted in front of the church. A woman, some sixty years old but with a frank and loyal expression, came out. She saluted us by raising her hands to her forehead. We gave her some money. She then called a friend who was still older than herself. They showed us the church.

They have both remained in this deserted village. They are the guardians of its extinguished hearths. What courage these poor old things must have had to stay here alone, lost in the mountains at the mercy of a comitadji who may pass and strangle them! Birama had his fowl, but naturally I paid for it.

We quickly became very friendly with these two old ladies of Greista; and when we left they accompanied us as far as a fountain in a little wood of golden plane trees. There they said good-bye as the path became difficult.

Good-night, little Wife, and I will dream of you. J.

November 25.

My Own,

There is no letter from you in the last post, doubtless because these new addresses invite errors. All the same

I received a packet of newspapers. How is it that the *Times* and the *Vie Parisienne* have been able to remain so long rolled up together in the same packet ?

We are beginning to get uneasy here, and to wonder what will become of us. The Serbian army is cut into three sections. Monastir is probably in the hands of the Bulgarians. We hear that Greece wants to disarm us if we repass over her frontier.

For a time, immense reinforcements were passing incessantly day and night. Now the movement has stopped. There only remain five engines for us from Krivolak to Salonika.

If we can escape, it is possible that we shall go to Egypt to defend the Suez Canal ! Events have moved quickly since the union of the German, Austrian, and Bulgarian armies. We arrived here two or three months too late.

The weather has become rigorous. A north wind cuts one's face. It freezes hard every night. Fortunately I am no longer in my tent. My little stove is red-hot. My room is comfortable, and I have a good lamp.

In the early morning, Korka comes in with a huge bundle of wood under his arm. He is frozen. He lights the stove for himself. He does not even look at me. It is only when he is warm that he thinks of me, opens the windows, and brings my breakfast.

This morning General Bailloud came into my room. It was 6.45, and I only had half my face shaved. The General gets up always at 5 a.m. !

Yesterday I returned to a village of refugees, in whom I now inspire less terror. I visited the houses one after another accompanied by a young interpreter. Women, children, and dogs were lying in the sun before their doors amidst their maize. Before they recognised me there

was great alarm ; the women rushed into their houses, the children cried, the dogs barked.

The houses of this village, called Balinée, are of mud. They are big and like barns covered by a roof of bricks with no intermediate ceiling. They are generally divided into two rooms. The asses, oxen, sheep and goats are kept in the biggest. The little one is for the family and has a good wood fire.

There are heaps of boxes, coloured rugs, blankets, but no beds, chairs or cupboards. They grind the maize between two round stones. With the flour, they make huge loaves of bread which are baked, fire above, fire below.

The husbands of most of these women are at the war. Some are plucky and work so hard that they succeed in feeding their children. Others have lost all hope and do nothing but lament and cry. Their husbands are dead, their children are hungry and cold and their poor little bodies are covered with sores.

When I question these women they cry still more. They tell me their miseries, and though I do not understand their words, I am moved to the depths of my heart.

Theirs is the lamentation of all women who suffer by war. It is the same desolation everywhere. Sobs banish words ; the universal language of all women now.

To-day, the 25th, I went on horseback to two new villages which I had not yet visited—Miletkovo and Smokvica, both on the right bank of the Vardar. Miletkovo is half deserted. One reaches it by a road which crosses a very pretty torrent. The water flows in a bed of slate-blue pebbles and under a sumptuous golden canopy of plane trees.

As in all these villages, there are only women. Their first movement is flight. But if there is an old woman,

matters improve. She does not go away, but welcomes soldiers with a smile.

We all talk without understanding each other. Meantime the fugitives reappear. It is rare if one of them at least has not the charm of freshness and youth. When our eyes meet, they blush.

If you address a few words to the Beauty, she is bashful and moves away. When you depart she is hidden behind the bushes. This evening we saluted the Beauty of Miletkovo, who (feeling herself safe behind her hedge) raised her hand to her lips, but the kiss intended for us also included the whole Serbian land.

November 26.

Thick snow. . . . It is very cold. This did not prevent my riding. Our situation seems quite safe and calm, but it is only so in appearance. You see the papers! Salonika of old was called the "coveted city." What epithets and nicknames will it not deserve?

November 30.

An exceedingly violent cold, from which many of our men are suffering. An icy north wind, but sunshine all the same. A movement shortly: we shall go to Salonika for the time being. I am quite well and in as good spirits as the first day.

Trust me and be calm, my good little, true little Wife.

Your Joe.

December 1.

My Dear One,

Since November 26 we have been deep in winter. It is majestic and terrible. Catastrophes are beginning.

Animals are dying. By hundreds our men are coming in with frozen feet. This procession of lamed men is dreadful; it does not cease day or night.

The wind is blowing from the north without a pause. It snowed for three days, beginning by big, hard flakes. It was like a fairy spectacle at the theatre, though you could hardly see anything in front of you.

The next day the wind joined in. The great white flakes took possession of the country, clothing its smallest contours, showing up every outline. I again went out on horseback to admire the spectacle.

At the village of refugees not far from Strumnitza I found the little houses crowded. All were thawing themselves by groups round the fires, for it was impossible for them to go out. The beasts are under the same roofs as the people, warming them by their breath and life just as it happened in Bethlehem. The sheep are now in safety from the wolves, which yesterday killed more than forty of them.

I talked to the women and children, who are beginning to know me. "And who is that?" I asked my interpreter, pointing to a young Serbian woman with blue eyes and serious expression. "She is called Mary Magdalena. . . . You know the one who helped Christ when He died." The interpreter does not speak French very well. It is true that the blue eyes of the young woman could console a god. We ate some maize bread which Mary Magdalena had cooked in front of us.

On returning we had to face the wind in a storm of snow, which froze and blinded us. The horses stumbled on to obstacles, and nearly fell. Starving birds flew before us and followed us, determined not to desert us.

Then for a time the sun disengaged itself from the thick clouds. It shone through the layers of snow which were

falling and which blocked the atmosphere. This struggle between the light and the dark whiteness of the snow was very beautiful. The next morning Birama had one of his feet frozen (only first degree). My horses are ill, and I myself have no inclination to go out again.

Yesterday and to-day the cold increased still more. The Vardar is beginning to freeze. This impetuous torrent froths in icicles and big pieces of ice. It is flowing more slowly. Soon perhaps it will be one big block of ice.

Last night a detachment came down from the mountains. They were so frozen that they rushed into the houses, into the tents, even into the rooms of my wounded, so as not to die of cold. They were driven out again.

Tumult and cries followed. Some thought it was a Bulgarian attack. When we got up this morning we discovered that wooden railings, doors and windows had disappeared. They had burnt them.

What then is to be done in this country? We shall retire probably. Perhaps in a week we shall be on the right bank of the river going towards Ghevgeli and Salonika. We believe we are going to Salonika.

I wear my overcoat, a white goat-skin, my cloth tunic, a sweater, a woollen waistcoat, a thick vest and a cotton chemise (seven thicknesses), and even then I am not warm.

December 4.

It is a pity I have not much time to write to-day. There is so much to say, but I will begin by the essential. We are retreating—all of us. The three French divisions give up the game.

Really the enterprise was a splendid one, but we were not understood or followed. We are glad, all the same,

that we have had the honour of risking our lives for these brave Serbians in their own country.

This morning we evacuated Krivolak station at 6 o'clock. The Bulgarians were there at 7.30. We dynamited the water reservoirs, the platforms, the principal bridges.

The retreat was effected in good order by all the paths, all the defiles, and naturally by the railway line, which, however, was quite insufficient.

At 11 o'clock I took the train to Demirkapu. I wanted to see for myself. It was one of the last voyages northwards. The weather, which had become much more bearable, turned cold again. There was a bitterly raw wind.

The further we moved forward the more difficult our progress became; the line was crowded with troops and convoys of animals. Soldiers of France were scattered about on both sides of the line, on the slopes of the mountain, on the river beds. Their bearing was superb. They were ruddy, and seemed well fed and in good form. The new steel helmet gave a cachet of military uniformity which had been lacking.

To reach Demirkapu we crossed the famous defile called the "Iron Door of the Vardar." The mountains which encircle the river, and which from Strumnitza Station threaten to strangle it, seem almost to succeed just here.

The Vardar, pressed between giant walls, battles and roars. The rocks are grey, savage, and mighty. I could not see the tops, though they are perhaps not very high. A white cloud of thick snow-flakes hid the summit from our view. It was a grand spectacle, but it only lasted a few minutes.

The valley immediately afterwards stretched out immeasurably wide, surrounded by a belt of hills crowned with very low, heavy clouds and deeply covered with snow.

All the valley is still white with snow, while at Strumnitza there were only a few white stretches left.

Guide-books declare that it is here that another climate, another land, the true Serbia begins. Nothing could be more exact. One clearly has that impression.

There was often 60 centimetres of snow on the ground. The thaw had transformed the town and the whole plain into a huge marsh. I ventured forth to try and see General Leblois, commanding the 57th Division, but I had to give it up.

I watched some infantry passing. They were covered with mud from head to foot—thick and bad-smelling mud. The horses were like monsters. It surpassed description. The mist fell still lower. It was very cold. One felt very melancholy.

What I saw to-day some journalists who came from a great distance would have very much liked to see. We received them at our mess several days ago.

I presided at table. I proposed a toast. A New York correspondent answered in pretty much these terms : " The whole universe has fixed its eyes on this little corner of the earth. Again France has been magnificent. We Americans love the French. We admire them now more than ever." There were songs and recitations. A celebrated caricaturist made some good caricatures.

They slept at the ambulance station. They were all charming. They were very pleased with their reception We had them to lunch on the next day. You will probably see our photos in the papers.

I forgot to tell you that to-day, about 12 o'clock, a Bulgarian battery of 120 succeeded in placing some shells just above us. We hope devoutly, however, to keep them quiet till we have passed the bridge. After that we ourselves shall destroy it.

VALANDOVO DURING THE BATTLE OF NOV. 3. COUNTRY CARTS ASSEMBLED IN THE COURT OF THE MOSQUE TO EVACUATE THE WOUNDED.

A MACEDONIAN SOLDIER FORMING PART OF A GREEK DETACHMENT AT STRUMNITZA STATION.

A SERBIAN SENTINEL NEAR STRUMNITZA.

December 5.

It seems to be decided that we retreat by Doiran. Nobody knows what will happen. Perhaps we shall be harassed, perhaps not. In any case we shall be very quickly and easily in Greek territory. By the time this letter reaches you we shall be at Salonika.

I wish I could go with it to you.

Your Joe.

December 8, 9 p.m.

Dear Wife,

The hour is a tragic one. We are beating a retreat. We were only supposed to be starting to-morrow, but we must hasten if we are not to be outflanked.

This evening petroleum was distributed in order to destroy all that could not be carried away. The Bulgarians are there at Gradec. Our first lines are resisting well, but the attacks are becoming more and more severe. Freed from other fronts, the enemy is throwing himself on us. We shall hold out as long as it is necessary.

Telegrams and telephone messages arrived continually all last night and all to-day without interruption. Motor ambulances have brought their wounded to us here, and we have filled waggon after waggon. It has been one long procession of blood-stained images. We recognised among them many of our friends.

At 2 o'clock General Bailloud arrived for the burial of an officer whom we welcomed and fêted here a few days ago. The cannonade and rifle fire are getting nearer and nearer. The trains on which we were counting do not come. How shall we send off our hundreds of wounded and these stocks of material which are massed at the side of the railway line ?

At 4 o'clock we succeeded in sending off a very, very long train. Huge guns were on some of the trucks. There were two engines—one in front, one behind. It is so extraordinarily long that we climb on to the raised mound of the ambulance station and watch it move slowly towards the bridge.

Shells immediately explode around it. The white smoke of the engines mingles with the white clouds of the cannonade. For a moment there is a magnificent concert. In the glory of the guns and their proud music the last corps of Frenchmen pass out of sight. It is an historic vision. . . .

Now orders are given that we too must fly to-night. The other trains, if there are any, must creep out slowly under cover of darkness. To-morrow the Bulgarians will be in this very place where I am writing.

During dinner I was sent for by the Staff. The last movements were planned. Birama is starting at once with my horses. I am to follow in one of the last motor cars. Dressing station No. 4 is to take with it all its wounded as well as those whom we are expecting by the last train to-night.

If any wounded have to be left behind a doctor will stay and look after them. He was chosen by lot this afternoon. He accepted the task simply and nobly. I was able to tell him, in shaking hands with him, that the General appreciated his devotion.

GHEVGELI, *December* 9.

We departed at midnight by motor car. Before leaving my room for the last time, I instinctively put all in order. Others broke their windows and any odd furniture which had been made there during these last days.

Our convoy consisted of two motor cars. In the black

darkness their lanterns sent forth a bright light. We were immediately in the midst of an incredible medley of people and animals. Our lights reveal to us the smallest details. All were full of anxiety about the unknown fate which is hanging over us.

When the moment has come for the last men to retreat and leave the district, how will the Bulgarians behave? Shall we be pursued, outflanked? If the losses are to be reduced to a minimum, there will have to be an exact and perfect understanding between the different units so that nobody lets go too soon.

We were driving in the wake of a little motor car which was in front. Our lanterns gave it the appearance of a big white ball which rolled, bounced, jumped, according to the holes in the road. Every few minutes we crossed convoys. Here is a "75" battery; there cavalry or sappers.

On the edge of the road infantry were marching past as in a cinema. There was no rifle fire near us. The guns were silent. The mist grew thicker. One could not distinguish anything a yard in front. Some carriages plunged into a deep ditch.

At last we reached Valandovo. This pretty little town which we conquered, and which rose so daintily from amidst a wood of pomegranate trees, is no more. It was burnt some few hours before we arrived. The minaret and church tower fell alike into the flames.

At Rabrovo, also conquered by us, everything was already destroyed by fire, but it was quite an ordinary village.

In the mud of the Bojima all vehicles sank deeply. Mules refused to move. There was a certain amount of disorder, and the immense column had stopped. Some mules preferred to break their carriages and their own limbs rather than make another effort. A large collection

of vehicles in despairing attitudes were lying pushed up against the banks at the side of the road. . . .

As we passed along this unending procession we asked for news of the latest events, and questioned those most likely to know anything. Vague and bad rumours were circulating, but we took into account the darkness and the tragic ending to our Odyssey.

Worn out with the jerks of the car and the length of the road, I longed for sleep. I shut my eyes, but it was too cold. Suddenly we found we were quite alone on the road. We seemed to have lost our way. Nobody knew this route.

At last a man on horseback appeared. Fortunately it was an Englishman. He galloped up with an electric lamp in his hand and quickly put us right.

About 5 a.m. we stopped at Cimarli. I established a dressing station in a deserted house. The site, decorated by tinted autumn branches, is particularly pretty. The wounded are attended there and sent on to Ghevgeli.

About 2 o'clock we started off again in our car by a very picturesque road. At 5 we reached Ghevgeli, passing over the magnificent bridge which is being mined and will shortly be destroyed. We are told that at 7 o'clock this morning Strumnitza Station was dynamited—the town just a heap of cinders. Everything was destroyed. At 7.30 the Bulgarians had not yet appeared at Strumnitza Station.

This evening I shall sleep here at Ghevgeli. There is a concentration of troops here, but it will not be for long. We are on our way to *Topsin*.

December 10.

Yesterday evening, having dined on cold fried potatoes and a bowl of concentrated milk, I slept in my camp-bed.

I had just my bed and my tent. All my other things are at Topsin or on the way there or . . .

I slept in a Ghevgeli schoolhouse on the ground floor. There were still the blackboard and the desks. It was terribly cold, for every minute orderlies and soldiers were coming in and going out. This morning I have changed my abode, and am in a splendid house. I am lodged like a prince. I have even a stove! All day cannonading in the distance.

Your loving HUSBAND.

CHAPTER XI

RETREAT AND RETURN

GHEVGELI, *December* 10.

DEAR WIFE OF MINE,

The schoolroom where I slept was even colder than I thought. As I told you, I had been given hospitality there by the Commissariat. After having dined on some cold potatoes at a child's desk while the head of the Commissariat dictated his orders for the next day's supplies—my mouth watered listening to him, and it made me hungrier than ever—I lay down to get some sleep; but, as there was a placard on the door, they took me for a Commissariat Officer. Soldiers and servants came in every minute and asked me for orders or information. They were well received! The whole vocabulary of the camps was hurled at them!

When I woke up heaps of soldiers were lying alongside of me, and one of those horrible lost dogs which wander about everywhere.

I was determined to find a better shelter. I noticed a big house, and, going to it, found an engineer officer who was just leaving it. He gave it up to me, as well as two chairs, a stove, wood, and coal.

But I was in a great hurry to get warm. I went searching about the town, and found a splendid stove which I lighted at once without waiting for the one promised me.

Dressing station No. 3 was in a swampy field not far from the Vardar bridge. I lunched there under a canvas tent, and we were all frozen. Returning to my room, which had

been swept, cleaned, and warmed, I fell asleep. I washed with warm water and soap, read my letters, newspapers, and dined, sitting near my stove and cooking my dinner on it.

In the night I had to visit some soldiers at the station who had preferred a five hours' walk here rather than continue their guard duty on the hills at Greisha and Ghavato. A defection like this helps us to appreciate the others—those who never let go. If one has never seen human yielding, how can one judge human courage ?

December 11.

As soon as it was light—brilliant sunshine quite early—there was an intense cannonade very close to us. On the principal Ghevgeli road numbers of troops were passing—the 59th Division, going to Doiran to help the English, who were said to need reinforcements. The Bulgarians, we hear, have tried to outflank them on the extreme right wing. Tatarli and the road from Kosturino to Strumnitza town are said to be in Bulgarian hands!

My service is responsible for the evacuation of all the wounded from Ghevgeli. Dressing station No. 3 is established on the site of a former hospital. But first the whole *personnel* has had to help to put out the fires which our predecessors have lighted.

Having received instructions to leave nothing in the hands of the enemy, they had not realised that we were not the enemy and that we ourselves could throw the incendiary torches. They had only left stained and filthy rooms, and two corpses in one of them.

Fires have been lit at the four corners of the town. Villainous-looking groups of refugees pull about the dead horses, intending to feed off them. Toothless and ragged

old women hunt for crusts of bread among the rubbish heaps. Wretched, poverty-stricken little children collect empty tins and beg.

I send off two ambulance cars asked for urgently from the right bank of the river, where no road is supposed to exist for this kind of vehicle.

The sun shines again. The town gets emptier and emptier. It is almost deserted now. I ride through it on horseback. Death indeed is coming. How dreadful, this last agony of a town, a country, a race !

In the streets, formerly full of crowds, there is nobody, nothing. Houses remain open, ready to be plundered, burnt, destroyed. They have an air of resignation to their fate.

My horse suddenly stiffens and draws himself together. An immense flame creeps along the whole length of the barracks. The buildings crack, tremble in a last shiver. Enormous clouds of smoke, then masses of flame. The work of death continues. . . . .

The children, however, have succeeded in pulling out a few blackened logs which burn their little fingers. One of them is dragging a cross. What a terrible symbol ! But a little girl comes to help him, and they smile at each other.

Sinister rumours are circulating among the soldiers. My two cars came back without having been able to fulfil their mission, because the road is held by the Bulgarians. There are orders to move. I have sent off my horses and servants.

The secretaries and the rest of the *personnel* are to take the last train—that of 2 o'clock in the morning, when the station will have been dynamited. As for myself, I shall have a motor car later on. I dictate orders late into the night.

GHEVGELI IN FLAMES DURING THE RETREAT.

CHILDREN PULLING OUT HALF-BURNT LOGS WHEN THE TOWN WAS SET ON FIRE.

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE VILLAGE OF PIROVO.

DOCTOR SUBIN DRESSING WOUNDED.

December 12.

In the night there were tremendous explosions. I imagined it to be shell fire. No, it was the railway and bridges which were being blown up as pre-arranged. I knew it, but had forgotten.

A thick fog. A closely-formed procession of troops and convoys. They are hurrying. The Vardar bridge is going to be dynamited. Nobody wants to see the entry of the Bulgarians into Ghevgeli! About 7 o'clock, the hospital is burning.

I throw a last glance at the house I am leaving. It has sheltered and warmed me for a moment, and now it must die. We literally cross the flames in order to leave the town.

There are troops everywhere still. The Vardar bridge is new, brand-new. There is another near by already in the water. It is the one of the last war. I see the section whose mission it is to destroy the bridge, and I distinguish the wire which will transmit the spark.

I established dressing station No. 3 in the village of Bogorodica in the church itself. It appeared to be pretty peaceful on our arrival there. Directly we were settled in, I heard that we should be under rifle fire in an hour, and that I must move forward as quickly as possible.

I went to see a place on the bank of the Vardar from which the wounded could be transported by boats. There is a second place just opposite Makukovo. We had the greatest difficulty in reaching the village by motor car. The roads were crowded with troops. Here, one has the impression that the retreat is being carried out very methodically. At Makukovo we are in Greece. I was given shelter there by Greek peasants, who were in indescribable terror at the Bulgarian approach.

KARASOULI, *December* 13.

DEAREST,

On leaving the Greek house yesterday I met General Bailloud. He proposed that we should go together to the village. I dismounted and walked with him. We waited for news in the middle of the village of Makukovo. We heard that some artillery waggons have fallen into the hands of the Bulgarians. "It is not of great importance," said the General. "The whole division might have been taken."

The whole staff mounted again. This time I was with them. The General was saluted everywhere as a friend. "Golden" was much flattered to be among the escort, and took all the honour for himself. He pranced, made himself beautiful, and paid so little attention to his rider that he nearly threw me.

As we rode in front of the troops the fog got thicker and thicker. . . . We drove the last part of the way by motor car. We arrived here at 5 o'clock.

I made it my first business to unload the ambulance cars which were waiting here full of wounded. But there were no stretcher-bearers anywhere near. I beckoned to a soldier. "Will you carry this wounded man?" "I am a colonel's cook."

I gave him a look. He saw he could not play with me, and in a very short time all my wounded were being carried by amateurs to the hospital. I sent the cars back to Makukovo. If they cannot escape the enemy they are to be burnt like the others. Three have had to be destroyed.

I went through indescribable dirt and mud to the dressing stations and hospital established near the camp. On my return I found my tent erected. It was raining slightly, and terribly cold. I lighted a quantity

of candles, and stuck them up in my tent to give me the illusion of warmth.

The staff has set working its electric light machine. The noise of the engine is the only sound to break the silence of the night.

TOPSIN, *December* 15.

Since yesterday I have been here, in perfect health. I arrived after a single long ride from Amatovo. "Here" means Topsin, 23 kilometres from Salonika.

I slept in a real room, and had a fire. I have received a quantity of letters, one from you of December 3.

We had an extraordinary Odyssey, marked by the magnificent pluck of our troops, through a country as curious as its inhabitants are original. Have no anxiety about me; all is quite right.

But to go back. All night at Karasouli men who had escaped from I don't know where were wandering about near our tents. They wanted to rest, but probably could not because of the cold. There was a drizzle, and the ground was soaked.

Many detachments which it had been feared were lost arrived during the night. They fell into line in the camp. It was a second Zeitenlick!

On exploring our camp we found the emplacements of big Greek guns, which, even yesterday, were aimed on . . . us . . . ? Oh no, on the Bulgarians!

A nice programme had been planned to drive us back, a lost flock, into the region between the lakes and the Vardar! Look at the map. Do you know a more treacherous country in the world?

We started forward again at midday. As it was the "Service de Santé" which had succeeded in finding a road

out of the swamps, we led the way, through an ocean of sticking mud—an interminable filthy marsh. It was unimaginable!

We on horseback, who could go to right and left and choose our path, could manage to make some progress; but the carts, the artillery waggons! All the horses had to be united for one waggon, and when that was freed the same stratagem had to be employed for the next.

At about half-past 2 I crossed a bridge over the Aznack built by our engineers. I left the convoys to get on as best they could, and continued alone. On the crest of the plateau which dominates the Vardar we found a good path. We were able to gallop at last!

At 4 o'clock we reached Amatovo. There are no soldiers there. It consists of farms where the hay is pressed. On the plateau there are a very long barn and the church, below the scattered houses of the village, and further off the curving lines of rivers, little woods of delicate colouring, the Vardar, the plain, and in the distance long lines of hills. A beautiful region, but one which frightens; it seems so sinister and fatal.

There was a quantity of water-fowl there; flocks of ducks and herons were constantly outlined against the grey sky.

I arranged a little corner of the barn for myself. There was a good fire; it was delicious.

Dressing station No. 3 joined me in the barn later. We all slept well that night under a good roof and in a profusion of hay. . . .

During the night other convoys had joined up, and on the morning of the 14th the ground was black with troops as far as one could see. I went down during the morning to Amatovo village, which at first had seemed to me denuded of all interest. I found a Greek couple selling

tangerines, tobacco, and figs. Further on there were women and children in bright and varied clothing.

As always, there were only old women. I found, however, one young girl who had dared to show herself. The costume of the people here is very original; and I have never seen anything like it except at the theatre.

They are Koutzo-Valaques, nomads with strange customs. The women were knitting very warm and thick socks, which they offered us and which we bought very gladly. These women wear fichus, which are tightly bound round their heads and come down low over the forehead. Little pieces of hair are allowed to show.

Over a coat with light-blue sleeves they wear a bolero with long tails, which forms a sort of military overcoat drawn in at the waist and provided with big pockets on either side. These give them a very warlike appearance.

The costume is bordered with red. Some also have striped aprons of red, green and blue. One is surprised that there is not either a sword or dagger dangling over the hip.

The young girl had big eyes which threw out brilliant, disturbing glances. She was wearing a good leather belt fastened by a silver buckle. It was a very fine piece of work of a design such as I have never seen before. I asked her for it. At last she consented. With lowered eyes, she undid the belt, and gave me the buckle.

This is for you, oh treasure among women! J.

December 17.

My dear Wife,

At Amatovo as no orders seemed to be forthcoming, and we were not a very great distance from Topsin, our

destination, I settled to leave at midday on horseback with Birama and an ambulance subaltern. Our horses carried us very quickly along a track over the plateau, good enough but never ending.

The Vardar plain on our right extended as far as we could see. We passed the Greek fort which overlooks the valley and the district between the lakes and the Vardar. There were enormous ruts and holes in the road. We were able to avoid them easily, but we wondered how the waggons would manage.

We passed Dogaudzi and other broken-down hamlets; the deserted aspect of the country constantly increased. About 4 o'clock we reached the extremity of the plateau, and saw Topsin sleeping modestly in the valley.

A dark mist surrounded it. The fog was even thicker in the plain. A cloud of mosquitoes followed and bothered us. It reminded me of the colonies!

I found a soldier lying inanimate on the side of the road. He still had his sack on his back and his rifle in his hand. It looked as if he was dead, but I succeeded in bringing him to, although he did not speak. I luckily found a cart and had him transported to No. 4 dressing station.

At last we arrived in Topsin. Mud everywhere; the roads and camp-ground are all one big swamp, lying between the station and a series of chalets with red-tiled roofs. The latter compose the Modiano farm. The buildings are new, and the principal house is very comfortable; but as Greek soldiers have occupied the farm lately they have carried off everything.

Whichever way I go in Topsin I find Greek soldiers. They are crowded into the kitchens and outhouses. There are hundreds of their little horses in the courtyards. A dozen are dead, but nobody takes any notice of them.

I went to the principal villa. A Greek officer very

amicably offered me a room and a bed. Things are turning out better than I thought.

My coughing stopped with the heat thrown out by a white porcelain stove. I warmed my hands. Delicious sensation. All the miseries of the retreat were forgotten, and I slept.

There was only one other French officer (the Commandant R.) in the villa that night, but a great many Greek officers. An icy wind penetrated the cracks of every door and window.

I was awakened on the morning of the 15th by Birama lighting my fire. I sent him to fetch my tin trunks, which I had not seen for ten days. I had only been able to take with me what I could carry on my saddle.

I was as delighted as a child to find I still possessed so many nice things. My room looks like one in a colonial bungalow, with its whitewashed walls and its windows protected from mosquitoes by wire netting.

It was cold and raining in torrents. The swamp deepened every minute. The soldiers, who had been urged forward by the promise of a roof, were obliged to plant their tents in the midst of these marshy plains. In case of necessity I had my own tent put up beside No. 4 dressing station.

It rained without stopping a single minute; soldiers, dead with fatigue, continued to arrive all day. Nothing is harder for the soldiers than rain and mud.

By means of great diplomacy, and after losing endless time, I succeeded in keeping my room for one more night. But I knew it would be the last, as the staff needed the whole place. I was obliged to share my room with a commandant.

Yesterday morning when we were still in bed General Bailloud, who is always up at 5 a.m., walked into our

room. He wished to lodge another division here, and was rather perplexed as to how to manage. When he saw us still sleeping he stopped short and asked us not to let him disturb us.

I got up quickly. It was still pouring. The least pessimistic began to have doubts about the attractiveness of the country.

My expulsion from the big villa took time. Towards 10 o'clock Commandant R. announced that another place has been found for me. He was very polite. I shall certainly have the building which was first given to the artillery but which, if the 122nd Division leaves . . .

It is quite clear! Then with the greatest amiability (how difficult it is to content everybody!) he said at last, "Do you see that garret over there?" . . .

I crossed a courtyard full of smoke and covered with manure, managed just to escape being bitten by two big dogs, and then had to climb a staircase, or rather a ladder. It is close to the dormitory of the farm-hands.

The room is full of maize and corn. I had the maize pushed into a corner and kept there by sacks piled up against it. The room became palatial!

There is a door and a window, sackcloth replacing the absent panes of the latter.

A penetrating smell of rats chokes me. There must be thousands of them. It is true; they jump on and over me all night as if I did not exist. They pass and repass over my body without the slightest qualms.

Korka had dragged a stove with him during the whole retreat. He put it up, but it smoked terribly, which did not astonish me when I found a yard of the pipe had been squashed quite flat.

It continued to rain all day. By degrees everybody arrived at Topsin.

One of the last was the head doctor of the Divisionary Stretcher-bearer Corps ("Brancardiers Divisionnaires"), whose duty it was to evacuate those wounded during the fighting—an admirable man, who again on this occasion had worked miracles.

I heard from him the details of the events, which I knew already and which were simply heroic. At Cinarli, after having burnt two motor cars and destroyed ten carts to keep them out of the enemy's hands, they were obliged to carry the wounded over mountain paths on the backs of mules or on stretchers carried by men.

Not a single casualty was abandoned. I will add that nowhere during the whole retreat were any wounded left in the enemy's hands. There are men who are above all human recompense. Dr. Canjole is one of these.

The tents of our men were torn up from the earth by the violence of the torrents of water foaming everywhere. It rained all night. The men were obliged to walk up and down so as to keep warm and not remain motionless in their damp clothes.

At last at 10 this morning, the 17th, the sun showed itself, and till 4 o'clock it was all enchantment. We lived again!

But what mud! I had thought at Strumnitza to have measured the most unsoundable depths, but here . . . The whole country seems a moving marsh. Where have we fallen?

At 2 o'clock I went out on horseback. In front of the station there is a river of mud, flowing here and there through the camp, in which the men sink and disappear into the swamp. I took the Salonika road. There the exodus of the Greek soldiers continues. They are giving us room at last!

Your muddy but quite healthy HUSBAND.

December 19.

My Little Wife,

At 10 o'clock yesterday morning I started for Salonika, which is only twenty-three kilometres distant. Pressing questions of hygiene needed prompt solution. The weather was cold, grey and misty.

The road, pretty good at first, became impossible after the bridge over the Vardar because of the mud and the endless traffic. The immense undulating district between Zeitenlick and Salonika is peopled with an army. Formerly it was a desert. Now there are fantastically long lines and groups of tents—towns under canvas; there are masses of provisions, of munitions, a conglomeration of motor cars of every model and form, a hundred motor-ambulances in a line, rows of waggons thirty or forty deep.

Two of these waggons would suffice to knock up the best road. There is no road, and a thousand cars are constantly circulating. Why are trains not running? At the threshold of a town which has considerable resources, entrepôts, warehouses, buildings, our soldiers, munitions and provisions, are under the open sky in the mud!

We passed a British artillery regiment with the usual very correct bearing. The harness and trappings are of first-class quality. A great many very young soldiers and officers. Our soldiers always appear so badly dressed beside the English.

I do not know how we did not kill, knock over, run into any amount of soldiers and civilians. When we reached the suburbs the mud was still as bad as ever, and we sent blinding sprays on to the passers-by. I saw a French police agent regulating the traffic in the middle of a square.

Salonika is still as picturesque and animated as ever. There are more British and French officers and fewer

Greeks. The harbour is more amply supplied with specimens from the Allied dockyards.

In the shops and restaurants there is the same crowd of women as before. We hear, however, that several thousands of people have fled to other shores.

The cinemas are overflowing. It is true that it is Saturday, and that the Jews' shops are closed. There is great animation at the bureaux of the staffs and administrations—Government offices on a small scale. How comfortably established some of them are! What a lot of paper we carry with us everywhere!

We meet in these bureaux always the same type of men and officers. Not that we envy them. Their state of mind is not ours. My admiration increases more and more for the little unknown soldier who holds the trench. The glorious seed which he sows in every wind is reaped by "the base." Rewards do not reach him. With what he has gained the men in the bureaux adorn themselves. We saw everywhere in these offices a respectable number of new stripes and new medals. Yet since October 1 not a single man round me has been made corporal!

At half-past 4, I returned to my car which was to take me back to Topsin. The chauffeur would not answer for getting me back the same evening. Then, just as we started, the lanterns went out. I settled that we should put off our return till the next morning.

I went to dine with friends, who gave me a warm welcome and were most interested in my stories of Strumnitza. It was really delicious to be reborn to life, and to talk with women who have beautiful eyes and soft voices.

This morning we returned to Topsin in less than an hour. Though perhaps I did not see enough at Salonika to form an opinion, my impression was favourable. Now that

we really hold the town, we shall remain there and defend it. Where is the enemy ?

The Bulgarians have not crossed the Greek frontier. The Austro-Germans are concentrating south of Uskub with the intention of driving us into the sea. We are playing one of our last cards in the East. With attention and firmness we shall be able to hold on if circumstances are favourable and if the enemy's forces are not too enormous.

The three French divisions are, as always, in the fore-front. Our men, tired out by a difficult retreat, set to work without a moment's delay to dig trenches. Our first lines are some thirty kilometres up the Vardar. It appears that on the right bank there are some 120,000 Greeks ! You see where Monastir is. . . . Every hypothesis is permissible. . . .

It seems to me that, masters of Salonika, we do not affirm our will clearly enough. Soldiers, precious material, munitions, are piled up on the outskirts of a town where shelter under roofs is refused to us. Not even the railway is reserved for us.

This morning it carried quantities of civilians to Ghevgeli, and probably many Germans were among these civilians ! So as not to offend the Greeks, we are complicating matters for ourselves. In our present relations why should we stand on such ceremony with our ex-friends ?

This afternoon I went to Bournadzu to establish a dressing station. There, at least, there is less mud. There are huge, free, uncultivated spaces. It is the most splendid battlefield one can imagine. In the distance one gets a hazy idea of Salonika and a glimpse of the sea, which is sprinkled with a quantity of boats.

I did enjoy my visit to Salonika, but I kept trying to imagine that you had kept to your plan and come there to meet your ever loving

JOE.

December 20.

My Dearest One,

I am literally overwhelmed. I have a hundred letters to get through with, and I only write to you! But how is it that you wait so long without news from me? It is a mystery to me. Don't believe for an instant, dear, divine little thing, that I am in any way to blame. Above all, don't quarrel with me, for I love so much the music of your letters.

Ever since I have been in Topsin I have sent you every day a long registered letter. Go to Paris, but don't fatigue yourself! I have just been reading your letter of November 29. I am touched, even to tears, to know that my dear little wife has spoken of me and my deeds to little English schoolgirls. As a lecturer you must have been wonderful. I would have loved to hear you, just as I now wish to have good news of you, for I think of you more and more. I cannot bear to think of the time which has elapsed since our parting.

I have also in front of me letters from you of December 4 and 5. The latter gives evidence of preoccupation about my health which my letters and my telegram should by now have dissipated. I am much more healthy than I was in Paris. I must really have a strong constitution.

I have not yet received your parcel of warm things, but I have everything that I need. The Koutzo-Valaques have sold me socks which are marvellous for keeping one's feet warm; and now my stove works well. What a pity that it makes me weep like the most tragic of dramas!

Did that dear, delicious little queen, the blonde ex-Miss G., receive the Bulgarian epaulette I sent her? In snatching it from a ferocious warrior I hope I gave proof of the troubling emotion which her fair, cold beauty caused me.

I congratulate you upon the amount of money you have saved. But, dear one, do buy yourself a watch bracelet or a nice fur.

How wise you were not to insist upon coming to Salonika! But if you had come you would have been able, I believe, to make extremely interesting studies there. As for me, I cannot see half as much nor as well as you do.

I have just finished an album of sketches. I will send them at the first opportunity, as well as your silver belt-buckle. Meanwhile I may tell you for your private ear that there is only one woman at Topsin, and that it is I who attend her. There is no need to bring out your great play of jealousy. I am not in the least in love with her. "That is astonishing," I hear you say.

Did you receive the case sent from Sedd-el-Bahr? It is said here that Gallipoli is going to be evacuated. I cannot believe it. It would be too cruel.

Good-bye, dear one.

Love from your Joe.

December 21.

Dear One,

We seem fixed at Topsin for some time to come. We are settling down. The "Service de Santé," which is so often neglected, will be well lodged and well provisioned here. With a little more diplomatic ruse I shall get hold of the Director's pavilion.

In the meantime I stick to my garret—the rats' refuge. If we can outwit Ferdinand's Bulgarians, surely we can outwit rats. I am having the place whitewashed, and panes put in the windows.

I have succeeded in stabling my horses with the bull of

the farm. Luckily he is a peaceable animal. Birama strokes him, saying, "Him very fat; him good to eat."

My horses deserve to be well treated; they have been so splendid. To-day I took them to go to Bournadzu, where No. 4 dressing station is being established. The Divisionary Stretcher-bearer Corps is camping beside it.

Later I went on to see the first-line trenches. They were only five kilometres off, but the ground was so bad that every footstep was an effort, almost a pain. I hated imposing such a task on my dear horses; but I wanted to see things for myself.

I was filled with admiration for our work. We have already two lines of well-made trenches with barbed wire, etc. I must not describe it. . . . And we have only just arrived. Really the French are astonishing! But what is the state of the future defenders of the trenches?

Last night there were heavy showers, thunder and lightning—all the elements are against us! The ground in the front lines is a moving, drifting quagmire.

And, unheard-of paradox, there is no drinking water! I saw a soldier to-day take water in his mug from a hole in the ground made by a horse-shoe! I spoke to him. He had not seen me come up. He confessed that it had an earthy taste.

Our men do not complain. They are standing the strain well, and just now there are few sick. What is going to happen? Our armies deserve victory a hundred times. I cannot believe that anywhere else in the world there is so much military resignation and so much bravery. Where, then, are all our calculations wrong? . . .

I went the whole length of our front, and I also visited No. 3 dressing station. I must have done at least thirty kilometres. It was quite dark when I arrived back. The ground was fearful from beginning to end. Imagine the

difficulties of transports and supplies. Of course no roads have ever existed.

On our way home the sun, just before sinking, was shining feebly. The rays were pale yellow, like smoke. They hardly reflected any colour on the pools of water at our feet.

Then suddenly there was an explosion of brilliant pinks and reds. The immense valley of the Vardar emerged from the mists, and its inundated plains brilliantly reflected all the colours of the dying day. Was it an apotheosis which measured the size of our tomb? It is indeed a formidable space capable of stifling the cries of agony of an army. On us, on our splendid fellows of France the sun shed marvellous roses till darkness set in.

This morning at about 9 o'clock before I left Topsin I saw General Castelnau. He stepped out of his car just beneath my windows. He was wearing his red and gold képi. He is small, but looks active and energetic. His feet, in light brown boots, tried to find places where they would not sink too deeply into the mud! . . . Good-night, from him who goes to dream of you!

J.

December 23.

My very dear Wife,

I have just seen a number of *L'Illustration*, in which there are some of my letters and photographs. I won't deny that this has given me amazing pleasure. But, above all, I love you so much for the laurels you twine for me, for the surprises of infinite delicacy which you devise.

Dear, how much I love you for loving me so much! It seems to me that I have lost time all my life in not cherishing you enough. Yet since the day when my eyes first saw you, since I had of you that first, fugitive vision, my

FRENCH SOLDIERS CAMPING IN THE MUD AT MODIANO FARM.

A CONVOY OF SUPPLIES FOR TOPSIN STUCK IN THE MUD.

BIRAMA AND THE DOCTOR'S HORSES IN A STREAM NEAR BUNARDZA.

A STONE BRIDGE WITH SARCOPHAGUS ON THE JENIDSA-VARDAR ROAD.

heart has been centred upon that memory—a fragile, slight apparition.

I recall the first smile of your eyes and the infinitely soft music of your first words, the floating of your school-girl's frock, the vaporous meshes of your fine hair. Since then our love has dashed itself against all the obstacles of life to the illimitable edges of the world. Now we love each other more than ever, for we are elect among all; and between us there has been created a force stronger than exile, stronger than the horrors of war, more living than time and space.

My granary-chamber is transformed this evening into a sumptuous palace where I await the queen. Perfumes and flowers, songs and music. What matters death? what matter silence and solitude? I wait for you!

I don't know what to give you for Christmas. Will you buy yourself something which will give you pleasure, and tell me what it is.

I sent you a telegram after our retreat from Serbia. I gave it in charge of the doctor at Salonika. I am sure he sent it, though he forgot to tell me if he did. To-day I am sending you another cablegram. I hope this will reassure you.

The Surgeon-General of the Army came to-day to Topsin. He had informed me beforehand by telegram of his intention to inspect the different sections of my division. We mounted our horses at 10 o'clock. The roads are a little less dreadful, because yesterday and to-day there has been a violent wind to dry them up. Besides this, the weather was warm with sunshine, and smiling with light.

We had lunch at field dressing station No. 3 at Vatiluk. Our chief is very popular, so this was a family meal where currents of deep sympathy flowed.

He wished to see the first-line trenches. Like me, he was amazed at work so well and so rapidly done upon this ungrateful soil, where, with all the enthusiasm worn out of them after their retreat, French soldiers have made so marvellous a line of defence. What a pity that I am not allowed to describe their work to you!

It is said that the Bulgarians and the Austro-Germans are preparing to cross the Greek frontier. What will happen to us when they do? We will defend ourselves with all our might.

Good-bye, dearest, well beloved, much cherished.

Kisses from your JOE.

December 24.

DEAREST ONE,

Christmas Eve! I had promised faithfully to go to Salonika to-day and celebrate Christmas with the family of whom I have so often spoken; but I only got back to Topsin after dark, and it was impossible even to think of escaping. Luckily I was able to telephone to them. So I am all alone! My garret has been emptied of all the maize which blocked it up. It is almost decent.

For Christmas I have lighted seven candles. They spread a solemn, church-like atmosphere and light around my hearth. When Birama came in just now he burst out laughing. Birama is not only Senegalese, he is also Mussulman. What a pity he did not understand and kneel down instead of laughing!

It is, however, Christmas, and I wished my tapers to burn all together to remind me of it. How many Christmases have been celebrated by men, and yet the world is as ferocious and cruel as ever. Jesus told us to love one another. Assassination and massacre are still held in honour. . . . Laurels, poets' verses, women's desires still

go to assassins and murderers. What madness attacks men and changes them into beasts ?

To-day was held a review of the troops for the presentation of crosses and medals. The head doctor of No. 4 dressing station received the Legion of Honour. The ceremony was held near the village of Bunardza on a green plateau which dominated the whole country-side.

A blue belt of mountains limited our horizon in the infinite distance. Our eyes, dazzled, read in our surroundings the history that we are making with our blood and the legends and stories that rise up from our dreams. Olympus, clothed with divine snow, and Salonika, emerging from the sea—a beautiful sultana guarded by battleships, whose splendid nudity breaks through the meshes of guns and bayonets.

The troops march past. It is a solemn moment. Here are the soldiers who have beaten a retreat before the Bulgarians. Will there ever be a more glorious retreat ? We felt inclined to applaud these men, so splendid we found them. Not a single member of anybody's family is present—only Olympus and his gods look on.

Evening comes. The nearest hills are visited by the violet shadows of night. Elsewhere it is a dark-blue atmosphere, which vanishes into a furnace of incandescent flame. Even with darkness there are still fiery rays.

I put " Golden " to a trot. The ground had dried a little with the violent wind which we have had these last days, and we both enjoyed the quick movement and the wide space.

This is my Christmas Eve, and now it is past midnight.

A merry Christmas to my darling so far away and so longed for by her devoted

HUSBAND.

December 26.

DEAREST WIFE,

I had made up my mind at the beginning of the week that if yesterday (Christmas Day) was fine I would spend it in seeing new country, and especially the distant town of Jenidza Vardar (Jannia), which is about thirty kilometres from Topsin. I had heard also that Pella, the Macedonian capital of Philip, and Alar, the country of Alexander the Great, were near there.

It is impossible to make certain of anything, as we have not a single book here. . . . Oh, Father Christmas, will you prepare delightful surprises for me? I beg of you. I have had no pleasures lately, and I should like that better than anything.

The General came into my room at 8 o'clock, and invited me to a Christmas lunch to-day or to-morrow. I chose to-morrow.

Birama had looked after my horses well, and we left Topsin at 10 o'clock. We rode along the bank of the Vardar till we came to a big, long wooden bridge, very uneven and leaning over on one side. The ferocious whirlpools of yellow water below were rather terrifying. The horses were frightened. French and Greek sentinels guarded the bridge.

After riding across inundated country, and over a number of wretched broken-down bridges which are no longer protected against the inundations, we stopped at Jajladzik, as I wanted to photograph the church and the surrounding houses.

The road from here rises out of the plain and crosses a hill. We came upon some of our brave fellows who were filling their carts with great blocks of stone. I talked with them. They knew nothing of the country beyond the hill opposite and the quarry.

It is just one immense desert, with a whitish ribbon crossing it. Not a house, not a shelter, not a tree. There are, however, small pieces of cultivated land. The same uniform tone everywhere. The horizon on our left is silhouetted with indistinct mountains. Later, when the sun shone out, Mount Vernion and Mount Karatas hung in the limpid atmosphere, a garland of snow flowers.

On nearing Jenidza Vardar, the goal of our pilgrimage, the Pajak was a triangle of divine blue mounting from the earth into the heavens.

Our horses hastened along the interminable road. Desert solitude, not a soul. At last somebody approached. It was a veiled woman on horseback, who was crying. The horse was so weak that it could hardly drag itself along. Another horse behind, led by its master, fell down just as we came up to it. It was carrying such a heavy load. We helped the Turk pick up his horse, the woman meanwhile crying harder than ever.

We left the high road to visit Pella, more to the north, which was the capital of Macedonia under Philip. There is no trace of a town at the point marked on my map, and we continued by a path leading to the village of Alakilise. There I saw the stone blocks of some ancient building.

Close by we met a woman carrying a jar full of water on her head. A little girl of five or six was holding her hand. Big black eyes shone out of a face really quite expressive and beautiful. Her costume of brilliant scarlet was rendered even more vivid by the sun. Filigrams of gold adorned the short skirt and the bolero. A red pair of trousers showed underneath the skirt. She disappeared slowly, with elbow high and hips undulating under their ardent red.

Musicians then surrounded us, playing with pipes and drums. They were a gipsy band. As we approached the

village the sounds of music attracted attention, and soon the road and banks above it were full of people.

We came to a fountain where village women and girls were filling their jars. I looked for the first apparition, but I did not see her again. I had sent Birama out of the way so as not to frighten these pretty jar-bearers, and advanced alone.

The fairy-like scene continued for my benefit. Round the fountain, with its sculptured stones and in a limpid atmosphere, the gipsy girls, dressed as for a fête, laughed and danced. Some had their hair down their backs, a bunch of tawny gold on the red material of their costumes. In a country where women are veiled and hide themselves, what an enchanting spectacle under the free sun of a Christmas Day!

Then we continued on our road. We came to a place where there were vestiges of a tower in the middle of the fields. Was this the village of Alar, where Alexander the Great was born? There were some quite beautiful ruins still left standing, but of course nobody could enlighten us as to their origin.

We began to feel that the road was long and we tried to take a short cut by the fields. Our horses were tired. They had only rested while we took a rapid meal at Alar.

At last at the top of a hill we distinguished Jenidza Vardar against the blue background of the Pajak. It abounds in a past splendour, in quantities of ruins which have never been repaired. The roads are paved Turkish fashion, as in old Salonika. Our horses' feet resounded.

People came out of their houses, and a crowd followed and surrounded us. They were quite friendly, and the children pressed close. I gave them chocolate, which they greatly appreciated.

They did not mind being photographed; in fact, the

women wanted it, and in the end they went and fetched a professional photographer, who made *us* sit for *him* in front of the crowd!

One part of the village which we passed through was full of Greek soldiers. They saluted us respectfully. Then we crossed to the Turkish quarter and there visited the mosque. It is of remarkable construction, and is majestically imposing. The very high minaret has a royal appearance.

But it was late, and we had to return to Topsin. In the distance Jenidza Vardar is very beautiful, with its minarets standing out against the blues of the mountain.

We returned in complete darkness, longing for the moon to rise. . . . Our horses were so tired that we stopped at an extraordinary sort of inn near Jajladzik to eat our dinner. Fortunately we did not need anything from the innkeeper.

It was after 10 when we arrived in Topsin.

And now I have written it all down, my Christmas Day, for my dear wife to see. Bless her! J.

December 27.

My dearest Wife,

Please don't write that you never have any letters, that you are losing patience. I get so nervous about you that it makes me ill. They must have stopped all our correspondence. In one lot of our letters there is enough heroism to console the whole of France.

What imbecility! What methods worthy of the brutal inquisition! You who are courageous imagine that I have been wounded. Think then of the old peasant woman who has her letters read to her by the little fair-haired child on her way home from school. What must she have

been thinking as she waits for news of her son? There must be some madness in high places. The people of France have indeed the temper of martyrs as well as of warriors. Why can they not have faith in them?

Above all, dear one, don't depart from that strength of moral endurance which you have equally with the greatest and the most glorious. And since I am sure that you are brave, how could I fail to be so?

We had quantities of letters and parcels to-day. There were fourteen or fifteen sacks to distribute. Thank you for the films and the plum pudding.

Everybody is congratulating me about the pictures in *L'Illustration*.

I received to-day your letter of the 14th December. At last you have some letters from me. Don't be discouraged. Perhaps they will all arrive.

Make a note of the registered ones. There are a good many. I have written you every day a letter or a post-card, with a long letter every two or three days.

The letter you have had about me from General d'Amade is as good as a title of nobility. I am very proud.

J.

December 28.

Dear Heart,

I went a long ride to-day along our lines, and visited my No. 4 dressing station and the commander of the X. Brigade at Bunardza. A great many refugees are there. A young Greek girl was holding a large class for the children. She showed me over the schoolhouse. I expressed to her my great admiration of Antigone. . . . She was fair, and looked very resolute and intelligent.

The weather is ideal, warm and radiant. All the grain

has been removed from my barn, but the rats and fleas have remained! All the same, I am very lucky to have such a shelter.

Tell me quickly that you are hearing from me again, and that we are at least united by that thing invented by gods and lovers—a letter.

December 30.

To-day I had a visitor from Salonika, Monsieur R. His wife and sister-in-law were not able to come. I also received your parcel from Hope Brothers containing marvels. But you think, then, that the war is going to last several winters!

The ground is drying. The English at once perceived this, and yesterday the first motor car showed itself on the Topsin roads. It was a heavy English motor lorry. That was only a trial; and to-day it was a heavy British artillery waggon, towed by an auto with caterpillar wheels, which was sublime in its monster strength. A good lesson and example for our Greek friends.

A new event to-day for Topsin! A flight of German Aviatiks threw down six bombs 400 or 500 metres from the Headquarters. There was a great noise, but I stupidly attributed it to our own firing.

To-day there is the most magnificent sunshine that we have had since our arrival at Topsin. It is warm and brilliant, and is revealing an unknown world to us. The mountains, at last disengaged from the deceiving veils of rainy mists, stand out splendidly in all their sculptural beauty.

The miracle of light has increased immensely the extent of our vision. It rests on the unlimited blue slopes of the mountain, which, in the places covered with snow, is tinged with red.

In the course of my service inspection I visited the church of Vatiluk, the walls of which are covered with frescoes like most churches here. Heaven, Hell, and the Last Judgment are the subjects most often treated. The Beatitude of the Elect gives one no desire to join them; but as to Hell, it makes one tremble! One feels that there the artist was in his element, and that he did not lack models.

There was in these frescoes a sadic refinement of cruelty worthy of an Asiatic. Women only were tortured!

Bless you, Beloved!

JOE.

December 31.

DEAREST,

To-day nothing extraordinary has happened. Not even a letter; only a simple postcard. Yesterday I sent you a long letter and the belt-buckle from the Koutzo-Valaque girl.

I was talking to-day with the head of the army posts. I told him that you had been for a whole month without a letter. He said it was probably due to the censor at Marseilles or the censor in England.

But I have always before me this brutal fact. My wife has been for thirty days without news of me. She may even yet be again tortured in this fashion by the imbecility of Mr. Something-or-other of the censorship. When will Man become enamoured of the Truth because she is naked, always natural and unadorned?

I am much affected by these infamies which have become everyday occurrences, but don't worry. I will recover my equanimity.

I need not go far to find admirable examples. There is an officer here who has had no news of his family since the beginning of the campaign. His wife and little daughters are at Lille. There is a general who has performed feats of arms sufficient to glorify all his brigade, but they have not dreamed of giving him even the Croix de Guerre.

When I worry about my promotion I can't help thinking of my poor comrades, who are nearly all dead. They have accomplished prodigious feats, yet no one will even know their names.

I could imagine myself in the sunshine of Nice; yet in sober truth we are in Greece, and not among friends.

I should have gone this afternoon to Durmutsu, but I took with me a companion on my ride, who diverted me from my purpose. To-morrow I shall go without fail to lunch with Colonel Ruef, who has often invited me. He is one of my most faithful patients. I have attended him since last March.

These last moments of the year which is ending are devoted to you, dear wife, in my granary-chamber at the farm. I meditate on the past, and think only of you. My wishes, my thoughts, and my love are all yours. We will stick together in 1916; we will struggle on even to the end.

Good-bye, darlingest, well-beloved. Send word quickly that you receive my letters, and let us at least be united in a communion of souls.

Love from your Joe.

January 1, 1916.

My dearest Wife,

To-day, to begin the New Year, I had two letters from you. Am I not spoilt? Round about me the songs are too noisy, the joy a little too Bacchic.

How is it possible to avoid reviewing the past when one is at the last leaf of the calendar? Oh, for two minutes' sight of your adored face, your eyes sparkling with fine intelligence, windows to a clear conscience; oh, for my favourite spot on your throat where my lips become entangled with your hair; for an intoxicating caress, the memory of which would fill long nights!

You speak of leave for me or that trip to Salonika for you. There can be no question of your coming to Salonika. The bombs from aeroplanes have settled that. There is now a franker atmosphere of war here.

I accept much more willingly the idea of leave for me. If we are not to be attacked here upon the Salonika front for a month or two I will certainly ask for leave, but without hope of returning. I am impatient to see the real front in France and to compare the two.

Dear, dear Wife,—I feel I have already struggled enough upon these distant battle lines and have wrestled with all my strength and all my brain too far from you. I must find means of coming nearer.

I am very anxious to know what General d'Amade has said to you. He is by far the finest soldier I have ever seen.

I am wearing the magnificent "warm things" you have sent, making experiments with each, for to-day it is again less cold.

I imagine that you are again in Paris for some days. If it were only possible to join you there; but I have no idea what is going to become of us here. Hope, dear one, hope!

Mille tendresses!

Your Joe.

January 4.

ADORED WIFE,

A very strong wind all day to-day will at least have the advantage of drying our marshy soil at Topsin. I thought at times that it would blow away "Golden," me and my steel helmet. It was really not disagreeable, because there was something thrilling and new about it.

Not an aeroplane in the sky to-day, not even a tiny bomb. The whole situation grows less and less military. Trench work continues round the farm. We fortify ourselves in these historic battle grounds that are saturated with the blood of ancient warriors.

Yesterday there was a great review—again for one of my doctors from an African Zouave regiment. It is the second cross which I have obtained for my doctors since Strumnitza. I am very proud. They are indeed fine soldiers!

A probable movement of our division either to Syria or to Egypt is much talked of here. We shall know in a few days. But what is there to regret at Topsin?

For a moment I had desired to be with all my heart at Salonika. It seemed to me full of colour, alive, very Oriental. I remember so well our first interview—the sultana awakening in the dawn on the shore of a blue sea. . . .

Someone has just interrupted me. I don't know where I was. I have to answer so many stupid questions. I have deserted my sultana.

I am exceedingly well. I never felt so full of spirits and so self-confident. But, dear one, if I get leave I will fly to you, or you will come to Egypt. Patience, confidence! I embrace you with all my heart.

Love from your JOE.

January 7.

DEAREST,

I have just come back from Salonika, where I remained for twenty-four hours. I stayed with my friends. The German aeroplanes came again this morning in a terrible wind.

To-day it is really cold. No one knows what is going to become of us. We are building very solid fortifications. I keep very well, but should not be at all sorry to make a trip to France.

I met this morning at Salonika a lady of the Red Cross, Madame d'A., who has brought out an enormous supply of hospital equipment and medicines. Perhaps we shall get some of all those luxuries.

To-morrow we are going to bury the best-beloved Colonel of the whole Army of the Orient. He was with us at Strumnitza, and during the retreat from there his regiment was terribly punished.

On the 4th I went to see him. I made the trip especially to see him in a hurricane of wind which would have stopped me under any other circumstances. When I arrived he was asleep. His orderly Jérôme did not wish to wake him. I also should have wished to leave him asleep, but he called me back suddenly.

I was struck by his lifeless face and by his strange cough. He was evidently a lost man, but still it was necessary to do something for him at once. So next day he was taken by motor car, not to the hospital in Salonika, but to the first ship ready to sail for France.

He died on board yesterday. He will see France no more. His wife and his children will wait for him in vain.

He was a man absolutely adored by his regiment. We all loved him very much. He had a good heart, full of kindness. He was gentle, and at the same time very

energetic. Indulgent to unimportant faults, he accepted no excuse in matters of honour or of duty.

Well made, with a searching glance, a military moustache over full lips, he was a warrior born, beautiful as a cavalier of olden days.

For him his men accomplished marvels. They braved death, they remained at their posts in spite of heat, in spite of cold, with frozen feet, with limbs bruised by shot and shell. He inspired untold acts of devotion and courage.

One morning during a battle I went to see him at Rabrovo. He made me stay to lunch, and treated me to a surprise concert. In Serbia, at a time so troubled, when even existence was uncertain, he had found means to create a band. He wished to show me the progress they had made. I was the sole auditor. They played the regimental march which had just been composed by their leader.

The other day I was describing the retreat from Serbia in the salon of our friends in Salonika, and spoke of the valour of Colonel Nautille, of his admirable devotion to his work, of his fine spirit, so profoundly human. One little lady in the company—the prettiest—cried out spontaneously, "I should like to kiss your Colonel." I told this to the Colonel. I think he was pleased.

Now this fine soldier sleeps for ever. He lies cold on his deathbed, where no gentle lips came at the last moment to give him a farewell kiss. His loss to the army is irreparable. They are going to hide him from our sight; they will fold in the earth a man who had, above all others, the secret of courage.

I went to-day to Bunardza. You already know the place. The scene was more marvellous than ever, the atmosphere warm and delicately tinted. Salonika, in the

distance, seated between her terraced mountains and the sea, laughed in the sunshine.

It was Christmas Day in the Orthodox Church. All the villagers were dressed in their best clothes. In one little corner they were dancing to the sound of a cornet. For once in this country I saw young men and maids amusing themselves together. They held each other by the hands, and danced an animated farandole—the boys at one end, the girls at the other. The girl in the centre of the line held a boy by the hand. This evocation of ancient mysteries upon a soil so long denatured by the Turks was far from displeasing. It was indeed Noël!

"Golden" is divine. He carried me this afternoon at a splendid pace. In the distance Salonika melted away into the blues of incense and of dreams.

Good-bye, dear little wife.

Your Joe.

January 10.

My very dear Wife,

For eight days there have been no letters from you. There must have been posts, for I have had a letter from Pierre, and another from a comrade doctor in France.

I hear that N. is still on the Riviera convalescing. By now he should be as well as I am. They tell us that this campaign is going to last. Each one arranges it according to his own calculation. Many shorten it as they wish; others have not yet begun it. Let us remain to the end with those who take it as it is.

Yesterday I was in Salonika. I always come back a little blue and envious. One sees there so many beauties, of which there is a horrible lack here. The hardest thing in war is to live always among brutes, among men.

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THEIR BULLET PROOF HELMETS AT A REVIEW.

RÉVIEW OF TROOPS AT BUNARDZA, NEAR TOPSIN, TO DISTRIBUTE MEDALS AND CROSSES ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ALAKILISE (THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT).

Again to-day we had a very violent wind. I was hardly safe upon my horse. It was also very cold. Still I take great pleasure in going among the field ambulances to meet and talk with my doctors.

I have established bonds of sympathy with them all. Some of them like me very much. I am very proud of this, because there are so few chiefs who know how to make themselves loved. I did not believe this of myself, for I always imagined that I lacked warmth.

You would like to see the charming letters I sometimes receive from doctors who go away! I can scarcely believe that I have merited such good opinions.

I am now dressed entirely in khaki. Have I told you this before? Korka has inherited my blue trousers, Birama my jacket. I have a khaki cap and gaiters. The only blue which remains is my bomb-proof helmet and my overcoat.

If I can find an intelligent photographer I will have myself photographed in khaki. Have you ever received a photograph of me on horseback in my steel helmet? Also, did you receive one of my room at Strumnitza Station?

When are you going to send me a pretty photograph of yourself? Martha writes that you have become so pink and fresh since I am not there to plague you that you are like a sweet delicate flower.

Not a bomb to-day—nothing. We begin to ask if we shall ever be attacked at Salonika. We wonder what is going to happen. All leave is stopped for the moment; but I promise you to keep an eye on this matter, which now interests me more than anything else.

A thousand kisses for my dear little wife.

Your Joe.

January 12.

DEAREST ONE,

I hear it said that all Gallipoli, including Sedd-el-Bahr, has been evacuated. I cannot believe it. If it were true it would cause me deep pain.

This afternoon I crossed the Galliko on horseback. The ford was difficult. "Golden," however, found it so much to his liking that he wanted to lie down in it. Birama cried out to me "Look out!" and fortunately I understood.

I sent you to-day a sketch of the famous frescoes at Vatiluk—the torture of women in Hell. Also a film which a comrade has given me. The hypo must be washed out of it. As for the other film, it is of three Bulgarian women or girls whom I photographed on the day of the Orthodox Christmas in their best attire.

My room has become respectable enough to bring forth your picture as a chorister. You are now before me.

January 13.

Still no letter from you! None since January 1, which now makes thirteen days.

There is a strong wind, and the cold is intense after days which were spring-like. Do send me a long letter soon, also a stylo or a fountain pen which will *write*.

Love from your JOE.

January 14.

Still no letter from you since January 1. I hope this is not going to continue; but how can I help being upset?

This afternoon when I returned from my ride I was quite chilled. I sat down near my friendly stove, which gene-

rously gave out its warmth. I fell into a delicious torpor. I closed my eyes.

I could see you so well. I spoke with you very softly. My litanies go out daily to you—prayers which you receive perhaps in the night when other voices are silent, when the noises which disturb have died down.

Yesterday, with the head of the hospital service, I went to inspect the cantonments and bivouacs at Durmutzu and Dogandzi. One cannot see whence the enemy is to come across a broad plain, only slightly undulating, naked and without colour, save the vague blue of distant mountains crowned with snow.

Yet while we were there a bomb fell. Three Greek soldiers who were guarding the railway were wounded. One has since died. Another, wounded, was placed in one of our divisional field ambulances under my eyes.

When next you go to Hampstead, please buy me a stylo at the shop my others came from, and send me some tablets of ink made for these pens. There is no longer any English ink at Salonika. It is high time that Salonika ceased to be so Austro-German.

I am sending you two photographs of myself taken by the head doctor of field ambulance No. 3. You will, I think, like them. In one I am just going to sketch the frescoes at Vatiluk; in the other I am talking with my comrades.

How are you, dear little wife? I embrace you with all my heart.

Your Joe.

January 16.

My very dear Wife,

How is it that I still have no letters? I am trying to be calm and courageous; who but you can understand how I am suffering?

After a day of rain and whirlwind we have again enjoyed a welcome bit of sunshine; but the wind is returning. I did well to put on my woollen helmet, for my face and all my head were frozen.

The sky was clear blue and cloudless. The neighbouring mountains, the Hortäels, which encircle Salonika, shone with a dazzling whiteness. It became colder and colder. The ground was freezing. I hurried back. We went at a great pace when Birama and his horse fell in a heap. Birama was hurt; and it was necessary to call an ambulance. Fortunately one passed, and I gave the order. He will only be laid up for a few days.

In this packet you will find photographs which I have developed. I have had a letter from Madame Miraben. She has repeated to me Marcelle Tinayre's praise of my letters which you have published. I am very appreciative, though it is you, dear, and you alone, who are the inspiration.

I have written all this with your new steel pen. It promises to go better.

People now believe that we shall never be attacked at Salonika. If that is true, they can let some of us go on leave. I have promised you to be among the first, and nothing shall interfere with that plan.

Au revoir, dearest wife. If I only had a letter from you I should be happy.

Thousands and thousands of kisses from

Your Joe.

January 17.

To-day arrived a lovely lot of French and English papers. They were addressed in your hand. That is at least a

good sign. I hope to have many letters to-morrow. It is high time. How pleased I shall be; no longer anxious!

January 18.

At last, Beloved, I have a letter from you! But I am not yet fully reassured. You have been ill—more ill than you say, since not until the 3rd January did you post a letter written on the 28th December.

At first I was so foolishly happy at reading lines from you, speaking as you speak, that I did not reflect. I was like a child who could not have many thoughts at one moment. Reassure me completely!

I beg you never to get up until the fire in your room is well alight. I forbid you to run about in omnibuses and tubes. Take taxis. Have you good boots when it rains and good warm stockings? You have never had enough patience to gargle well when you have a sore throat. Do it, I beg you, for my sake.

Buy yourself some good furs. Let it be my present for our twelfth anniversary.

You write to me now about letters of December 8 and the retreat from Serbia. It seems to me that we have been always at Topsin—here for centuries. Oh, that retreat!

Yes, we came out of it well, as it might have been a horrible disaster. The Bulgars principally attacked the right wing—the Doiran route from Kosturino, where the English were. They showed us little of their bravado. Our regiments, surrounded at night in the mountains, were able to extricate themselves without serious loss.

To-day I went with Dr. Leveuf to see Alakilise again, the Pella of Philip of Macedon and of Alexander the Great. There were no longer the pretty gipsies of Christmas

Day, nor the clarionets and drums to attract them into the open air.

We saw, however, the fountain where the young girls come for fresh water in their pitchers. I had put into my pocket some of your Christmas crackers which contained bits of jewellery. How delighted they were!

One beauty posed for me. Would she not like a bracelet of pearls which came out of the cracker? I wished to place the light toy on her wrist, but the wrist, already round and solid, was unwilling to be fettered. The thread broke, scattering the pearls. Great consternation!

We rode through the village, and took charming views of the weaving, of the making of maize bread. There are some excavations at Pella. You will receive one of these days a little bit of pottery. Don't laugh. You can say that it comes from Pella. I chose it myself.

A great stretch of country is littered with ruins of pottery. At the excavations themselves there are uncovered tombs and baths, which are quite well preserved. One beautiful fountain, which doubtless remains from the epoch of Philip and Alexander, rises from the ruins of a tesselated pavement. I have an excellent photograph of it, as you will see. There is something written on the fountain; ask your father to decipher it and send it to me. I feel inclined myself to make some little excavations and explore the ruins better.

I have also to tell you that your crackers gave great joy to two little girls who were pretty enough to eat—five and seven years old, with red cheeks, dressed in scarlet, roguish, very dainty. They held me by the hand to make the tour of the village, and frightened away dogs who barked too loudly.

Good-bye, dearest love. Don't be too long without writing to

Your JOSEPH.

January 19.

My well-beloved Wife,

I have just received your letter of the 9th and 11th January. You have been more ill than your magnificent courage would let you say. I am impatient to learn that you are absolutely cured, and that you again feel quite fit.

Now it seems that your ideas have completely changed. I have admitted in principle that I shall apply for leave. I wish to go on leave, both because I feel the need of it and because I want to please you. Also while there is nothing doing here some of us could well be spared.

You are chagrined because you are losing time and doing no war work. There is only one thing which counts, that is your health. Your little person, one little, tiny piece of your precious self, is worth more to me than all the war work in the world.

To-morrow I am going to Salonika. I will then telegraph to you about my leave. I will not say anything more about my promotion. I wish to do my duty without any idea of reward. I am proud to be able to say to my conscience that I have done all that I could do. What others say matters little.

At the same time, I am very proud, for instance, of the expressions of esteem which have been given to you by General d'Amade, that fine soldier.

January 22.

I have telegraphed from Salonika : " Patience ; applied for leave." This afternoon at 6 General Bailloud sent forward my request for eight days' leave in Paris " with favourable endorsement." Have I not kept my word ?

You see, darling, I do as you wish. If I no longer had you in my life I should not know what to live for. You

are everything to me. I have read your last letter more than ten times. My mind centres upon one thing: "Is she ill?" You tell me so little. Dr. M. has written without mentioning you. I am horribly upset all the same.

Darling, darling, if now the Generalissimo should not let me go! Still I don't think they can stop me. You can depend upon my doing everything I can to get away.

Thousands and thousands of kisses for my dear wife from

JOE.

January 25.

MY DEAREST ONE,

I have learned nothing new to-day. There must be a decision before long. If, as I suppose, it is favourable, I will cable you, and will take the first steamer leaving. In case my request is rejected, I will demand an audience here from General Sarrail. I beg you to be patient. I will do all that is humanly possible to be by your side with the least possible delay.

My determination is irrevocable. Count upon me, very dear wife. Nothing else means anything to me. If you could see in my heart what the image of your face bathed in tears had blotted out! I would give the whole universe to stop your tears and your troubles. At your first strong call I am coming. Your imperative tone upset me. I have yielded to your tears!

You are right not to wish that we should be in Paris. We will go, for instance, to Nice. I shall be very badly dressed in military khaki. Perhaps you could bring me a complete civilian outfit. Or, rather, I will order a chic military costume such as the "embusqués" wear at home! That would be a great joke!

Soon, soon, very dear wife. I am upon red coals of impatience. A thousand million kisses.

Your Joe.

January 26.

I wrote you yesterday. Each day without fail I will give you news, especially as I know you are anxious. Yesterday I wrote a letter—to-day a simple postcard.

Our postal service is very irregular. I receive three or four copies of *Le Temps* at once, but the address in your dear writing is admirably clear. What, then, has become of the letters ?

January 28.

There is nothing new about my leave. They are very busy to-day at Salonika. You will read the details in the papers. The embroglio grows. What will be the end ? No letters, no papers.

January 31.

Why should I write any more ? Yesterday you should have had my cablegram saying that my leave has been granted, and that I would telegraph the date of my departure. There is no good ship for eight days.

Now that you are sure I hope you will have patience. In all my life I have scarcely ever been so upset as in these last few days. But calm will come again with your letters. You will tell me that you are better. I am terribly anxious to get home.

But, dearest, I don't know how to write any more now that we are soon to be together. In a few days we shall

be in each other's arms; and the past, so charged with cruel evils, with sorrows unnumbered, will be forgotten. I shall be all in all to you. I will do everything that you wish.

It seems preferable to remain in the Midi. We will go to Nice. A hotel on the Promenade des Anglais looking out over the sea will be the best. As for money, we shall be quite rich. I have always sent everything back to the bank. If necessary we will sell some of your wonderful War Loan bonds. We must not lack for money, whatever may be our whims.

There is nothing at this moment at Salonika but horrible little ships which take eight or ten days to go to Marseilles. I will wait for the *Natal*, of the Messageries Maritimes, unless the *Sphinx* starts earlier as a hospital ship.

Good-bye, good-bye, dearest one. Thousands and thousands of kisses, without counting the real ones you are to have so soon from

Your Impatient Lover.

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